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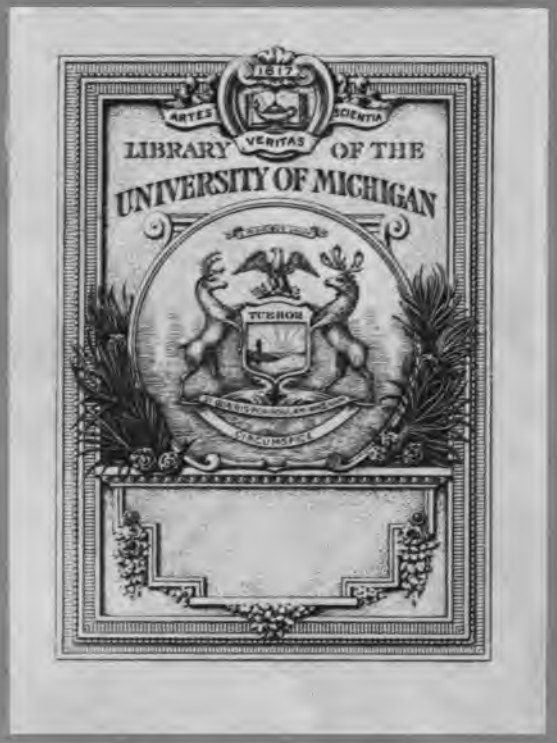
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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF



# HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

"BIOGRAPHY IS THE MOST UNIVERSALLY PLEASANT, UNIVERSALLY PROFITABLE OF ALL THINGS." *Carlyle.*

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1845.



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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

# TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

In an Autobiography, of whatever kind, there is always something of attraction for all but the most frivolous class of readers, perhaps not a little even for these. We all delight to be permitted an insight, more or less perfect, into the innermost life and being of another. The soul of fiction, and the essence of history, are comprised in the compass of a true biography; and true, all *auto*-biography *must* be, after a certain manner, even though it be in spite of the writer himself. The very falsehoods, affectations, and egotisms, of the Autobiographer, are not without their great value and use to the penetrating reader, whom, on the whole, they can never deceive; for each self-drawn portrait tells the truth, even though it be but after a shabby, equivocating manner. Even the falsity, the vanity, the hypocrisy, if any there be, discloses itself in a thousand ways, and brings out into the greatest prominence those very features which the self-portrayer imagined he had most cunningly concealed. Probably no autobiography ever permanently deceived mankind; and in spite of the self-conceit there is in each of us, there is, probably, far less danger of deception in trusting to a man's own representation of his life and character than to that of another. Let the reader recall any one of those autobiographies with which he chances to be acquainted—Hume's, Rousseau's, Franklin's, Gibbon's, Goethe's, Cellini's, &c., &c., and mark

how truly, how vividly each reflects in all its grandeur or littleness, in all its beauty or deformity, the very nature and character of its author, as no other sort of biography could have done.

In the present Autobiography, however, it is the sincere belief of the translator, a value, an interest, and a sincerity resides, such as is not to be found in every "self-contemplation." After a long, laborious, and honourable career, the venerable survivor of a by-gone generation, Heinrich Zschokke, poet, historian, novelist, dramatist, politician, diplomatist, newspaper editor, popular instructor, reformer, philosopher—for in all these vocations, and others unenumerated, has he laboured with success and usefulness—puts, as it were, in this memorial, the last signature to his active and noble labours; to which, whatever *postscript* may be added, will be so much overplus, not reasonably to be expected or required. And although he has as yet been but little known in this country, although his various poems, histories, fictions, and treatises, are as yet for the most part but sealed books to the majority of English readers, we venture to promise that even those to whom the name of Zschokke may have been hitherto entirely unknown, will not on that account find the time employed in reading this volume entirely thrown away. The life of the Man is striking and interesting enough to stand by itself, unrecommended by the merit or celebrity of the Statesman and the Author. To some, the narrative of the mental struggles, wanderings, and meditations of one who, rejecting the support of tradition and authority, and relying solely on self-help and God's help, which ever accompanies true self-help, has fought his way stoutly through the wilderness of doubt and unbelief into the clear and golden sunshine of a genuine and healthful Christianity, will of itself have more of worth and attraction than the most brilliant chain of startling events and achievements would have. But even to those who feel little or no interest in such a history, the stirring events in which it was Zschokke's lot to be engaged—the conspicuous part which he played in Switzerland, when that country was the scene of military, political, and social struggles of more than one European interest—the narrative of his efforts and successes as statesman and reformer,

as the teacher, the protector, and the guide of his people—the eventful course of good and evil fortune which led the narrator, now into exile, poverty, outlawry; now into courts and cabinets, and *proconsular* dignities—will, it is believed, supply many unfailing sources of interest and instruction. For in Zschokke's life, as in his character, greatness in thought and greatness in action are united in harmonious and healthy proportion—a sight in these modern times as rare as it is at all times beneficial and delightful. No idler or dreamer in the busy world of human toil and suffering, Zschokke has not shunned its active and laborious tasks for the egotistical luxury of self-contemplation; he has deferred such pastime until that "Life-Sabbath" of serene old age which, while it has left every faculty of mind and body unimpaired, has permitted him innocently to enjoy the meditative leisure necessary for such an undertaking. Among the green lawns and groves of his pleasant *Blumenhalde*, the old man yet wanders, most rich

> "In all that should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;"

and yet richer in the added wisdom and experience of a well-spent threescore years and twelve; and appropriately crowns the many benefits which his past labours have bestowed upon his fellow-creatures, by the unreserved communication of his own, every way instructive and eventful history.

To that history, through the medium of translation, we now invite the attention of those unacquainted with the original; hoping that as its interest is not particular or national, but universal and human, few readers who accompany us through this Autobiography, whatever may have been their motives and expectations, will have cause to regret the impulse which led them towards it.

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

# HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

## CHILDHOOD.

"Oh, thou eternal Father of the orphan!
Alas, I am an orphan in the world!"

*Heinrich von Amsringen.*

### PREFACE.

MANY a painter has sat down before his glass, in some leisure hour, to paint his own portrait. Why should I not do so? My labour has sometimes wearied, but sometimes also amused me, and thus rewarded itself. Whether others ever see the picture or not, is a matter of great indifference to me. It will probably always be considered as the offspring of self-complacent vanity, and I shall not waste a word in vindicating myself from the charge. We all know the degree of credence which the world is in the habit of lending to the modest apologies of authors. Those for whose benefit I intend the picture of my life, will, I doubt not, receive it in love and charity, as I in love and charity have written it.

I write this preface on my seventieth birthday.* I have always been accustomed to celebrate my birthday with some laudable, or at least remarkable undertaking; one which should stand as a monument on the path of my life. It is also time to institute some inquiry into the results of my dreams and doubts,—of what I have done and what I have attempted to do. The hour warns; already fall wintry flakes of snow among the gay fruit and flower world of the autumn of my days.

* The 22nd of March, 1840.

More than half a century ago, when stepping forth from amidst the morning mists of childhood, I looked around me and gradually recognised the heavens and the earth, and the path and district in which my lot was cast, I gazed in astonishment at all I saw, and wondering asked, Whence come I? Whither do I go? What means the gay spectacle around me? The great universe, with its saintships and devilries, was all one dark riddle to me; I was a stranger and a mystery to myself. I increased in years, but not in wisdom. The enigma grew only more enigmatical. I sought the most various scenes of distraction, in order to forget myself; but in the social circle, as in the battle-field, in the arms of love, as in the council-hall, the same tormenting questions incessantly rang in my ears. I heard, indeed, the voices of the bygone centuries, and the choral harmonies of everlasting Nature, which seemed to mutter answers for me; but not till much later did I understand them.

Thousands there are, as I well know, who still wander through the labyrinth of life, involved in hopeless doubt, vainly shouting questions into the voiceless night, as once I also did. Perhaps the answer which came to me, may not be unwelcome to them. To them I dedicate that contemplation of God and the universe* by which the dark riddle of existence dissolved in light before me; but not only to them. The gray-headed father would fain open to his children and grand-children, in purity and sincerity of purpose, the innermost secrets of his spiritual existence. Why should they not learn to know the soul of their father and friend, whom as yet they have only known in his outward form, and in his domestic life? Perhaps questions like mine, may awaken in their hearts also; perhaps their father's answer may bring them that peace of mind, by the help of which they saw him pass calmly through the storms and sunshine of fate.

But in order to understand the answer rightly, it is necessary to know the answerer. I therefore here offer them a history of his life, an account of his progressive mental development, and of the changing aspects of what the stream of years from time to time brought down to him, or floated away from him. Between heaven and earth there is nothing more important to man than man; and most important, truly, is not that which he *has*, but that which he *is*; not his outward, but his inward life. In no faithful representation, however, can the two be separated; for the one is the illustrator and the interpreter of the other.

Most probably this self-contemplation of mine will reap a plentiful harvest of anathemas from the majority of our politicians, theologians, and divines, as erroneous, impious, and dangerous. Welcome alike be the laurels or the thorns! At peace with God, and with himself, he will not easily be disquieted by human praise or blame.

I have no cause either for complaint or remorse in reviewing my past life, though, indeed, abundant cause for shame concerning

* The author here refers to a work published as a sequel to the present.

many errors and weaknesses. Yet, shall I be ashamed of having been human? Happier than Solomon in his harem at Jerusalem, or than Napoleon in exile at St. Helena, I neither murmur against the decrees of fate, nor mourn over the vanity of all things under the sun. Both did but sigh over the loss of long worshipped idols, which their own passions had shaped for them out of senseless clay.

## THE ORPHAN CHILD.

The first thoughts of the child are of unremembered day-dreams, lightly woven by fancy in the fairy twilight of dawning consciousness. The world glimmers faintly and confusedly before his opening eyes, and every appearance is forgotten as soon as it is taken away. The man is still a mere animal; the soul has not yet made itself acquainted with its material instruments and environments; the delicate organisation of the body is yet too tender to serve its master. Thus pass away the first years of childhood. The present moment is every thing—the past nothing—the future nothing.

The most distinct of my earliest recollections, dates from the time when I was about four years old, and when the comet of 1774 occasioned a great panic among a large number of the good citizens of Magdeburg, my native town. I heard those around me speaking with pious terror of the flaming rod, which God in his wrath had extended across the heavens. Even my father, the chief and king of my childish world, was not free from anxiety. One evening, accompanied by my three sisters, he went out into the street, looking very grave, to examine the unusual phenomenon, and left me alone in the pale lamplight in the sitting-room. I trembled with terror, and shuddering drew up my little feet in the capacious leathern arm-chair, scarcely daring to breathe, while I imagined to myself the scene without,—the fiery rod of vengeance outstretched through the night over a shuddering world, and how from that world thousands of pale faces were upturned through the darkness, gazing in speechless terror at the awful portent.

I had at that time no longer a mother. She died seven weeks after my birth. She is said to have been beautiful; and, I was told, that in her dying hour she pressed me fervently to her bosom, and passionately exclaimed: "My poor boy, why can I not take thee with me into the grave!" My father led the life of a prosperous citizen; his trade was that of a clothmaker. He became *Oberältester*, or head of his guild, having won a considerable fortune by extensive cloth contracts with the Prussian army during the Seven Years' War, and the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens by his true old German honesty of heart. I, his youngest child, became, like most Benjamins, the darling of my father's heart. He had little or no acquired knowledge, for he could not even write his own name

correctly. This did not, however, make him the less careful to keep me, from the age of six years, diligently employed at school, although unconcerned whether I learnt any thing or not. On Sunday I always punctually accompanied him to divine service in the church of St. Catherine. But school and church were alike mere scenes of weariness and vexation to the thoughtless urchin, and their only real use was that of early accustoming him to the exercise of patience. Morning, noon, and night, I was obliged to repeat certain formulas of prayer, of which I understood not a word. I was often told of God and his angels. The idea of the bright-winged angels pleased me particularly, and I often wished that I were one of them, or even one of the little birds that I saw flying about so merrily. My thoughts were, however, still oftener busied with fancies concerning the dreadful rough-haired devil with his horns, his tail, and his cloven hoof. This noted theological hero appeared to me as a personage of far greater consequence than God himself; wherein I certainly scarcely differed from many of the pious Christian multitude, even in this nineteenth century. How many are still like the Natchez Indians, who, in their primeval forests, seldom pray to the Good Spirit, because according to his nature he can do nothing but good, but who often sacrifice to the Evil Spirit their best piece of game, or the dainty hump that grows upon the shoulders of the bison, in order to secure themselves from danger.

My tender father seldom punished even the real misbehaviour of his darling; he intrusted entirely to chance the education of the little Heinrich, who accordingly became a merry and mischievous young vagabond, one of the wildest *gamins* of the town. The fields lay far beyond the fortified walls and ditches of the city, and remained, therefore, a *terra incognita* to the child. That the young adventurer soon made himself an adept in all gymnastic exercises, without the help of a master, that he clambered up ropes and poles, climbed the fruit-trees in his father's garden, and clattered about upon the roofs, in company with all the cats of the neighbourhood, or as general of twenty or thirty ragged little urchins, carryed on a war with wooden swords against a similar troop, in which sometimes heads and sometimes the window-panes of the peaceable inhabitants of the Dreiengel's-Gasse and Schrotdorfer-Gasse were placed in the greatest jeopardy, suffering the fate of most peaceful countries which foreign belligerents make the scene of their contests. All this only deserves notice as showing the health, activity, and adventurous spirit of the young citizen of the world.

But these days of childish happiness were, alas! of short duration. The death-night of my good father, who died of consumption on the 18th of August, 1799,* was my first night of sorrow; his body the first corpse I ever beheld. I had never before sat up a whole

* He was born on the 20th of October, 1722.

night, and I dreaded lest the light of the sun had been for ever extinguished with the life of my father. I wept inconsolably, but more out of terror than out of grief or affection. The sun returned, and presently the solemnities of the funeral, amid choral songs and the tolling of all the bells in St. Catherine's, added to new mourning clothes and the dismal splendours of the funeral train, dried up the childish tears of the thoughtless boy.

I was intrusted for education to the care of my brother Andreas, who had himself a son of my own age. I now felt myself as well off as before; yet, when the change began to lose the charm of novelty, I often experienced a sensation of disagreeable surprise at the events, which, totally without my concurrence, had torn me away from my father's caresses, my old playmates, my former sports and haunts, and had thrown me thus suddenly among strange scenes and strange associates. I puzzled my brains in conjecturing who could have the right to take my father away from me, and throw me about in the world like a puppet, without my leave or consent. I was much exasperated by the idea, and by the impossibility of making it otherwise. The child of eight years old may well be pardoned this strange dissatisfaction, which has sometimes led older and wiser people to quarrel with their fate, and has caused even philosophers to doubt the freedom of the human will.

Brother Andreas, a man of imposing aspect, and of respectable talents, which he had improved by reading and study, carried on his father's trade in cloth, but was not without ambition to rise above his class. Often, indeed, the love of shining led him into habits and expenses beyond his income and station. He determined to draw me, like every one else connected with him, into the circle of superior culture; and was all the more bent upon this, because my father had intended me, his youngest child, to follow some learned profession. I was, therefore, to put off the old man and become regenerated into elegance and politeness. Tailor and hairdresser immediately set to work upon me, but somehow or other it was all of no use. Romping in the streets with ragged associates, being prohibited as vulgar and unbecoming, I became all the more wild and mischievous in-doors; when this also was forbidden, I became a melancholy captive, and sat for hours in dreamy meditation, with a book before me which I did not read, while in thought I again wandered about the streets, the market-places, and suburbs of the old city of Magdeburg, or watched attentively the cheerful activity of the ducks and hens, the cunning tricks of the cats, or the nomadic adventures of the restless flies. My new clothes gave me a world of trouble, for whatever I did I was sure never to pass a day without tearing or dirtying them. In order to give me a taste for the sublime and beautiful, my brother Andreas read and expounded to me with real enthusiasm, Kleist's pastoral "Spring." I, however, who had never seen a spring, except within the walls of

Magdeburg, found this celebrated master-piece as fine and dull as our best company-room, with its well-polished floor and painted panels with gilded rims.

The more it was endeavoured to tame and polish me, and make a fine gentleman of me, the more distasteful became to me the much boasted gentility and aristocratic refinement of brother Andreas's establishment. I neither understood the use nor the worth of much that was admired by those around me; satin waistcoat and fustian jacket, peasant's hut and prince's palace, all seemed of equal value to me; and the nobleman and his groom pretty much alike, in spite of all that the tailor had done towards making a distinction between them. Since all other means had in vain been tried, to cure me of a certain innate barbarism, equal to that of Rousseau's *homme naturel*, brother Andreas determined to call in the soft influence of harmony. He, himself, was a skilful performer on the flute, and I always listened to him with rapturous delight. The mysterious spells of music had singular power over me. There were few days on which I missed running after the soldiers, to listen to their martial tunes, many of which I soon knew by heart. If ever a strain of music issued from any house I was passing, or a wandering band of singers struck up some melody new to me, I stopped, rooted to the spot, and careless of staring passers by, sobbed and wept by the hour together, I knew not why, while my whole heart dissolved in a stream of delicious emotion. A pianoforte, and a music master, were now provided for me; but unfortunately I did not understand my Orpheus. All his efforts to instruct me in the value of crotchets and quavers, and their appropriate rests, were of no avail, I thought I should never get on, without perpetually watching the second hand of my master's watch. He gave it up, and so did I; I cursed pianoforte playing, and no power on earth could have induced me to go on with it.

At school I got on no better. My brother had placed me at the convent of Our Lady, whose school, under the superintendence of the well-known pedagogue and provost, Professor Rötger, then enjoyed great reputation. I was placed in the lowest class at this school, but being totally deficient in the necessary amount of preliminary learning, every thing was involved in inextricable difficulties. I sat there, tormented by *ennui*, to deliver myself from which, I abandoned myself to the pleasant delusions of fanciful day-dreams, or sketched unheard of giants and monsters in my copy-books, or imagined strange labyrinths, castles, and fantastical bridges, in the geometrical figures which our teacher drew for us upon his great slate. In return for various small courtesies on my part, a fellow-scholar worked my school exercises for me, and I thus escaped flogging and scolding. Schummel's "Mille et une Nuits" was translated to us; I, who as yet could not read French, contrived by means of an excellent memory, to learn by heart whole pages of the French,

with the translation. Whilst I thus deceived my master, the wonders and glories of the Arabian Nights opened a new world to my eyes. I regarded every thing I heard from them as gospel truth; for why should people take the trouble to print a great thick book full of lies? The magical splendours, the mysterious powers and beings of this fairy world, now alone occupied my fancy day and night. I yearned after no greater happiness than to become, by some means, the lord and master of an obedient spirit. I set myself, in all good faith, seriously to work, in various ways, to try to procure some ministering genius, like that which Aladdin's miraculous lamp had brought to him.

But, alas! the zealous young conjuror's magic arts produced no more glorious result, than thoroughly to disenchant the worthy Provost Rötger and the other professors, concerning his imagined progress in learning. A school examination was held, the spell of their long delusion was broken; it was discovered that I had learnt nothing at all; and, in order that I might not hereafter bring disgrace upon the institution, I was summarily expelled, on the ground of utter mental incapacity. Imagine the horror of poor brother Andreas! He was beside himself with rage, astonishment, and shame, and I myself was so terrified by the indignant consternation of all around me, that I was on the point of running away, and seeking my fortune alone in the wide world, and was only kept back by force. My sisters threw all the blame upon Andreas. The eldest of my sisters took me home with her, and sent me with her son, Gottlieb, who was a few years older than I, into the lower class of the *Reformirte Schule*. There I might, at least, learn enough, it was thought, to become a tolerable tradesman or mechanic.

## THE BOY'S AWAKENING CONSCIOUSNESS.

This change was in itself welcome to me, but I did not like the way in which I was thus tossed about from place to place, at the will of others, like a lifeless chattel or domestic animal. I almost began to think that I did not belong to myself, and was the most useless and unmeaning of beings. This irritated and vexed me, but I offered no resistance, and let things take their course; not displeased, indeed, to enter a house where I enjoyed much more liberty than at my brother's, and where people troubled themselves less about me. My new school also pleased me better, principally on account of its teacher, whose name was Capsius. In his long and ample blue-flowered dressing-gown, and white flowing peruke, whose superfluous powder had gradually whitened the top of the said blue dressing gown, he appeared to me the most majestic of human beings. Among other necessary educational implements for an unruly mob of fifty or sixty youngsters of my own age, there always lay upon a little table beside him, three sticks of various

length and thickness, and beyond them a long coil of smooth, strong rope. Our master, whom long practice had rendered perfect in the art, was expert enough to throw this rope from his distant seat, right over the head of the delinquent, who was thus dragged straight over benches and desks, in a sort of involuntary steeple-chase, to the awful throne of justice—amid the hurrahs and exulting cheers of the faithless multitude—there to receive the punishment of his offence. In spite of all this, old Capsius was a wise and excellent pedagogue, who well understood the minds and habits of children; and the unruly rabble of his school obeyed, honoured, and loved him.

One, however, of all his scholars, the only one namely who studied the rudiments of Latin with him, was indisputably his favourite. Whenever there was any thing to be seen in the streets, rope-dancers, soldiers, puppet-shows, dancing bears or monkeys, this favourite alone was invariably allowed to leave the school-room, on asking permission in Latin. I, who had not yet got beyond the catechism, could not resist this powerful attraction, and resolved to become master of the magic spell. Its little possessor in vain represented to me the length and difficulty of the way, through an endless wilderness of declensions, adjectives, pronouns, and conjugations. Undaunted, I traversed the hard and thorny path from *Mensa* to *Audio*, and, at the first opportunity, not without fear and trembling, I stammered out my conjuring formula. Father Capsius, amazed at my sudden learning, examined me incredulously in various ways; at length, satisfied of my acquisition, he praised my perseverance, prophesying that something might be made of me, and formally declared me his second *Lateiner*, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

Whilst I thus became acquainted with Eutropius and Phædrus, my love of knowledge was called forth in another direction by another master. In my sister's house lived an old labourer, named Krapp, a broad-shouldered, strong-built man, with a brown, scarred, weather-beaten face, usually crowned by a gray fur cap. On summer evenings I and my two nephews, Gottlieb Lemme and Heinrich Faucher, often sat at his feet, by moonlight, in the fore-court of the house, listening with profound and unwearied interest while he told us stories of his own voyages and travels, or of the more marvellous perils and adventures of Alexander Selkirk, Robert Pierrot, and Robinson Crusoe. He did not neglect to season his stories with salutary observations, morals, and scraps of information, upon all of which I set the greatest value. When his stock of stories was exhausted I mourned over the loss as over some great misfortune. Nothing now remained for me but to obtain, by way of substitute, voyages and travels, shipwreck-stories, and *Robinsoniads*, from the circulating library. I read them again and again, and resolutely determined to shipwreck myself some day on a beautiful desert island, but to prepare myself better beforehand than Robinson Crusoe did.

I therefore redoubled my industry at school, and began, among other things, to keep a regular journal, which, in a few years, I hoped should contain the most wonderful adventures imaginable. This journal begun in boyhood at twelve years old, was continued uninterruptedly in youth and manhood, although with altered purpose and meaning. It often assisted me in the process of rigid and impartial self-examination, and has served me as guide through the labyrinth of my present narrative.

Far less edifying to me was my regular Sunday attendance at divine service. This custom was imposed upon me as a sacred duty, although I was always exceedingly puzzled to discover how the long sitting still and doing nothing, which was so wearisome to us, could be of any service to God Almighty. At church I did as most boys of my age do; wandered about the world on imaginary *Robinsoniads*, watched and devoutly mimicked the looks and gestures of the clergyman, fancied strange shapes in the changing folds of his gown, listened to the echoes of his voice in the church vaults, enjoyed the struggles of nodding listeners to preserve a decorous balance in their slumbers, or admired the reverential obeisance of the congregation at every mention of the name of Jesus, which gave the crowded church the appearance of a cornfield, over which the wind is passing. Such was the benefit I derived from my enforced churchgoing! The first visit of a child to the temple of worship ought to be a great religious festival to the young Christian, and should, therefore, never take place till an age when its solemnity and purpose can be understood.

Yet it was at this time that I remember my first religious experiences to have been awakened, if, indeed, the strange, cloudy, confused fancies, which perpetually crossed my childish brain can rightly be called such. I had, indeed, learnt by rote plenty of catechisms, biblical maxims, and prayers in prose and verse; but I repeated them like a parrot, without knowing what to do with them. These acquisitions lay piled up in my memory, useless as the treasures in a miser's chest. Much that I saw around me was matter of great astonishment to me, whilst to every one else it seemed very common-place and matter-of-course. I often asked myself and my associates why and wherefore every thing was what it was, and why day and night, winter and summer, church time and school time, birth and death, perpetually alternated of themselves, in regular or irregular succession, without the interference or desire of any one? Sometimes I fancied that the world was a wonderful piece of clockwork, in which the figures were moved about without knowing or willing it. If I asked my elders for explanation on these points, I received either unsatisfactory or ungracious answers—generally both. "God Almighty has made it so, once for all, you little blockhead!" was the usual reply. For a long time I believed that the universe was a great puppet-show, in which God moved about men and animals to amuse Himself. This conjecture gave rise to a strange fancy

in my childish mind. I thought that I was alone with God in the world, and that I was His child, whom He was educating in the school of life, until I should be fit to live at home in Heaven with Him. For me had He built this wonderful place; and all which I saw, men, women, children, and animals, were all moved about solely for me and in my presence, being without life or motion when I was away. Wherever I came God hastened to continue the wonderful spectacle for me, to teach and educate His child.

Whenever I mentioned strange fancies like these to those around me, I was harshly reproached, and my childish expressions were called mad or blasphemous; or, what wounded me more than the bitterest reproaches, I was unmercifully laughed at. I became timid and silent, but did not give up my theories, because I had no others offered me to supply their place. And when gradually my busy boyish brain spun new cobwebs and castles in the air, nobody knew or cared any more about it, for I never said any thing more on the subject. I was considered as a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful to my own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. In all this there was, doubtless, a good deal of truth; but I remained what I was because nobody took the trouble to understand me. Whenever I wanted an explanation for any thing, I had to invent one for myself. What appeared important and serious to other people often seemed insignificant and ludicrous to me. Forms of politeness, empty compliments, stiff ceremonies, and social forms, were particularly obnoxious to me, and I considered them all so many forms of gross deceit. I had seen plenty of hypocrisy and servility in the daily intercourse of grown-up people with one another, and this made me sceptical as to all their professions. I became all the more silent and reserved, because my honest simplicity was everywhere matter of derision and laughter.

Yet I deeply felt the want of some friendly bosom on which to repose my doubts and sorrows. In vain I sought for such among my playmates and associates; they came and went, indifferent to me. Gottlieb remained my kind and merry playfellow, but he could not fill the void in my heart. Frederika, the daughter of my guardian, a cheerful, light-hearted little girl, of rare beauty, went further towards doing so. I saw her seldom, and only while summer lasted; during the long winter I was never allowed to see her. All the more, therefore, she filled my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night; I dreamt of her as an angel of God, radiant with superhuman beauty, weeping with me, consoling me, and pointing to the everlasting sunshine beyond the grave. When at last I saw her again, however, all the delightful fancies died away at once within me, like early flowers beneath the cold breath of a late frost. I no longer saw a beautiful angel, robed in the glories of Heaven, but a

pretty common-place little girl. I could have cried for vexation; my delusion vanished, a delusion which had so sweetly taken the place of the cheerless truth.

Coldly and carelessly treated by every one, and thrust aside as a useless incumbrance, I was forced to accustom myself to my solitary condition, and to seek my best enjoyment in the delusions of imagination. Thus forsaken by all, I first began clearly to understand that I was an orphan, supported indeed by the interest of my paternal inheritance, but the most useless and superfluous being upon earth. This estranged mankind from me, and me from mankind: I was alone in the world. The consciousness of my separation from others only increased and embittered my intense longing for sympathy and affection. Without jealousy, yet not without a certain secret bitterness of feeling, have I often stood by when one of my companions enjoyed the praises and smiles of a father, or the embraces and kisses of a mother. Me no one pressed to his bosom; my tears were dried by no loving hand; and every reproach, which to other children is sweetened by the consciousness of their parents' affection, fell upon me with unmingled bitterness. Now first the death of my father became to me a quite infinite loss. I eagerly endeavoured to recall to my memory his slightest actions, his most insignificant words and looks. I longed to die, and be with him once more. Often I left my bed at night, and lay weeping on my knees, imploring my father to appear to me at least once again. Then I waited with breathless awe, and gazed around to see his spirit; and when no spirit came, I returned sobbing inconsolably to my bed, while I murmured reproachfully: "Thou, too, best, darling father, dost not care about me any longer!"*

What I felt, I confided to no one; but my emotions drove me to seek some relief. I held conversations with God, and answered my own petitions in His name. But, most of all, I delighted to address my lamentations in writing to the spirit of my father, and I imagined that he then stood invisibly beside me. My first poetical attempts took rise in the idea, that heavenly beings ought to be addressed in a loftier language than that of prose. My verses were built on the model of those in my prayer-book, or in Broke's "Irdischem Vergnügen in Gott." Of all these plans and efforts, which occupied the mind and the time of the solitary child, not one of his relations or guardians ever had the slightest guess. These sober, business-like tradesmen and mechanics, possessed of no more culture or education than was absolutely necessary for the pursuit of their several callings, were not the people to guide and to calm the unquiet spirit of the little dreamer. Besides, their cares were exclusively devoted to their own children. Even in the house of

* In one of his interesting novels, Zschokke has represented his own desolate, joyless childhood in the person of his hero, and has related more circumstantially these childish efforts to obtain, in communion with the invisible, a consolation for the neglect and harshness of visible beings.

my sister and brother-in-law, I was regarded not as a brother, but as a boarder, or rather as an errand-boy. The principles of the household were too wholly tradesman-like, for any value to be set even on my school labours. If waste paper happened to be scarce, recourse was unscrupulously had to my translations and exercises. I was only too happy if, among them, none of my poetical correspondence with the spirit of my father was detected; for the discovery of one of these harmless effusions, was generally followed by a storm of anger from the whole household, and by weeks of sullen harshness.

My little bedroom was situated in one of the back buildings on the ground floor. Poor and cheerless as it was, it was my only study, and as such I loved to decorate and adorn it. There, undisturbed and alone, I luxuriated in delicious dreams—there I read, painted, *poetised*—there I wandered freely in beautiful worlds, peopled by holy and glorious beings. In winter, however, it was different. There was no stove, and, with a perhaps too rigid economy, light was refused me during the darkness of the long winter evenings. I could not accustom myself to the distracting gossip of the common sitting-room; still less could I resist the longing to write down what I thought and felt. I could have reconciled myself to the frost of my room, but even when I went to bed I was not allowed a light. One day, however, I hit upon an expedient, which I hailed with rapturous exultation, and which became, by its consequences, an epoch in my life. I hollowed out a turnip, which I filled with oil, and turned into a lamp. When all were in bed, I lit my lamp, hoping that the flowers formed by the frost upon my window panes would supply the place of curtains, in concealing my happiness. But the winter had not woven them thick enough; my nocturnal studies were discovered, and the work of my ingenuity was pitilessly destroyed, amid a tempest of scolding. I was not, however, daunted; to their reproaches and threats, I boldly opposed reproaches and threats of my own, which I was not slow in putting into execution.

The next morning I repaired with a stout heart to my guardian, a worthy bell-founder of the city, who heard my complaints and entreaties with mildness and patience, but drily declined interfering in the matter. I repeated to him again as calmly as I could, the particulars of the harsh and unfriendly behaviour from which I suffered, and in conclusion said, that I knew I had a right to better treatment for the money paid for my board. He looked at me for a few minutes in silent amazement and embarrassment, and then dismissed me without any reply. I immediately went to the president of the *Obervormundschaftsamte*,* a burgomaster, whose name, I think, was *Stichhalm*. The good man heard with interest the story of my sorrows; he questioned me as to my employments and studies, and the

* Literally, the Upper Guardianship Office.

school I frequented; he asked how old I was, and I told him that I was in my thirteenth year. He then clapped me on the shoulder with a friendly smile, and said: "Go, my boy, things shall be managed better for you." After a few days I was taken from my sister's house and sent to board with an old man, a teacher at the Altstädter school, and on his death, which took place not long after, I was sent to the rector of the same school. Aladdin's magical lamp could hardly have more completely fulfilled my wishes than my turnip lamp had done.

These little occurrences, which in my boyish journal were more important than the greatest revolutions and natural or moral earthquakes, will, perhaps, hardly be thought worth mentioning. Yet they exercised a deep influence on the whole tendency of my after life. The hard finger of destiny impressed ineffaceable marks upon the tender and plastic germ, which the plant has never entirely lost in its fullest maturity.

## PIOUS ENTHUSIASM AND SCEPTICISM.

In the progress of time I was declared old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of the Christian faith, and sanctified by my first participation in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Whether I was fit for the holy ceremony was never asked at all. The Christianity of our enlightened Europe is for the most part mere matter of memory and habit, and the present representatives of the Apostles among our Christian congregations trouble themselves often about little else than their own emoluments and dignities, while professing to be called to their holy office by a divine spirit.

I was sent for preparatory instruction to the pastor of St. Catherine's church, named Weise. He was an excellent and pious man, a little inclined to devout fanaticism. The warmth of his devotion in prayer, and the fervour of his eloquence in discourse, found perhaps no more inflammable temperament to kindle among all his youthful hearers than my own. In his description of the love and unmerited sufferings of the Saviour of the world, I fancied I recognised something akin to my own love and unmerited sufferings in His desolate and forsaken condition, a resemblance to my own. The theological dogmatism interspersed with all this; the mysterious doctrines of the Trinity of the Godhead, of Original Sin, of Election by Grace, remained in their former inextricable confusion for me; nor did I trouble myself with endeavouring to enlighten the mysterious twilight enveloping the phrases of "the Lamb of God," "reposing on the precious wounds of Jesus," &c. &c. My whole being glowed with devout and tearful emotions, I seldom left the pastor's house without eyes red with weeping, and a heart overpowered with penitential sorrow for imagined sins. Every childish trick or piece of thoughtlessness now took the shape of an unpardonable transgression.

In my room I implored on my knees, in repeated prayers of anguish, the grace and forgiveness of God, and with scalding tears of contrition repeated my vows of improvement and reformation. I resolved henceforward that Christ should be my model, my master, the object of my love, the guide of my life.

The church now ceased to be a mere terrestrial meeting-house to me; it became the Holy of Holies, the House of God, my Father's House. Not in vain I beheld its lofty spires, proudly rising above the dwellings of man, and uniting the heavens and the earth; for ever they beckoned to me with irresistible force, pointing for ever to One above, Eternal and Almighty! The majestic storm of music bursting from the organ above, was the divine language of higher worlds; the sweet and solemn old melodies of the hymns were the reverential responses of worshiping humanity. The ancient vaults and sweeping aisles, the Gothic columns and pointed arches, which rose so proudly over my head, seemed the creations of superhuman power, the divine hieroglyphics of a strange, holy, and exalted language. Heaven and earth, to my enraptured imagination, seemed fused together in the awful presence of the Deity; and all which had been, and all which should be, the generations of the past and the generations of the future, all knelt together, weeping, praying, exulting, and blessing, around the throne of the Highest and Infinite Being!

The sermons and prayers of the church service, still remained doubtful and unsatisfactory to me in many places; but without troubling myself about what I could not understand, I retained and made use of whatever I could. I thought of the church service as of a great banquet, from which each might take away for his own nourishment, the portion he required, without requiring to know the use or materials of the rest. At length, the great day of my first visit to "the holy table of the Lord," arrived. I still distinctly remember the trembling hope and awe with which I hailed its coming. I almost tottered to the church, in the profoundest abasement of spirit; gladly would I have sunk down to pray on the steps of the Temple. The service concluded at last, and the procession to the altar began. But the long train of sober citizens and *citizenesses,* the cold decorum necessary to be observed, the multitude of petty formalities, so damped the youthful fire of my devotion, that I remained cold and unmoved during the ceremony from which I had expected such holy and mysterious enjoyment. I afterwards thought I must have committed some grievous sin, to have been shut out as it were, from the heaven at whose gate I had stood so long, and often and often I implored the forgiveness of Heaven for my transgression.

My present separation from all my relatives, the utter friendlessness of my existence, and the monotony of my life, spent between the study and the school-room, were all well calculated to keep alive in a boy of fourteen, of excitable temperament, active imagination, and strong feeling, his first intoxication of religious fervour. Alone in the world, and forced back upon myself by untoward circumstances,

I chose "my beloved Redeemer" for my bosom friend and confidant. I nourished in the meantime the secret fire of devotion, I might almost say *artfully*, by the frequent reading of mystical and religious works. And yet, in spite of all my efforts, the glowing phantasmagoria of my excited fancies, faded away more and more; the unsubstantial fabric of my visions had quite too little resemblance to the world of realities. The more study, inquiry, and outward occurrences, enlarged my views and enriched my mind, the more loudly and urgently did awakening reasoning claim her dues, modestly indeed, but resolutely.

My old Rector Emeritus Elias Caspar Reichard, with whom I lived, and who is well known in the literary world, as the unwearied translator of Latin, English, and Danish works, without end, granted me free access to his learned retreat. This was a large gloomy, ill-lighted room, surrounded by well-filled book-shelves. In the midst of these, sat the deaf old man, from morning till night, at a large table loaded with folios and octavos, and made himself amends for the loss of intercourse with the living, by familiarity with the thoughts and languages of the dead. He was then employed at his continuation of Hauber's "Bibliothica Magica, for the Destruction of Superstition." Yet the good man, as I soon found, was himself not quite free from the disease he professed to cure. It is not easy to dust any thing, without becoming dusty. He occasionally used me as his journeyman, while occupied over his learned works; sometimes, I was to translate single passages for him, sometimes, to compress the quintescence of some voluminous folio into a small compass. I readily did this, and was rewarded by free permission to range unchecked in the fertile wilderness of his library. With insatiable hunger, I devoured whatever chance or curiosity threw in my way, without choice or discrimination; poetry, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, theology, and fiction. I wrote out for myself many volumes full of extracts. The life of the rector appeared to me the most enviable on earth. I resolved that I, too, would become a learned man, and would earn for myself an enduring name in the world. In Reichard's works, I saw with proud complacency much of my own work, printed word for word. I read these passages over and over again, with a curious fervour of admiration; the very letters seemed to me more beautiful than those of other words.

But these studies in Reichard's library, which lasted for some years, and were often protracted through half the night, bore other, unexpected, and by no means pleasant fruits. Whenever I read a book that particularly pleased me, I entered so intimately into the manner, language, and views of the author, that for weeks afterwards, I could neither write, speak, nor think otherwise than as he wrote, spoke, or thought. Thus, without stability or independence, I was always exactly that which my last book had made me, and became by turns poet and politician, a letigimist or dramatist, mystic or freethinker. I remarked with real horror this instability

of my mind, which, like a lifeless mirror, was only capable of passively reflecting what was placed before it. Worse still; this wild ranging in a wilderness of various and contradictory systems, entangled all my knowledge and faith into a chaotic mass of ignorance and doubt. The religion of childhood abandoned me, and no more consolatory faith supplied its place. I found that Christianity was professed only by a small portion of the world's inhabitants, and that even this small portion was split up into parties and sects, who raged in perpetual hostility with one another, each boasting itself the sole possessor of the one saving truth. Jews and Christians, Hindoos and Mahommedans, all were equally willing and able to prove the truth of their own doctrines by miracles, and yet to deny the validity of such proofs in all other churches. I recognised, indeed, everywhere the holy design of every system-founder; but everywhere I saw this holy design ultimately darkened and destroyed by the blaze of apotheosis, in which followers and priests perpetually sought to clothe the sacred features of him who had revealed God to them.

Disgusted by this spectacle of perpetual contradictions, the schoolboy of sixteen thought himself capable of conquering, by his own strength, the cloud-wrapt domains of Truth. He philosophised boldly, after the same fashion as thousands before him have done, namely, by the imagination; and had the same fate as thousands before him have had. Like Icarus, on approaching the sun, the wax of his wings melted, and he was precipitated into the tempestuous ocean of doubt and despair. There all things became dark, terrible, and mysterious. The longer I brooded over myself, and struggled to loosen the knot of the world-riddle, the tighter those magic threads became twisted round me. I had nothing whatever of that which was called religion by those around me; for that which tradition had presented to me, had refused to incorporate itself with my own convictions and experience. Nothing remained to me but that which no prophet, priest, or philosopher ever invented, but which was an indestructible element in the spirit of all nations and ages. I doubted not of my own existence, and that of the universe, but I sought in vain for the nature, cause, and destiny of both.

It was not childish levity or youthful vanity, still less was it the need of stifling the conscience, which led me to renounce all positive religion. No; it was this positive religion which renounced me. It dropped from me, as decayed leaves drop off from a tree, when the budding green of a new spring pushes against them. I had lost the thoughtless peace of my childhood's faith, had lost that spiritual blessedness which had hitherto made my orphan life endurable. Yet my heart was pure and devout, and glowed more than ever with devotion for the true, the holy, and the beautiful. This devotion became henceforth my inner secret religion, inspired by which, I should not have shrunk from the terrors and pains of

martyrdom. For I stood now at the entrance of that beautiful season of youth, in which the soul, yet uncontaminated by the sand of the life-desert, would gladly sacrifice all the pleasures and splendours of the world, at the feet of its holy images of eternal truth and goodness; when the mind, lighted up from within by the warm rays of its own glowing love and hope, yearns perpetually towards the Infinite Unseen; when an eternity of love and wisdom for itself, and a perpetual supremacy of right and freedom for all, can alone satisfy its noble thirst.

## SELF-EMANCIPATION.

Yet these ideal images of perfection, drew me ever on into new labyrinths. They remained in perpetual contradiction with the foolish realities of the world. What had the Eternal and the Perfect to do in the realms of time and decay? And to what purpose this unerring recognition, of the real existence of truth, and beauty, and goodness, whilst animal enjoyments and chimerical blessings alone attracted and moved the world? What was the spectacle universally presented among men? Virtue was exalted on the pulpit and the stage, despised and mocked at in the daily paths of men; those who were *brothers in Christ* before the altar, were masters and servants everywhere else.

This discordant jarring of the real and the ideal in both others lives and my own, pressed me down more and more into a silent, tearless, gloomy despondency. I discovered my secret wounds to no human eye; everywhere I had found myself misunderstood; either despised as a blockhead, or shunned as a madman. For the sake of peace, I now spoke and behaved as much like those around me as possible; but I hated and contemned myself for it all the time. My past was like a wide barren desert; my present like a thick, dark, burial vault. A young man, one of the choristers, named Kallenbach, who was my school and house-mate, remained now my only companion. He had a fine musical talent, and while practising the piano under his tuition, or listening to little songs of which I wrote the words, and he composed the music, the dark spirit sometimes left me for awhile, as the dejection of Saul fled before the harp of David. I regarded others with as much indifference as they regarded me. I was poorer than the poorest beggar; on earth I had no friend, in heaven no father, and the very consciousness of not deserving my misery, caused me to feel a greater bitterness of repining against the cruelty of hostile fate. Probably my sedentary manner of life, my wakeful nights of study, and the rapid bodily development of my age, also contributed something to this sickliness of temperament.

I panted with instinctive eagerness for change of life and scenery, for action and freedom. The cold monotony of my days

weighed heavily upon me. I was weary of all things, and longed to fly out of myself if possible. Yet all this was but a cloudy and doubtful seeking, for I knew not what; I did not understand myself, until the consequeuces of a foolish schoolboy trick, disclosed to me my own wants and wishes.

A half-frozen bat decided the course of my future life. One morning, while we schoolboys were awaiting the arrival of our teacher in the schoolroom, one of them drew out of a cleft in an old wall, a bat half-killed by the winter's frost, and amused himself by tossing it about the room. It was not, however, to be aroused from its winter sleep, and, on the entrance of our teacher, it was hastily thrown into a warm corner near the stove. But, whilst we were decorously listening to the construing of an ode of Horace, the little reptile gradually awoke, and began immediately to make use of its wings. The fearful endeavours of many otherwise bold youths, to shelter their faces from the darts and flaps of the tiny monster, the universal confusion which suddenly arose in the place; above all, the timidity and horror of the teacher, who ducked his head behind the shield of his desk, to escape the cold flap of the skinny wing, were altogether irresistible to me, and I broke out into a loud and long fit of laughter. The insulted pedagogue instantly ordered me out of the room. As nobody would betray the name of the real offender, the occurrence became the great event of the day. In the afternoon, the whole class was assembled in presence of all the teachers, and was summoned by our favourite Rector Neide to disclose the culprit. The address of this worthy man to the class, made a great impression upon me by its justice and mildness, and I was on the point of naming the offender, and summoning the class to beg pardon for the trick, when all at once the angry expounder of Horace, took up the word and exclaimed, "Zschokke! you laughed; you know who did it!" This silenced me, and when he went on to promise perfect secrecy and the reward of a dollar to whoever would utter the word, I advanced, all glowing with indignation, and said, "I know who it is, but I shall not say it. We boys have more honour than he can understand, who would fain bribe them to betray each other." Neide commanded silence, and a death-like pause followed. The assembly was dismissed, and I was summoned into the rector's chamber. With fatherly earnestness he represented to me the disrespectful nature of my behaviour, the necessity of discipline and order in schools, and the duty of punishing one offender for the sake of the rest. As I still maintained an embarrassed silence, he threatened me with ignominious expulsion from the Gymnasium.

This threat sent a lightning flash of hope through my soul. Exit from the Gymnasium might be the first step towards entrance into the university, towards an entire change of scene and circumstances. But ignominious expulsion! Yet what, thought I, is honour and disgrace? Contempt is easily borne by him who has never known

any thing else. I waited many days with impatièнce for the execution of the sentence, but in vain. I then resolved to open the door for myself, and went to my guardian, the good-natured bell-founder. In a well prepared oration, I represented to him that I was now seventeen, and full old enough for the university; that more than one of my fellow-scholars, who had sat below me on the benches of prima, was already a student at the Halle University, &c. &c. I thought that Cicero himself could not have pleaded more convincingly and eloquently. My guardian, however, listened with patient attention to the appeal, without the slightest change of countenance, and then answered, with a dry, provoking smile: "The university? Yes, yes, the clock will strike quite early enough for that, a couple of years hence."

My replies, my stormy arguments, my pathetic entreaties, were of no avail. With uncontrollable tears of grief and anger, I left the house. "Then I will fly!" said I to myself. "Out into the wide world will I, although a beggar's wallet were my only companion. What have I to keep me back? No mother, no father, no single friendly heart. Which of all these cold strangers has a right to control me? And let fate do her worst, I defy her! The last evil is not the worst, for it *is* the last—death!"

Such were the thoughts which accompanied me back into my solitary chamber. "But where to go?" thought I, and approached a map, hanging on the wall. Switzerland, the favourite land of my dreams, with its towering Alps, bright lakes, and wild cascades, smiled before my thoughts in fresh idyllic beauty. But the way was long, and my purse was short. I turned to Bavaria, the paradise of monastic seclusion: before my fancy rose a stately old monastery, overshadowed by venerable elms and linden trees. The gloomy stillness of long, dim vaulted cloisters, the solitude of shadowy cells and corridors, the literary wealth of antique libraries, floated before my thoughts, and made me long to renounce the world and embrace a life of learned seclusion, in the tranquil company of pious monks. Such a life did indeed require at the outset, an entrance into the Roman Catholic church. But what matters to the unbeliever, the change of one formula for another? Yet to whom should I turn, on the other side of the Danube? I knew no one in Bavaria. While thus reflecting, I turned my eyes northwards, towards Mecklenburg, and fixed them on the ducal residence of Schwerin; for there lived one of my former school-fellows, named Wachsmann. He was a court actor. This thought decided my choice, and a sudden fondness for the drama dawned within me. Where, indeed, do all the Muses weave a fairer, more sisterly garland, than on the stage?

I packed up my little property. A small present from one of my sisters, which I had received as a New Year's Gift, was added to the savings of my pocket money, and formed my scanty travelling fund.

# WANDERINGS.

" Sunshine o'er the meadows beaming,
Greets me oft as I wander by;
Airy clouds above me streaming,
Merrily dance across the sky.
Feathery wanderers, flutter along,
And sing me a gay, sweet wanderer's song!"

*J. H. von Wessenberg.*

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## THE FLIGHT.

It was on a cold, foggy, but snowless morning, the 22nd of January, 1788, that the young adventurer gaily approached the frontiers of the old *Obotritenland*, and with light free heart, like a bird escaped from its cage, followed the impulses of youthful activity, and wandered freely over hill and dale. His native city with its heavy girdle of walls and moats, and its towering spires and gables, grew smaller and smaller, and vanished in gray mist far behind him. Unknown landscapes, unknown villages, trees, and cottages, all silvered over with morning rime, rose one after another out of the misty air before him. He sang, he danced, he shouted with joy; he longed to embrace every peasant that he met. Voices of sweet prophecy made the air ring wildly around him. He was not superstitious; but there are times when wiser men than he, have dreamed of intercourse with future events and unseen powers.

The pleasantest of my omens occurred on the second day of my Hegira. As night drew on, I stopped at an inn in the village of Grabow. As I entered the parlour, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapt in an unexpected embrace, and pressed to a warm female heart; while, amid showers of kisses and tears, I heard these words: " Oh, my child, my dear child!" Although I knew, of course, that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly embrace seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a newer, warmer world. Let my reader put himself in my place, and imagine the feelings of a poor young orphan, who had never been folded to one loving heart, since his father's death, and to whom, for ten long melancholy years, caresses and tender words had been utterly unknown! A sweet trembling passed over me, as I felt myself folded in that warm embrace.

The illusion vanished, when lighted candles were brought into the room. The modest hostess started from me in some conster-

nation; then, looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my age and height exactly corresponded to those of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As her son did not arrive that night, she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of her son's absence. The dainties which she had prepared for him with her own hands, she now bestowed upon me, and my healthy boyish appetite did ample justice to their merits. Nor did her kindness end here. She packed up a supply of dainty provisions for me the next day; procured me a place in a diligence to Schwerin; wrapt me up carefully against frost and rain, and dismissed me with tender admonition and motherly farewells. She refused to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment for my night's lodging; but she did *not* refuse a grateful kiss, which, at parting, I pressed upon her cheek. Yet all this kindness was bestowed not on me, but on the image of her absent son. Such is a mother's heart!

I cannot describe the feelings with which I left the village. My whole being was in strange, delicious confusion. That single evening, that single morning, had effaced the dreary marks which ten lonely, melancholy years had left upon me. The hostess of Grabow had come, like a friendly angel, to reconcile me with a hostile world. I believed once more in human worth and truth. That same day, on arriving at Schwerin, I experienced two no less instructive and beneficial surprises.

Hopeful of a cordial welcome from my former school-fellow, I entered Wachsmann's room. A tall, well-dressed gentleman was walking up and down the room; Wachsmann himself was sitting at breakfast with his young wife. I flew into his arms: "And what brings *you* to Schwerin?" he asked, with friendly astonishment. I told him my history, and the object for which I had appeared before him. As I spoke, the friendly smiles gradually vanished from his countenance, and his astonishment darkened into consternation and embarrassment. He now told me that I had committed an absurd boyish folly, that I should do well to go back at once, and beg pardon for my behaviour, and that I must not expect that he should involve himself in trouble with my Magdeburg relatives on my account. Thus mercilessly he dispersed my fair visions; perhaps, however, in his situation, and fearful of the probability that I should become a burdensome dependant upon him, he was not altogether in the wrong. I heard with silent despondency the cold and cruel answer. When, however, he changed his tone of anger for one of contemptuous sarcasm, and exclaimed, "What! *you* turn court-player? A queer figure *you* would cut upon the stage, my little man! What would you be? Lamp-lighter, bill-distributor, or scene-shifter? You are not big enough for that." When he thus exclaimed, I recovered my coolness and self-possession. I turned proudly and coldly away, answering his sarcasm only by a few

equally sarcastic remarks on the commencement of his *own* theatrical career, which caused him to betray a little embarrassment, and called forth a peal of laughter from the stranger present, who had observed the whole scene with no little amusement. I then bowed, left the room, and never saw court-player Wachsmann more.

I stood still before the house door, gazing sadly round me, and wondering whither I should now turn. Before I had come to any determination on this point, I felt myself touched on the shoulder by some one behind me. It was the stranger whom I had seen in Wachsmann's room. After a few friendly questions and answers, he invited me to accompany him into the public gardens. The generous stranger, whose name was Fahrenheit, held, as I found, a clerkship in a government office. I know not whether it was any thing in my manner and behaviour, or whether it was my forlorn and destitute condition, which moved his sympathy; suffice it to say, that he not only soothed my wounded feelings with kind words and counsels, but took me into his own house, and after I had remained there a few days, introduced me to the family of a printer, named *Bärensprung*, who was looking out for a private teacher for his little boys. My person pleased them, and the contract was soon closed. I thus suddenly saw myself safe anchored from the storms of the great ocean of the world, in a peaceful and happy haven. I wrote with triumphant exultation to my guardian in Magdeburg, acquainting him with my situation, and with my resolution to remain where I was until the clock should strike for my admission into the university. Neither epistolary threats and entreaties, nor the personal appearance of brother Andreas himself at Schwerin, could alter my resolution. After a while, I was left to myself, and the "obstinate, good-for-nothing runaway," was abandoned to his fate.

Who was now happier than I! For the first time in my life, I revelled in the enjoyment of perfect independence, and happy domestic life. The attachment of amiable pupils, whom I instructed in the rudiments of Latin, history, geography, &c.; the kindness of the good-natured invalid, their father; the friendship and sympathy of the generous Fahrenheit; all this made my present existence a real heaven upon earth. I sedulously endeavoured to make myself dear and useful to those around me; fulfilled the onerous duties of a corrector of the press; and wrote for Bärensprung the prospectus of a "Monthly Journal for Meklenburg," which afterwards appeared under the direction of Professor Wehnert. In the meantime, I scribbled abundance of prose and verse, for I felt a certain necessity of venting on paper, something of my own overflowing emotions.

Meanwhile, the fresh spring time, smiling over the environs of Schwerin, revealed to me a host of new delights and wonders, of which the streets of Magdeburg had told me nothing. I was full of rapture and enthusiasm, and, as often as my home duties per-

mitted, I was out of doors, wandering through woods and meadows, with childish curiosity and delight. Every day I discovered unexpected beauties, and new wonders, in the landscapes around. Little pedestrian journeys, drives, and excursions, exercised a healing influence on mind and body, which seemed to make me another being. My former gloom melted away, like a morning vapour in the sunshine. And if now and then the evil spirit of doubt attacked me, I flew into the open air, and bade defiance to the tormenting spectre.

But all this fulness and variety of enjoyment did not satiate, but rather stimulated, the thirst for other and greater delights. How little did I yet know of the glories and splendours of my native planet! As I wandered along the leafy shores of the pleasant Schwerin-lake, and across the green terraces of the Schwerin-gardens, I often stretched out my arms with feverish longing, towards the dim gray distance. Even my old Robinson Crusoe dreams once more awakened within me. It seemed almost a sin to waste two long years of my life at this little town. I formed new plans for flight, now into the rocky Kyölds of Sweden and Norway, now into the green plains of Holland. I saved up every penny I could spare, in order to be independent, and my own master. A young vagabond like myself, who feels himself ready for every wild adventure, would grow weary of the beautiful monotony of Paradise itself, almost before his first raptures were over. So passed the spring and summer.

Chance now made me acquainted with a man of agreeable exterior, pleasant manners, and much knowledge of the world. He called himself Burgheim; lived in very good style, and appeared, although a stranger in the town, to be in confidential intercourse with all the world. He was soon intimate with me; he had the politeness to admire my talents, and lament my confined sphere of action. Our mutual attachment daily increased. He at last confided to me the profound secret that he was a count or a baron; that he had carried off from a convent a lady-love of plebeian birth, and was, on that account, on bad terms with his own family; that their bitter persecution had forced him to hide his fugitive head in the obscure station of a theatrical manager; and, that he was now engaging, at the theatre of Schwerin, a few stars for his own stage at Prenzlau on the Uckermark. We had previously, over foaming glasses of champagne, sworn eternal friendship and brotherhood to each other. He swore that he could never separate himself from me, and that I must accompany him as his theatrical poet and correspondent. Nothing could be more welcome to me than such an offer. Neither so much persuasive eloquence, nor so much liberality were necessary, as he employed, in order to move me to sacrifice my situation of tutor, to his wishes.

My separation from my beloved pupils was a very painful one. We clung tearfully to each other as we uttered our last farewells

I repented of my hastily adopted resolution, but I had gone too far to turn back. My pupils continued to correspond with me. The younger of the two, George, died eight years afterwards. On his deathbed he desired his brother William to send me his portrait, with the inscription: "To me thy dust still blooms." I have preserved it among my choicest relics of the past.

## THE THEATRICAL POET.

In November, 1788, as I wandered towards the shores of the Ucker, in company with Burgheim's caravan of the priests and priestesses of Melpomene and Thalia, life seemed to me like a merry unmeaning carnival-game. I played all sorts of schoolboy tricks and practical jokes. I sang, danced, and jested all day long. The men went in one van, the women in another; a third conveyed the wardrobes and properties. We often travelled on foot, in merry troops, nearly all day long. The mad harum-scarum way of life of the company pleased me well enough; I entered heartily into the spirit of it, and was foremost in every thing. In the villages and inns at which we stopped for the night there was no want of tricks and jokes, which now terrified and now convulsed with laughter the peaceable inhabitants. Every little incident and occurrence was parodied and illustrated, sometimes wittily, sometimes stupidly, by odd rhymes and scraps of quotation, from theatrical parts. The merry abandonment of the motley crew, which, although full of levity, never exceeded the bounds of morality and decorum, never ceased until our caravan arrived at its destination, on the shores of the Uckermark. I would gladly have travelled round the world in this way.

The theatre at Prenzlau was opened with a rhymed prologue from my pen. My new career pleased me well enough. I was always a passionate admirer of the drama. Even in his every-day life, my imagination still invested the actor with something of the poetical glory which beamed round him on the stage. However shabby and tattered might be the artist's coat, I still saw in the artist himself, with inexpressible reverence, Schiller's "bearer of the palm branch." But, alas! how soon was this reverence dissipated, when I observed the behaviour of Burgheim's palm-bearers behind the scenes. The harmless flow of spirits, which had animated our merry journey from Schwerin, seemed now quite exhausted; they were no longer the same beings. They were perpetually wrangling and squabbling with one another, and mutually accusing each other of all kinds of intrigues and cabals. Not the drama, but perpetual drinking, gambling, love-making, and patron-courting, seemed to be their pursuit. Though vile actors upon the stage, they were perfect masters of all possible arts of deception in real life. Their real characters seemed to have been so smoothed away by all the various parts they had

played, that no *substratum* of reality was left at all. Every day it was necessary to assume some new mask, in order to cheat good-natured men, or deceive romantic girls and foolish women, to contract new debts, or evade the payment of old ones.

Without, however, allowing my regained tranquillity to be disturbed by misanthropy or melancholy, I withdrew myself gradually, with disgust, from this rabble of lazy apprentices, runaway wives, prodigal sons, sentimental girls, worthless students, &c. I remained, however, on very good terms with Burgheim, and continued uninterruptedly, for his sake, my miscellaneous dramatic labours; curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandees of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small publics, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama. Many leisure hours still remained to me for the cultivation of my natural passion for reading. I rummaged through the libraries of all the little towns we visited, not without occasional danger to life and limb, as, on one occasion, I narrowly escaped being buried under the ruins of a crumbling old church-choir.

These circumstances, together with my keeping myself aloof from the actors, procured me not only the reputation of a studious young scholar, but the advantage of acquaintanceship with worthy and intelligent people. Among others, I became intimate with a young officer, named Baguslavsky, a modest, amiable, and well-informed young man. He was at that time working at a metrical translation of Horace's Odes, and challenged me to a poetical trial of skill. Study of the Odes, and criticism of our attempts, brightened many of our winter's evenings; nor did we forget to practise the cheerful philosophy of Horace, by chorussing the joyous "To Bacchus!" over brimming goblets.

At the first breath of spring, I emigrated with Burgheim's dramatic troop to Landsberg, on the Warta. Here the same way of life was carried on as at Prenzlau; but when the glow of summer began to display more beautiful scenery on the banks of the Warta, than Burgheim's theatre could afford, and gradually emptied the once crowded benches of our pit, the company broke up. I wrote my last epilogue, and closed my theatrical career. Our light-minded heroes and heroines dispersed to all quarters of the world, like butterflies who had long enough endured the dull, stationary existence of grubs, and now, emancipated by the warm breath of summer, returned to their favourite fluttering mode of life. I however, remained in the cheerful town of Landsberg; and lived upon my savings, frugally, but not in entire solitude. Many excellent men and amiable families treated me with kindness and friendship. Faithful to my old resolution, I employed the leisure of summer and winter in preparing for the university. Some young friends at

Landsberg, named Weil and Gerlach, carried on similar preparations and studies. Some learned young Israelites, named Jacobi and Saul Ascher, initiated me at this time into the learning of the Talmud, and the domestic and religious manners and customs of the modern Jews.

As the Easter of 1790 approached, I wrote to my guardian at Magdeburg, that the appointed two years being passed, I hoped now to hear "the clock strike" for my entrance into the university, and that I should prefer that of Frankfort on the Oder, partly because of its vicinity to Landsberg, and partly, because some friends whom I was unwilling to leave, were about to enter that university. My good guardian answered joyfully, giving his cordial assent, and telling me that I should find my university allowance awaiting me at Frankfort. For two years nothing had been heard of me at Magdeburg, and it was supposed that I had gone to the ground some how or other, during my vagabondising.

These two restless years had, however, borne better fruit, than my inexperience could have dared to hope. I had regained the light-heartedness natural to youth, and indispensable to the adventurer; I had learnt to feel at home amid all the changing vicissitudes of fortune; to laugh in adversity, and remain cautious in prosperity. I had learnt to dispense with ease and superfluity, to live frugally, to remain free and independent, and to keep within my means. I had learnt ease and politeness in social intercourse; I had learnt to seek the better side of every character, and to judge favourably of all. I was friendly to every one; but confiding to none. As in great cities, men adopt the most ridiculous customs, for fear of appearing ridiculous, I played like others, my part, in the motley mask of life. I had become in short a perfect egotist, although not of the most despicable kind; I demanded for myself nothing but bare sufferance, and was willing, in return, to serve every one to the best of my ability; I was benevolently disposed towards good and bad, but trusted implicitly the friendship and sincerity of none. Amidst all seeming cordiality, I remained in reality a perfect stranger to every human creature, and determined to remain so, in order to be at peace with myself and with the world.

## LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

As the "Rector Magnificus" of the High-school at Frankfort, the venerable Professor Hausen, was about to inscribe my name in the list of academical citizens, he asked: "What do you wish to study?" I could not tell, and replied: "Allow me to keep for a while my freedom of choice among the nine Muses." He looked at me in amazement, and said: "You must belong to one of the faculties, and can take only one of the nine sisters for your lawful spouse. That does not hinder you from flirting a little with each as you go by." I stood irresolute for a few moments; for I only desired to gather together at this public market-place of the sciences, a miscel-

laneous treasure of learning, for use or ornament, and still more to rid myself, once for all of my religious doubts. I at length threw the handkerchief to theology, and thought with satisfaction of the approval this choice would meet with from my pious relatives at Magdeburg.

The lectures of the professors began. With indefatigable zeal I studied at the feet, not only of the masters of divinity, but of those of jurisprudence and philosophy. An invincible repugnance to human corpses, and to the rites of the dissecting-table, alone prevented me from paying homage, likewise, at the altar of Hygeia. I toiled with ardent industry from morning till night; less, however, from genuine love of my studies than from dread of being left behind by the other students, none of whom had, like myself, spent in vagabondising, two years that should have been devoted to the university. My room and my table were loaded with the treasures, old and new, of the university library. I wrote essays on, and abstracts of, many books which I was not studying with any professor. Except my Landsberg friends, I made few acquaintances among the students; I shunned all intercourse with them, as tending to distract my thoughts from my studies. Long accustomed to the enjoyment of real freedom, the mock freedom of academical licence, appeared to me contemptible and ridiculous; their orders, associations, ceremonies, and solemnities, mere childish folly. Thus passed away the first half-year, and the second.

I should probably have always continued to appear an unsociable bookworm to my gay comrades of the university, had it not been for the summons which I one day received, to present myself before one of the most famous theologians of his time, the *Oberconsistorial Rath* Steinbart. I, an ardent admirer of his talents, hastened eagerly to a private interview with the great man, whom I had hitherto only seen in the lecture-room. I was then informed, that for the approaching ceremony of the solemn interment of a student from Berlin, named Troll, he had chosen me for the funeral orator. I know not what led him to this choice; perhaps he believed me to have been a friend of the deceased, with whom I had been very slightly acquainted. The proposal, however, was very welcome to me, as giving me an apportunity of distinguishing myself in the eyes of my favourite professor; and I delivered my oration, not without great trepidation, before a large assembly of professors, students, and friends of the deceased; but I soon felt myself inspired and encouraged by the emotion of those around me. As my auditors were indulgent enough to set down to the account of my eloquence the tears called forth by the solemnity of the occasion, and the nature of my subject, I could not well help giving satisfaction. The pressure of Steinbart's hand was a sweeter reward to me than the compliments and praises of the other professors. The students pressed around me with cordial congratulations, and Heaven only knows with how many of them I drank the fraternal "Schmollisk," at the ensuing funeral banquet.

Henceforward I became the friend and confidant of all our Frankfort sons of the Muses. I had very soon more brothers than I could count.

Yet I lived in truly confidential intercourse with very few. In this select circle, however, I drank the cup of academical friendship as ardently as ever did an enthusiastic student of twenty. Refinement of taste and a sense of honour, led us to shun the drinking bouts and gambling matches of the coarser-minded students; these in return stigmatised us as milksops. We emulated one another in study, and also in those lighter passages of arms, in which youthful enterprise and ingenuity loves to exercise itself. We made knightly excursions into Pomerania and Leusitz, in quest of adventures; we acted impromptu dramas, comic and serious, and we entertained one another with narratives of our own invention, in which the great triumph of art was, that nobody should be able to guess the end of the story beforehand. On one occasion I revived and embellished in various ways an old Venetian anecdote, which excited universal admiration, by the attainment in high perfection of this same lofty æsthetical object. I was urged to write it down, and this done, to dramatise it. Such was the origin of the notorious melo-drama of Abellino, which soon flew on the wings of the press into almost all the theatres of Germany. It procured for the beardless author, among other honours, a formal invitation from a company of merchants near Stettin, to witness, as their guest, the triumphant representation of the piece. My modesty could hardly have resisted so tempting a harvest of laurels, had not a most untimely deficit in my finances—deficits are apt to be untimely—compelled me to shun the trifling but unavoidable expenses of the journey.

We youthful academicians frequently assembled together in one another's rooms, for learned dissensions, which not unfrequently ran wild, and lost themselves in unlearned jubilees and fantastic freaks. One day a number of my fellow-students being assembled with me in my own room, the conversation turned upon the hope of reunion in a future state of existence beyond the grave. This exciting topic brought us to the highest pitch of youthful inspiration—which this time had been unsupported by a single drop of grape juice, and we vowed with solemn fervour, that each of us, after death should, if possible, appear to the others. We sealed the vow with our own blood, which streamed plentifully from self-inflicted wounds, into a large tumbler, and being then mixed with water, was drank off to the last drop by the youthful enthusiasts, in a real paroxysm of tender cannibalism. We each of us have borne through life the witness of that hour, in the shape of a cruciform scar on the left hand. As yet, however, no one of my confederates has paid me the promised visit.

Possessed of all the enjoyments which youth, activity, and glowing health, which friendship, love, success, the favour of the Muses and the company of kindred spirits, could bestow upon an ardent youth of twenty-one; favoured also with the confidential intercourse of

many estimable and intelligent men and women, out of the immediate academical circle—it may be imagined that I was the happiest of mortals. Such I was not, however; the same secret soul-malady afflicted me still, to which since early childhood I had been a prey. Pleasures, successes, occupations, were but the opiates which temporarily deadened my pain.

## THE OLD TORMENT.

When I first entered the university, I had resolved immediately to renew, and dauntlessly to maintain, the conflict with those tormenting doubts concerning all the most important subjects of human investigation, which had so long poisoned the cup of life to me. Might I not hope, that in the very sanctuary of wisdom, under the Ægis-shield of so many veterans of learning and religion, I might at last defy and overcome them? I eagerly grasped at the weapons offered me by history, philosophy, and theology. But in proportion to the number and size of my weapons, was the growth in number and stature of the wily spectres, my foes. In vain, the clear theology of the wise old Steinbart, stepped in as mediator between the scepticism of my understanding, and the perpetual tendency of my feelings towards the opposite extreme of mysticism, of which I was strangely conscious. The impartial and earnest investigation of the Old and New Testament writings; the examination of their hostile commentators; the contemplation of religious or theological history, with its cumbrous armoury of dogmas, churches, councils, patriarchs, and revolutions: all this only served to inspire me with a resolution, to give up all which any Christian sect had at any time regarded as heretical. After this disencumbrance of Christianity from all outward wrappages, and after the divesting of the lofty thoughts and doctrines of Jesus from their oriental dress, and from the mists of Jewish and Pagan misrepresentation, nothing remained behind but that which the divine revelations of human reason alone would have sufficed to teach. These were enough to make me a Christian, but not to make me either Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist or Socinian. Christ required for me no miracles as witnesses of his truth; he himself, his life, his thoughts, his actions, towered above the mist of centuries, the one perpetual miracle of history, the holy ideal of a perfect humanity. Yet this alone could not satisfy me; I required higher truths yet for the peace of my soul. For since the human mind contains within itself sufficient energy and greatness to inquire after the supersensual and the supernal, why should it not also possess energy and greatness enough to discover the answers? No mere hypothesis, no naked possibility or probability of eternal existence, would content me; nothing short of absolute demonstration of the impossibility of annihilation of the soul, would I rest satisfied with. Mere *faith* in God was not enough for me; I required an absolute knowledge

of God, in order to be contented with the mysterious arrangements of the universe. Without full solution of these problems, the present and the future appeared alike worthless to me, and I could even wish that I had never existed at all.

But the elegant scepticism, spiced with Attic wit, of my teacher, Professor Berends, at length destroyed all hope of my arriving at any fixed result. In the universal shipwreck of all opinion, faith, and knowledge, I grasped convulsively at the plank of deliverance thrown out by the "Sage of Königsberg." It scarcely sufficed to keep my head above the chaotic abyss. One day I confessed, with openness and fidelity, to Berends my unhappy state. He became unusually grave; it almost seemed as if I had accidentally torn open the secret wounds of his own spirit. "Must I give up all certainty as to what is highest and most weighty for man to know?" said I, to him. "Does human reason serve only for the common drudgery of the world? does she reach no hair's breadth beyond. Why does the soul experience this burning thirst for truth, if the quenching of it remains for ever impossible?" He answered: "You, my young friend, are like those youthful eagles who strive to reach the sun, but who in vain cleave the thin air of the upper atmosphere with their heavy wings, and soon fall struggling to the ground. Seek no longer to learn to philosophise; philosophising is a thing as little to be learned as poetising. Do, as I have done; study the history of philosophy, and what is most essential to it, in the works of great thinkers; and you will learn that every one who does not like living in the furnished lodgings of tradition, must build his own house, his own system of thought and faith, for himself."

The advice was not to be despised; I followed it. I contemplated the struggle of noble minds towards a knowledge of the True and the Infinite; and I saw how perpetually, just as they seemed to approach the promised goal, and beheld the veil of the Holiest uplifting itself, a nearer view precipitated them into the dreamy cloud-valleys of Platonic fancy, or showed them at the heart of the universe only a dead vacuum, or a poor theatrical pageant; or, worst of all, left them intoxicated with the fumes of scholastic vanity, jocund in spirit amid the most dreary discoveries. Such was the result of my inquiry. It did but add new sharpness to my affliction. I could neither escape from my troubles by the intoxication of worldly prosperity, nor by the stupefaction of a cold conformity to ecclesiastical dogmas. I felt myself either too weak or too strong for such remedies. I lamented my fate, and that of all who were like me, and envied only those civilised human animals who are contented to pass through the world with no other desire than that of worldly enjoyment and worldly success. I resolved no longer to disturb any human creature with my complaints. Why should I be more cruel than destiny? Why should I drag down happy triflers in the dark abyss of desperation, in which it was my lot to lie and struggle?

Little better was my progress in the study of law and jurisprudence. I was amazed at the close and many coloured network of ancient Roman, ancient German, and modern philosophical propositions, which seemed only created to hem in the expansions of the human mind, and set a barrier to human progress. I knew not whether to weep or to laugh at the discovery, that most legislators hated and despised the everlasting rights of humanity, no less than theologians did those of nature and reason. Nor could I help seeing, that most of the sages of the judgment-seat measured and squared their ideas of right and wrong, so as just to fit the convenience or interests of authority; and sacrificed truth, justice, and freedom, without hesitation, at the altars of fame, power, and profit.

Yet, in the midst of all this inward desolation and gloom, there shone ever brighter and brighter over the ruins of my spiritual world, with clear and holy radiance, like a stream of light from a distance, the idea of the Holy, the Beautiful, and the True. The type and model of this triple unity was Christ. Sometimes I fancied that I was thrown into the world some centuries too soon. Sometimes I lamented that I had not, like many of my fellow-students, learnt only just enough to fill a respectable place as lawyer, theologian, or schoolmaster, and pursue an honest calling under the gracious eye of some benevolent patron.

One day as I was passing the monument of Duke Leopold on the Oberdamm, in company with my faithful friend Schäffer, and we had saddened each other by mournful conversation on the vanity of human knowledge, a band of wandering mechanics' apprentices, passed singing gaily by; I was on the point of making up my mind to take refuge in the workshop of a shoemaker, a tailor, or a carpenter. "Believe me," said Schäffer, "I would give up all the dry rubbish of university learning, to have been one of those happy fellows there! I'm too old for that now." I sighed and assented, adding, "Too old? Why too old, if the thing be desirable?" Comically enough, however, we endeavoured to relieve our mental afflictions by the enjoyment of some honey-cakes, purchased at a booth near the upper bridge.

The idea which with Schäffer had been merely a momentary whim, haunted me for some time. I could not, however, at first decide upon the choice of my trade, and I soon reflected that run as far as I would, I could never outrun my own shadow. I therefore continued to saunter along my present road, without knowing or caring whither. My kind friend, Professor Hausen, advised me to compete for the academical dignity of doctor, and then to deliver lectures as private graduate; this course, he said, would be sure to open my way to patronage and advancement.

Accordingly, after the custom of the learned fraternity, I submitted to an examination of the philosophical faculty, on which occasion, to my no small glee and diversion, two of the learned catechisers differed and came to very hard words on the subject of the

Gnostic doctrines. I then held a disputation, three hours in length, in Latin which would have made Cicero shudder, after which achievement I was, at the age of twenty-two, solemnly proclaimed *Doctor Philosophiæ*, and *Magister bonarum artium*. Two days later I was also initiated into the mysteries of free-masonry, at which solemnity the learned Professor Wünsch had to play the part, so inconsistent with his mild benevolence of temper, of *frère terrible* in the Black Chamber. Finally, to crown my triumph, I received a diploma from the Royal Scientific Society of Frankfort on the Oder.

And now, after having obtained these distinctions and successes, for studies which had brought me nothing but empty vanity and learned rubbish, gilded over with a little charlatanry and hypocrisy, I might truly have sung with Goethe's despairing Faust:

" Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medizin,
Und, leider! auch Theologie,
Durchaus studirt mit heissem Bemühn.—
Da steh ich nun, ich armer Thor,
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor;
Heisse Magister, heisse Doktor sogar!"*

## A VISIT HOME.

Weary of study, I joyfully accepted the invitation of my relatives, to rest for half a year with them at Magdeburg. I left Frankfort far more discontented and doubtful than I had entered it two years before. What I there sought for I had not found, and what I had found was not worth the finding.

I had long ago been reconciled with my sisters and brothers, and with my guardian, and had once before spent fourteen days with them at holiday-time. Now, as then, the return to the town from which I had fled in secrecy and disgrace when a boy, excited a strange tumult of conflicting feelings within me. Houses, streets, squares, stood there as before, the unloved monuments of a dreary childhood. The caresses of those who had formerly shunned, neglected, and despised me, awakened in my breast, amidst all my smiles of gratitude, a strange oppressive sensation, like that of one suffering in a long and painful dream. And when, by chance, I passed down the *Schrotdorfer-Gasse*, which I generally avoided doing, and saw my father's house, my home of infancy, now inhabited by strangers, then a dense cloud of gloom always fell over me.

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* Which may thus be rendered:—
" Have studied, alas! philosophy,
Jurisprudence, and medicine too,
And, alas! alas! theology,
With burning zeal and with courage true.—
And now, poor blockhead, my learned lore,
Leaves me as wise as I was before,
Magister and doctor though I be!"

The tops of the well-known fruit-trees, the old garden walls, the sunny fore-court, once so large to my childish eyes, and now so diminutive, stood there like the tombs and monuments of the past. The whole world wore a shroud for me.

But one may grow accustomed, even to hell; particularly with youth and a natural light-heartedness like mine, which no storms, either of the inner or outer world, have ever been able to deprive of its intervals of sunshine. I accepted the gifts of the present, and the pleasures and favours showered in abundance on the "promising young graduate." Festival followed festival, as if the generous present were determined to bury under roses the remembrance of the past. The feminine vanity of my sisters was pleased with the idea of possessing in the family a learned relative, nay, a pulpit-orator even, who earned also a diminutive celebrity of his own, by some occasional sermons at the churches of Magdeburg. Brother Andreas, meanwhile, was fully convinced in his own mind that his own pedagogish skill had laid the great foundations of learning, in the mind of the embryo doctor and magister.

Had my tendency at that time been to undue vanity and elation, it would have certainly received plenty of nourishment. Former school and playfellows, who had in old times been any thing but friends to me, now reminded me most politely of our former fraternal affection. The *beaux-esprits* of Magdeburg sought acquaintanceship with the author of "Abellino." Former teachers overwhelmed with their praises the successful student. Respected ecclesiastics, among others the learned Ribbek, and the Kantian commentator Mellin, listened to the novice of the pulpit with the most flattering approval. I narrowly escaped being made pastor of St. Katherine's, when, on the death of the pious minister Weise, I undertook, at the request of his widow, to preach there for a few months; my extreme youth was, in the opinion of the lords patrons, the only obstacle.

In passing, I may remark that I never entered the pulpit but in the most solemn glow of emotion, with a fervent resolution to kindle into pious enthusiasm the hearts of my hearers. In the pulpit, doubt and terror vanished; I rejoiced in the sunshine of faith, like the most earnest Christian. I endeavoured to speak in that tone of respectful compassion and tender pity, with which I fancied that Christ must have regarded his ignorant and benighted fellow-mortals. My only object was to awaken and improve my hearers. I was too much possessed by my feelings, to become a dry teacher of morality, and too keenly alive to the absurdities of creeds, to become a fruitless doctrinal-orator. As the announcer of eternal truths and hopes, standing in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and reason, whose disciple I was, I thought it no sin to clothe these in Biblical phrases and doctrines, which in my heart I disbelieved. My readers will probably wonder how I, with my doubts, and more than doubts, could dare to enter a Christian

pulpit—nay, could even pray with an appearance of fervour, which won the sympathy of my congregation, and could address them boldly and zealously on religious topics. Yet I was no hypocrite; I said to myself that the grown man must bend to children, before he can raise them to him. I remembered that Christ himself frequently used the language of Israelitish prejudice and custom; that Paul condescended to adopt the phrases of those whom he wished to convince, and that thousands of noble-minded men, to whom I could not venture to apply the name of hypocrites, are still in these enlightened days compelled to do the same.

Meanwhile, the secret scepticism which gnawed at the root of my life, increased my thirst after that peace of soul which generally attends upon pietistic enthusiasm. I was about this time infected with an ardent longing to enter the Herrnhuter Society.* I undertook various little journeys from Magdeburg, and among others, one to the village of Barby, in order to visit the Herrnhuter Society there established. I was so much interested that I spent several days there. A young man had the kindness to make me acquainted with all the peculiarities and interesting features of the place and its inhabitants. I was speedily enamoured of the picture. My imagination saw in this association no longer a mere sectarian community, but a vast and holy family, into which the purity, simplicity, and tenderness, of primitive Christianity had fled for refuge, from the universal degeneracy of surrounding worldliness. I did not conceal from my guide my wish to enter this pious community. We were soon confidential together, and I appeared to be dear to him; he gladly conversed with me on scientific topics, which he secretly studied a good deal. My wish, however, appeared to give him uneasiness. He led me away from the lovely burial-ground where I had first expressed my wish, into his solitary chamber; and there he warned me against my hasty resolution. He related his own history, and expressed his intention of soon quitting the community, in which he could enjoy no peace or quiet. He told me of the tyranny of the elders; of conscience-slavery maintained in the blessed Saviour's name; of superstition, and the absurd regard to lots; of the forfeiture of independence; of the Pharisaical work-piety of the brethren, &c., &c. His account sufficed to make me prefer spiritual freedom to conventual slavery, whether Protestant or Catholic.

I remained, therefore, in the world; and probably it was well for me that I did so. I had now attained that dangerous age in which occasionally, amidst all the fervour of pious enthusiasm and philosophic speculation, the voices of another nature begin to make themselves heard. Other gods begin to rule within us. The gods indeed left me in tolerable quiet; not so the goddesses. How should a young man of warm fancy and inflammable temperament, have

* The Herrnhuters, a sect of very peculiar habits, resembling in some measure those of the American Shakers.—*Translator.*

remained insensible, when the union of beauty of soul and body in a female form, demanded his homage? I willingly allowed myself to be entangled by the cords of love, but it was long before I wore them with any ease. I am among those of whom it is commonly said they have loved *much*, yet I loved really very little, except the phantoms of a feverish imagination; my so-called love was often only the curiosity of youthful vanity, eager to discover whether I could please in a certain quarter; oftener still it was the desire to still the void of the heart with the painted sweetmeats of imaginary passion.

It often happened that some fair one, to whom I had been hitherto perfectly indifferent, suddenly became transfigured in my sight, through the magic influence of music at balls or concerts, or at the pianoforte, to a heavenly apparition, by whom for some days my thoughts and raptures were entirely occupied as by a sort of temporary insanity, without the lady herself ever becoming aware of the mischief she had done my poor understanding. Often, also, would some mortal nymph of my acquaintance, whose presence had never disturbed the beating of my pulse, so strangely affect my imagination by her *absence*, Heaven knows how, that I was absorbed in delicious melancholy and adoration, and breathed only for her. But as soon as the beatified fair one reappeared before me in bodily form, her apotheosis was at an end. The poetry of sentiment ended in the prose of reality, like rainbow-coloured sunshine in the gray mists of rain. I was provoked with myself, and with all the world, when my ethereal goddess turned into a commonplace pretty girl, in no way distinguished from thousands of others.

Such was the fate of the solitary dreamer for many years. He remained always a bashful, though not always a dumb adorer; he was far too timid or too humble to hope for a return for the flames of his own heart. This very timidity, however, rendered him vulnerable to all the petty artifices of female coquetry. He would have remained the most faithful Celadon under the sun, had his idol never vouchsafed him the confession of corresponding affection. But let this admission once pass her lips, and he was again frozen into timidity or indifference. He felt it impossible to worship one who had confessed herself human. It will be said he was a blockhead! I grant it; yet this fantastic enthusiasm was a safeguard against the danger of falling into those melancholy errors which poison the mental peace, and embitter the lives of so many foolish youths and maidens. If I carried on a selfish sport with delicate feelings, overclouding the brightness of some youthful heart, let the censure due to such cruel levity fall freely on my head. And yet is not my history the secret history of most at that age, when youth and maiden voluntarily give themselves up to the bitter-sweet emotions of tender passion, and forget the tears of the loved one all the more readily because accustomed to shed their own on very slight provocation? In one respect, however, I was fortunate more than

most others. Many of the goddesses of my youth have remained the friends of my manhood and old age. We had sunned ourselves in the light of love, without ever having had to fear the shadows of repentance.

## THE DOCTOR LEGENS.

The half-year dedicated to rest at Magdeburg had passed quickly and pleasantly away; my guardian had put into my own possession the remainder of my paternal inheritance; at Frankfort-on-the-Oder my course of winter lectures had been announced in the usual manner, on the blackboard, and in the syllabus of lectures. It was time to part from old and new acquaintances and friends; I tore myself away from them with bitter tears. Magdeburg had become dear to me, and has remained so ever since.

Of the three next years which I spent at Frankfort as academical private teacher, I have little to relate. They were poor in events though fertile in enjoyments. I began my lectures before a numerous assembly of students. I changed the subject of my lectures every half-year; discussing in turn secular and ecclesiastical history, natural science, critical theology, æsthetics, and moral philosophy. It may easily be imagined that the applause and sympathy with which my young hearers honoured me, was drawn forth by the breath of my lips, whose flame was ever of the thinnest. But I prudently confined myself to corners of learning which other professors had either entirely overlooked, or displayed in a very barren and narrow-minded way; and, perhaps, my views had some freshness to my youthful auditors, on account of the charm of novelty which they still possessed for myself.

I carefully avoided, however, disturbing the peace of those I addressed, by the infection of my own doubts. The sick man knows how to prize the health he has lost. And I was still suffering the old disease, still feeling within myself the old conflict of a double nature, still compelled to accustom myself to the incurable wound, and to accept with gay seeming despair, the jarring discordances of reality with my own adored ideals. For out of man as he *is*, to make man as he *should* be, I saw to be impossible; and just as little could I find means to solve the riddle of his existence and his destination. I consented, therefore, to remain a puppet in the universal, inexplicable puppet-show of existence, of which all around me were but parts. Thus it will be seen the doctor and the lecturer had not advanced a hair's breadth beyond the black circle in which destiny, like an evil spirit, had immured him since boyhood. He himself began to dread that the strange suspense in which he lived would become what is called a "fixed idea" in him, if, indeed, it had not become such already. It was with him as with one oppressed by nightmare, who fancies that he is struggling with all his might to throw off the heavy, ghastly shape, while, in reality, he only *dreams* that he struggles. Yet

let no one paint to himself the secret sufferer as a pale, sickly, pensive hypochondriac. With stout and powerful limbs, and a tall and well-proportioned figure, the young doctor united a bold, fearless manner natural to the consciousness of bodily strength and health, and of an earnest, resolute will; yet not, if I recollect right, unsoftened by that natural modesty which is common to youth, when unsophisticated by the false polish of worldly politeness. On account of his gaiety and youthful light-heartedness, he was generally welcome in society. Occasionally, however, his inner self broke out involuntarily in fiery enthusiasm for matters usually deemed of little concern, or in bitter sarcasm against much-worshipped trifles.

In order to escape if possible from the shadowy regions of metaphysics, I devoted myself for some time exclusively to material sciences, to natural history, geography, and modern diplomatic and political history. The revolution had just attained in France that bloody height which was crowned by guillotines and lantern gibbets. The journalists of Germany, full of their old obstinacy and dogmatism, and muzzled with a rigid censorship, were everywhere shrieking and hooting over the melancholy vagaries of a nation of slaves, just broken from the galleys of a dozen centuries. Yet these same writers found nothing to reprobate in the cold cabinet cruelty which decreed the partition of Poland; and that the good Lafayette, seeking an asylum among the kings of Europe, should find one in the pestilential dungeons of Olmütz, seemed a fine instance of royal clemency to these respectable defenders of the ancient faith. Like thousands of my contemporaries, I always regarded the very opposite of that which the newspapers asserted as the probable truth. There is no surer way of deceiving governments concerning the real tendencies and feelings of the people—when that people can read—than press-censorships. I, the sworn foe of all moral and political quackery, and by nature the friend of the calumniated, saw in all the horrors of the new French liberty, only the necessary self-defence of a nation driven to despair by courtly and priestly tyranny. True to my ideals, I greeted in hymns and odes the awakening day-spring of humanity; I stormed against the worn-out prejudices of the past in fugitive pieces and pamphlets, and I made war particularly on the religious edict of Wällner, that clumsy thrust of blind clerical bigotry against reason and freedom, which had reigned in the Russian dominions ever since 1788. I would at that time have exultingly shouted my farewell to life, and truth, and freedom, from the top of a funeral pile, had I been deemed worthy the honours of martyrdom. This spirit was not new to me; even as student I had frequently bid defiance in prose and verse, published and unpublished, to theological and political despotism, and to the prejudices of exclusive castes. To-day, indeed, in my old age, I laugh at the recollection of all the strange proceedings of the beardless and inexperienced world reformer, but with a not altogether contemptuous merriment. A youthful mind filled with holy and generous aspirations,

and exalted by the proud consciousness of untried energies, far above those worldly spirits, who, intent only on providing for animal wants or worldly ostentation, crawl or dance through life without profit and without meaning. Such a mind remains respectable to me amid all its vagaries. The minister Von Wällner came about this time to Frankfort. He was at the head of the Prussian clerical and scholastic department in the cabinet. The whole learned corporation of the Alma Viadrina, emulated one another in offering him homage and adulation. A sprouting world reformer like myself, however, would have held it a desecration to follow such an example. By chance, while taking a walk, I was met by the prudent Steinbart, as he returned from paying his respects to the minister. He stood still, and warned me in a friendly manner not to offend the powerful by the omission of unmeaning formalities. Wällner had already inquired after me. "Is then," said Steinbart, in answer to my excuses, "is then a common civility equivalent to a change of principles? And would your refusing these attentions to the minister cause the smallest alteration in his views and conduct?" I was much impressed by his observation, but I answered: "There are times when politeness to the sins of the great is in itself a sin. Our rulers will be all the more attentive to themselves when we are somewhat less attentive to them." Steinbart replied with an ironical smile: "His Excellency will hardly make such a good use of your absence; its consequences will be totally insignificant to him, but perhaps very unpleasant for yourself." He was right. But the aspiring young patriot who would have gladly battled with the wrath of the united world, was not likely to be deeply affected by the prospect of ministerial displeasure. The *Oberconsistorialrath*, Franz Irwing, was accustomed to spend the summer with his daughter, at a country seat which he possessed in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. In this agreeable retirement I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and soon esteemed and honoured him heartily. After I had delivered lectures as private teacher to crowded audiences, for three years and a half, he encouraged me to apply for a professorship extraordinary. He promised his influence, and my faithful friends, Hausen and Steinbart, joined with him. I agreed, and made the application. A speedy despatch from the ministry, however, compelled me to abate my hopes, and have patience. A confidential letter from the venerable Irwing, which expressed his sympathy and sorrow, apprised me that the minister had expressed himself somewhat ungraciously respecting me, and added: "Dr. Bahrdt has received a severe warning not to intrust any professorship to one so young as yourself. It is said that you will not be old enough for some years to come."

The minister appeared to me to have stepped into the shoes of my former worthy guardian, the bell-founder of Magdeburg. I, however, easily consoled myself for a deficiency for which his Excellency himself might well have envied me. At all events I did not lament the circumstance, although it had in turn hindered me

from becoming student, actor, pastor, and professor. I worked very happily through the winter; but when the sun of spring began to shine upon my desk, the lecturer's chair became distasteful to me. The old love of wandering seized upon me. A few years' strolling among different lands and nations would, I thought, educate me as effectually and agreeably as the same time spent in turning over dusty folios and quartos. I was soon resolved, for there was nothing to keep me back. I determined to traverse the German empire from north to south; then to visit the land of my childish dreams, romantic Switzerland; next the roaring, boiling whirlpool, France, with the vast political volcano, Paris; and, lastly, the smiling Italy, glorified by nature and art, and the old grave of graves, imperial Rome.

No sooner thought than done. My finances were arranged; my little furniture was sold or given away; my books were left in charge of a friend; my farewells vocal and epistolatory, were exchanged; and, on a beautiful morning in May, 1795, I mounted the stage-coach for Berlin and Leipzig.

## FIRST SIGHT OF SWITZERLAND.

I followed a zigzag course through the German provinces, of which I shall give no detailed account. I halted wherever friendly faces, beautiful landscapes, public collections, or interesting customs and circumstances, attracted my attention. Famous men I by no means sought after, although I was not without introductions. What could the sight of their coats and dressing-gowns have taught me? It is with great men as with great libraries, the mere spectator sees only the binding. I became acquainted, however, with many amiable families, at Berlin, Leipzig, Baireuth, Nurnberg, Stuttgart, &c. My "Abellino," who was just then ranting on every stage, procured me, strange to say, many interesting acquaintanceships. That my poor bandit should have found such unmerited favour, could not indeed be positively a subject of displeasure to his own father. Yet my respect for the taste of a public, which amidst the creations of a Schiller, a Goethe, and a Kotzebue, could have any attention to bestow on a schoolboy's melodrama like this, was certainly very small. And although the love of fame had always appeared to me scarcely less contemptible than the love of money, literary celebrity had never appeared so thoroughly despicable in my eyes as now, when I learnt *who* could obtain it, and for *what*.

During these wanderings many dark spots within me were lighted up, which the lamp of the study had been too feeble to reach. With wonder and shame I remarked my own ignorance in the commonest affairs of life; I who had been for years employed in teaching others. Learned only in library lore, I had yet to learn my alphabet in the great book of the world, in order to understand the influence of human wisdom and folly on the conditions and destiny of nations.

I had unexpectedly entered the highest of all universities; and I soon found that here or nowhere was the place where I might become capable of healing the feud between the inner world and the outer universe, which now seemed even stranger to me than ever before. I renounced my fruitless self-contemplation, my splitting of thoughts and dissecting of ideas, and determined to turn solely towards realities. This new tendency did me good. A healing crisis began in my mental temperament and views of life, which slowly, and after repeated relapses, brought on the wished-for cure.

After I had traversed Saxony, Franconia, and Swabia, I reached the shore of the Lake of Constance, behind whose broad mirror towered into the heavens the giant-piles and summits of the Alps, with all their towers of icy peaks and fields of silver, lighted up by the declining sun. The sight of these glorious mountains affected me as never a natural prospect before had done. Amidst my silent awe and admiration arose the thought, "This rocky fortress of freedom—has she not a corner to spare for me?" And when, on the 3rd of September, I arrived at Schaffhausen, and amidst the most beautiful environments, the falling Rhine thundered his greeting to me, then I exulted in a tumult of delight; throwing myself eagerly on the ground, I kissed the dear adopted soil, and amidst speechless tears panted forth secret fervent prayers to Heaven.

On my entrance into the promised land, I sent on my luggage to Zürich, and wandered on foot through the valleys and passes of Eastern Helvetia, as joyously and freely as ever light-hearted or light-footed enthusiast of four-and-twenty traversed the glorious land of Jura and the Alps. Autumn is the most beautiful season of the year in the valleys of Switzerland; the brightness of the sky is perpetual, and the colours and clothing of mountains, forests, meadows, and villages, are full of wonderful variety and beauty. It seemed to me as if there was perpetual holiday in this picturesque labyrinth of green hills, blue streams, cheerful villages, and ruined castles. The sudden contrasts between scenes of the softest idyllic beauty to others of the wildest and sternest grandeur, overpowered me with rapture and admiration. The inhabitants, clean, neat, and gaily dressed, even when at work in the fields; simple, pure-minded, and good-natured in disposition; and interesting in all their habits and history, seemed to me the very image of a happy people. And when I wandered through the sublime solitudes of the Upper Alps, amidst clouds, rocks, and soft, flowery nooks, far away from the dwellings of men, how paled before the splendour of the scene the pigmy-grandeur of palaces, the artistic tinsel of cathedrals and temples, all the puny wonders of man's invention! God himself seemed speaking to me out of the majesty of His universe; the invisible was unveiled before my spirit's sight in more wondrous glory than to Moses in the flaming bush of Horeb.

The social condition and peculiarities of the inhabitants of these Alpine highlands and lowlands, particularly attracted my attention.

They for some time puzzled and deceived me. The weights and measures by which I had tested the social position and prospects of Germany, were useless in judging of those of Switzerland. At first I was only astonished and delighted, like most other travellers, by the variety of national costumes, buildings, languages, physiognomies, customs, and religious forms, which were different in every valley, and by the glaring contrasts in the grades of freedom and civilisation offered by the nearest districts. I often laughed at the childish ignorance and extraordinary prejudices of the country-people, and then again admired their shrewdness and acute good sense in circumstances which would have been above the peasants, and even sometimes the townspeople, of my own country. The faithfulness and brotherly kindness of the Swiss among themselves in foreign countries, is a well-known fact, as well as their perpetual quarrels and disagreements at home. The fatherland is above all things dear to them, their home-sickness has become proverbial.

On the journey I wrote down, according to old custom, a series of notes, partly from observation, and more from fancy. Perhaps I may be allowed to present here a few of those passages which my after experience proved to have contained the largest proportion of truth.

"The patriotism of the Swiss is evidently derived from a very different source than that of the ancients, who prized highest the freedom, fame, power, or greatness of their state. From a different source, also, than that of our modern monarchies, in which sometimes national pride, or, still oftener, loyalty to the throne, takes the place of genuine love of country. Nor yet is it republican independence which has carried to such a height the love of the Swiss for their native country. For truly, political and social liberty is measured out in even more sparing proportion to most of the inhabitants of Switzerland, than to the subjects of German princes. The Swiss towns are inhabited by masters, but the villages and country districts by helots.

"In flat countries, where numberless roads and lanes facilitate intercourse between different places, and promote frequent change of dwelling-place, the commingling of opinions, customs, and manners, thus occasioned, insensibly creates a certain uniformity of national character and manner of life, in spite of all dissimilarity of classes and individuals. But in a mountainous country like Switzerland the case is different. Here are about two millions of inhabitants, separated not only by political forms, and by wide differences of language, origin, and character, but also by natural barriers of no ordinary kind. Chains of mountains, glaciers, roaring torrents, mighty lakes, long winters, separate each district from all the rest; they prohibit all general intercourse, and confine the knowledge, experience, and society of each, to the narrow limits of the little town, or village, or valley, in which he lives. Since the days of the first settlers, their successors have remained rooted toge-

ther in close fraternity, each on the little spot where his ancestors first settled. In every village, in every little town, the society is like one large household, in which rich and poor are all intimate from infancy; and to which any one who does not belong to it, though he come only from the next valley, is a stranger and a foreigner. Totally ignorant of, and uninterested by, all that takes place beyond his own lake or mountain, each knows of nothing more important in the world than the events and destinies of his native valley. With its history for many centuries back he is intimately acquainted. Each can relate, like the Old Testament historian, the entire genealogy of his own and the neighbouring families. Each canton has its own state history, and each valley, each village, each household, its own recollections and memorials of antiquity. Practices, habits, prejudices, laws, and dialects, nay, even the particular Christian names and physiognomical peculiarities of the peasants, as well as their dwellings, garments, furniture, and utensils, all are inherited from a remote ancestry. This isolation and stationary condition of each district, occasions an obstinate adhesion to established custom, in every part of the community. Thus nature and destiny have united to form in Switzerland a complicated federalism, in which each canton itself consists of numberless petty federal communities.

"But this very isolation has called forth the necessity which weakness always finds, of union; and has occasioned the habitual closeness and sacredness of the tie which unites Swiss to Swiss in the hour of danger, or when in the midst of strangers. The inhabitants of each valley are also accustomed to regard the hills and mountains far and near, and all the forests, meadows, rivers, rocks, and villages, of the rural amphitheatre, as parts of their own homes; the perpetual contemplation of them gives them a thousand tender associations, they are dear to their villagers, as pictures on the wall of a beloved home. Every change, every innovation, in valley or canton, seems to the inhabitants like a disturbance in their own houses. Thus love of home is expended and purified into love of country, and this love of country derives from its source a thousand tender and strengthening auxiliaries."

## DISENCHANTMENTS.

I was anxious, above all things, to study the fruits which freedom had borne in the land of William Tell. Who can wonder at this in one who, finding his own happiness in independence, placed the development of the human race only in free aspiring towards a noble object; and who, from boyhood, had regarded the Phocions, the Cincinnati, the Gracchi, and similar heroes of freedom, with a reverence which left nothing but contempt to spare for the excellencies, eminences, and the other feudal grandees of our own day?

Yet, alas, how sadly had my hopes deceived me! Upon the whole, I had seen in the people of Prussia a freer nation than that of Switzerland, where the greater part of the population lived in hereditary slavery to the few governing patricians and civic dignitaries of the principal towns. In order to explain more fully the nature of my disappointment, I will relate a few of the adventures I met with on my journey.

One day I travelled from Peterzell, in company with a troop of Swabian pilgrims of both sexes, who, in turn, prayed, danced, and played off rough jokes on one another, as they wandered over hill and dale to the shrine of *Mariä Einsiedeln*. The papal nuncio, it was said, was about to hold a general confirmation at that place, the most celebrated shrine of pilgrimage in the canton of Schwyz. All this was new and interesting to me. We arrived late; and although the holy spot consisted almost wholly of public-houses, the extraordinary number of pilgrims who had flocked thither from all directions, rendered it very difficult for me to find a bed. This, indeed, was because I was considered one of the poorer class of pilgrims; for, as soon as I ordered a good supper, with wine, I was served as if I had been the patron saint of the place himself. The next morning, after I had surveyed the place and its neighbourhood, I hastened to the Temple, and purchased of the brokers, whose booths surrounded it, as whilom those of Jerusalem did the Jewish Temple, a Chronicle of Einsiedeln, in place of a prayer-book, and a rosary, to ward off the suspicion of heresy.

On entering the church, an extraordinary spectacle presented itself to me. On the floor lay multitudes of worshippers and penitents, some on their knees, some prostrate with their faces on the ground; some motionless with outspread arms; others with clasped hands stretched towards heaven, or folded upon the breast. To my inexperience, the spectacle seemed appalling; and still more so, when, on entering the widest part of the church, the assembled thousands all at once made the sign of the cross, and fell on their knees. In the background rose the high altar, and gorgeous priestly figures hovered round it, amid clouds of incense, through which glittered the weapons of kneeling ranks of soldiers. I, unacquainted with this kind of religious ceremonial, did as the rest did—kneeled and crossed myself like the rest—but gradually contrived, with much inconvenience, to shuffle on my knees through the crowd, until I reached the black-marble chapel of St. Meinradus, in the centre of the church, into which I then crept. The inner sanctuary was lighted with lamps, and the glare of day was excluded; it was filled by kneeling worshippers, who were employed in adoring, and, as it seemed, actually worshipping, an image of the Virgin, blackened by the smoke of the surrounding lamps. After the ceremonies of the day were concluded, I witnessed, with no little astonishment, the triumphal procession of the nunciate, to the princely cloister-palace of the abbot, amidst music, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon. The magistrates of the republic were shown me,

following humbly in the train of the ecclesiastic. I seemed to behold an ovation of ancient Roman victors, revived in all the ceremonial pomp of antique paganism. Feasts, drinking-bouts, and gambling, concluded the holy day. And this was Christianity (this a free republic of the eighteenth century); I left Einsiedeln in disgust and pity. A nation of spiritually-enslaved republicans, is like one born blind in Paradise.

While in the Catholic districts I had been shocked and repelled by the spectacle of numerous festivals, shrines, religious processions, and ceremonies, amidst a people sunk in ignorance, brutality, idleness, and beggary; in Protestant districts, I was pleased and attracted by the manifestation of superior prosperity, industry, cleanliness, and intelligence in the inhabitants. One beautiful evening, tired with walking, I lay down under the shade of a fruit-tree, on the shores of the Lake of Zürich, not far from the village of Stäffa. A young peasant, who was ploughing his field before me, entered civilly into conversation with me, and after his work was over, invited me to walk home and take a glass of wine with him. I accepted the invitation and accompanied him. Whilst he changed his clothes and fetched the wine, I examined every thing in the neat little cottage parlour, and particularly a shelf with some books, upon it. Here I found, besides the Bible and Prayer-book, various writings of Iselin, Wieland, Möser, &c. The sight of these books, the intelligent conversation of the young peasant, the beauty of the district, the conveniences of a large inn, and the friendly conduct of the inhabitants, induced me to spend some days there. I found that the villages along the lake had reading societies among themselves as well as an amateur theatre. Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" had been the last drama acted there; and upon my expressing a wish to become acquainted with the rural *Juliet*, I was introduced to her at the house of her father, a Herr Billeter.

"Behold the cheering influence of freedom, even on the humblest!" said I to myself; and I blest the republicanism of Zürich. The *Juliet* of Stäffa was not a beautiful, but a pleasing, refined, and intelligent girl. I found her in tears, with a letter in her hand. The sister was weeping for her brother, who was condemned to live in exile on account of political offences. I now learnt what I had hitherto heard nothing of. The inhabitants of the whole surrounding country, were vassals, or dependants on the town of Zürich; they were poorer in rights than the very serfs of the so-called confederate bailiwics in Germany; they dare not carry on any trade or mechanical operation, except those positively necessary for the wants of the villages themselves; they dared not aspire to any temporal or ecclesiastical dignity whatever; all such, whether of profit or honour, were exclusively reserved for the *citizens*. No talents, no acquirements, could procure an exception. The celebrated and learned physician, Hotze, being son of a farmer of Richterswyl, was never allowed to practise except in his own village; and his brother Conrad, whose extraordinary military genius would at home scarcely

have raised him to the rank of sergeant, was enabled, by taking refuge in Germany, in the Austrian service, to become an imperial Austrian general and field-marshal. The population of the whole canton laboured and lived solely for the enrichment of 1500 civic patricians. It was forbidden to the countryman even to trade in the cotton and silk he had himself spun. He had to buy the raw material in the town; to have the web dyed in the town, and to sell the manufacture solely to the townspeople, who alone were allowed to export it.

A few months before my arrival, indeed, some ancient documents and charters had been accidentally discovered, which granted a far more extended freedom to the country people. Upon this discovery, they demanded the restoration of their ancient liberties, and the communities of the different villages assembled to address a petition and remonstrance to the government. The genuineness and valid authority of the documents would not, of course, be doubted by any one; yet the vengeance of the rulers awaited the overjoyed and peaceable peasantry. The city authorities dreaded rebellion and revolution, and sent troops into the villages on the lake. Stäffa was invaded on a Sunday morning in July, just as all the inhabitants were assembled at church, and all those who had shown themselves particularly active and zealous in promoting the petition, were, with the exception of those who escaped by flight, thrown into the dungeons of the city. None of those imprisoned could be charged with any attempt at violence, or at a preparation for violence; an open expression of public joy was their only offence. Yet all were found guilty of treason to the state; were ill-treated in various ways in prison, and were afterwards punished by whipping, banishment, or long imprisonment. A venerable old man named Bodmer, of Stäffa, was even taken upon the scaffold, the sword of the executioner swung over his head, and he was then brought back to his dungeon, which he was never to leave as long as he lived.*

The country people themselves related these circumstances to me, which had happened but a few months before, with such quiet resignation to their fate, that I was more moved by the recital than they seemed to be by the infliction. I felt half inclined to despise them for cowardly servility of disposition, and not disinclined to doubt the veracity of their statements. But in the town of Zürich, all that I had heard was confirmed to me, some with curses on the "turbulent boors of the lake," as they called the inhabitants of the lake villages; and by a few with just indignation at the impolitic violence of the government.

* On the invasion of the French, however, in 1798, the terrified tyrants of Zürich, were compelled to release him. The beautiful lake over which the old man was led home in triumph, was radiant with reflected bonfires, and thrilled under the joyous shouts, the bell-ringing, and cannon-firing of the whole district.

My beautiful dreams of republican happiness which I had brought with me to Switzerland, were nearly destroyed by such experience as this. Yet my enjoyment of the journey was not. I had accustomed myself to disenchantments of all kinds; I was a stranger in these lands, and only desired to enjoy and to learn. The wonderful beauty of the scenery, the honest, open, energetic character of the people, and a nameless *something* besides, which I know not how to define, reconciled me to the rest.

The winter began. I did not intend to spend it at Zürich; I should have preferred Paris or Western Switzerland. I did not, however, adhere obstinately to my own plans in travelling, but allowed circumstances to guide me, in a great measure; nor was their guidance without its advantages for me. A letter of introduction delivered at Zürich, brought me unexpectedly into communication with some estimable people. Soon, I scarcely know how, I had attained, without any effort of my own, the intimacy of many excellent families. Each acquaintanceship led to others; I began to feel almost at home at Zürich, I did not dream, however, that the friendships I here formed, were many of them to last through my whole life, and were some of them to exercise no small influence on my own character and actions, and those of my friends. I shall here name only Paul Usteri, who afterwards became one of the regenerators of freedom in his native country; Henry Pestalozzi, the celebrated and pure-minded educational reformer; and Nägeli, the inventor of the noble system of national singing, which he elevated into a valuable instrument of popular enlightenment. I might name many more, for they all had that beneficial and purifying influence upon my mind, which the society of gifted spirits of his own age and tendencies, seldom fails to exercise on the unformed youthful character.

Many older men also honoured me with their friendship. They drew me into their own agreeable circles, where men of genius and learning cheered and assisted one another in their various labours, by intelligent social intercourse. Here reigned a very different spirit from that which I had noticed among the professors and men of letters in Germany, where a certain tone of literary affectation and pedantry, a certain stifling study-dust, had frequently annoyed and offended me. But at Zürich learning did not oblige a man to wear perpetually the dust of books, as a miller does his flour, by way of professional badge. He was a citizen as well as an author; a sharer, not merely a spectator, of political and social changes; an active member of public assemblies, ministries, and governments; a shrewd man of business, a polished man of the world; he was neither more nor less than any other citizen. Within the walls of the city lay the republic of Zürich; there was to be found the true repub-

lican freedom and equality, the true republican patriotism. There a man passed in general for what he was worth, and not for what his house, his title, or his coat were worth. *Without* those walls, indeed, toiled and suffered a nation of helots, for the enrichment of an oligarchy of freemen.

The labyrinth of the Swiss valleys itself, was not so intricate as the labyrinth of their national condition; that strange conglomeration of fifty petty nations, each with its own peculiar language, customs, and manner of life; and its own peculiar aristocratical, democratical, or hierarchical constitution. Every old man, and every youth of my acquaintance, offered me his own Ariadne-thread by which to find my way through the political maze. Two young men in particular, both amiable and gifted, made me far better acquainted with the progress and prospects of the French revolution than I had hitherto been. One of them was named Cæsar Duchrest; he was the nephew of the well-known Madame de Genlis. He had served under Dumouriez's banners, and had avoided the guillotine by escaping to Switzerland with the Duke de Chartres, afterwards King of the French. The other was a German, Ernest Oelsner, well-known in Germany by his "Letters from Paris." He was on a visit in Switzerland, when I became intimate with him, and I agreed to accompany him back to the capital of the great republic, whenever he returned thither. I could not easily have obtained a more excellent cicerone for Paris, than one who had spent so many years there, and had been in personal intercourse with most of the leaders and victims of the great revolution.

In the winter I went with him to Berne, where we intended to stay for a few months. The city, its society and condition, were very different from any thing I had ever seen before. I could not feel so much at home there as at Zürich; an ice-cold foreign air breathed everywhere upon me. Many years afterwards, I found this first impression by no means erased. This Alpine Venice stood before me like the gray-haired survivor of a former century, nourished and animated only by the recollections of a long-departed childhood; blind and dead for the fresh and glowing present. A stiff, cold spirit of aristocracy seemed to animate the inhabitants, and I might almost say, to be expressed in the heavy stateliness of the gray sandstone buildings.

Oelsner introduced me to his friends, who also became mine; and I often spent the evenings with a small agreeable circle of youthful patricians, with whom he was very intimate. With none of these was I more friendly in feelings, and yet more opposed in opinions, than with a certain young Herr Mutach, who, in later times, became Chancellor of the Republic, and exercised no little influence upon her destinies. He was commonly nicknamed among us, "the Negro," on account of his dark complexion; he was well-informed, of polished manners, with a fiery, though generous spirit, and

bristling all over with the prejudices and partialities of a thoroughbred aristocrat.

"You ought to be a Swiss, Zschokke," said he to me one night, in company as we were discussing the politics and literature of the day, over our supper. "You are not the man for a monarchy."

"I am on the point of becoming a monarchist," I replied; "here, in Switzerland, monarchy begins to grow quite respectable in my eyes."

"Ah; you do not know us yet!" answered Mutach. "In Prussia I would scarce put up with being crown prince; let me be king there, or else citizen at Berne."

"And I would not live at Berne, either as patrician or as serf; either to deprive others, or be deprived myself, of our just human rights," was my answer.

"Pah!" cried he. "What! are we come back again to *la vieille friperie des droits de l'homme?*"

These words expressed his whole political creed, and that of his fellow patricians. The Christian aristocracies of the Swiss republics understood, as well as the heathen governments of Athens and Sparta, the inhuman art of keeping those beneath them in slavery and brutal degradation. They employed as much care and refined skill in preserving ignorance and poverty among the people, as in maintaining wealth, refinement, and intelligence in their own caste. The capitals open their gymnasia, academies, libraries, and museums, only to their sons; the only roads allowed to be built were those leading from the city gates to the frontiers; all the surplus of the state revenue was invested in foreign funds, or buried in the treasuries of the wealthy; the civic families were fed with rich offices and salaries, and supported in adversity at the cost of charitable institutions and heavy taxes on the people. Beyond the city walls, schools were suppressed, prejudices favoured, freedom of the press rigidly fettered by censorships, and freedom of conscience by ecclesiastical establishments; communication between villages was rendered impossible, commerce was restricted by customs and monopolies, communities oppressed by heavy poor's rates and abundant mendicancy, and the profits of the husbandman lowered by direct taxes, to the bare means of subsistence.

But true it is, as all reason and all experience teaches, that as easily may the course of the earth round the sun be stopped, as the progress of humanity towards a yet unimagined perfection of freedom and true civilisation. Souls cannot, like bodies, be embalmed to withstand the influence of time.

## PARIS AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Before the end of winter I set off for Paris with Oelsner, full of impatience to witness the changes which the sword of revolution had effected in the great French empire. But on the way, the miserable villages, the barren fields, the ragged, wooden-shoed peasantry, and, amidst all this wretchedness, the haughty appearance of some splendid palace, with immense parks and towering walls—all this formed the most striking contrast to the beauty and variety of Swiss scenery. "Is this *la belle France?*" I involuntarily exclaimed. Oelsner smiled, and replied: "*La belle France* means Paris; that is the mansion, of which the whole country from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, is but the court-yard, with the barns and outhouses."

Having arrived at the proudest of European cities, and taken up my abode in the hôtel La Prime, opposite the great Corn Exchange, my days were spent in perpetual travels through those enormous mazes of streets, squares, churches, palaces, museums, libraries, picture-galleries, concert-rooms, theatres, and human dwellings, which surrounded me. It was at the time of Babœuf's conspiracy. Oelsner introduced me to his friends and acquaintances. I shall say little of the free, light, cheerful tone of society which prevailed; where jesting, slandering, sneering blasphemy, and complimenting, was carried on with equal ease, grace, and refinement; where the fashion was to wonder at trifles, to trifle at wonders, and in the same moment to admire, despise, and forget. The gay, hollow, glittering levity of the place pleased me; I dare not deny it. The froth diet tickled the palate, though it did not satisfy the appetite. I delighted in change; and to a novice like me, it was no small pleasure to witness the perpetual changes and scene-shiftings which were going on, on this great stage of the theatre of the world, to exchange tumult for repose, and repose for tumult, whenever I pleased, and satisfy every wish as fast as it arose. I knew, indeed, that all the refinement and amiability I beheld around me, was mere external polish, and that this complaisant levity had known how to caper and jest amid the bloody labours of the guillotine.

I seldom came into direct communication with the principal actors in the revolutionary drama. I did not seek them out; they would have shown me only masks and costumes. Even Oelsner's favourite, Sieyès, who was at that time in the Council of the Five Hundred, attracted very little of my attention. He appeared to me to be like his celebrated work, "*Qu'est ce que le tiérs Etat?*" Both would have remained unnoticed at any other time, but the right word at the right moment, gave celebrity both to the man and his book. Even Isnard, one of the old members of the National Convention, attracted me more than Sieyès. I found in the former a man of agreeable exterior, and a Frenchman all over, from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boot. He was bold,

lively, theatrical, and had a decision, a witticism, and a *beau sentiment* always at hand for every subject. And yet he was the same man who, in the south of France, had raged against the terrorists, as furiously as they against their enemies, exhorting the mob to "Kill, kill all! If weapons are wanting, take clubs! If clubs are wanting, tear up the bones of your fathers from their graves!"

But the man whom I visited with more delight and frequency, than any other of the notabilities of Paris—whom, indeed, I began to regard as a model for imitation, was an old philosopher, more fame-worthy than famous; the German Diogenes of Paris, Count Gustav von Schlaberndorf. He was upwards of sixty; lean and tall with ragged hair, and a worn-out dressing-gown of indescribable colour; a hermit of his charcoal fire, which he scarcely ever quitted. He lived in a dark room, in which dusty furniture, books, papers, &c., were mingled together, in learned confusion, as in the study of Walter Scott's Antiquary. And this man, who had lived through all the phases of the Revolution in Paris, as a philosophical spectator, who had suffered persecution and imprisonment, and had escaped the guillotine only by chance, preserved, in the serene heaven in which he dwelt, far from the tumult of rising and falling factions, as much coolness and self-possession in his views of the men and events going on around him, as if centuries lay between him and them. He seldom left his "sanctuarium;" yet he was always perfectly well acquainted with the events going on around him, and with their hidden springs and causes. I often found in his room, travellers from all countries, statesmen, party-leaders, and men of letters of all factions. Without seeking influence, he had obtained it, like Socrates, by instructive conversation, and a profound knowledge of men and things. The master of a large fortune, he observed a niggardly frugality in personal expenses, and a princely liberality towards every needy human being. His wonderful knowledge, sagacity, and penetration, and the noble elevation of his thoughts and principles, soon won my utmost admiration and respect. He called me his *Philosophe pleureur;* for he had discovered my inward maladies, and understood and felt for every secret wound, as if he had experienced them himself. He knew how to touch them, in the course of his gay and easy conversation, with the lightness, skill, and certainty of the ablest physician, yet every healing word seemed thrown out merely at random.

This noble old man soon captivated my feelings, with a power quite irresistible and unexpected. I spent my time entirely between his room and the galleries of the Louvre, where I passed whole days in gazing on the miracles of the chisel and the brush. Never before had I witnessed the transfiguration of nature through the power of poetical genius; never before contemplated in such perfection the beautiful ideals of human art. Paris and Schlaberndorf destroyed my dreams of republican felicity. In the old Swiss aristocracies I had seen mere withered formality held together only by

the united selfishness of nobles, ecclesiastics, and civic dignitaries; in the French Republic, nothing but a caricature of freedom, formed by the juxtaposition of anarchy and despotism. The huge superscriptions of the public buildings expressed the condition of the world-capital with bitter satire. "*Liberté, Egalité!*" was everywhere the word; but beside the desecrated names grinned out the mocking addition, "*ou la mort!*" through the thin veil of white paint recently drawn over it. Freedom and equality, guarded by cavalry and infantry, with loaded cannons and files of troops before the gates of the Directorial palace itself, was the most impious of lies. My whole heart yearned to quit this city of splendid misery and miserable splendour. This wish became yet more fervent, as I sat alone one sunny morning in the gardens of the Tuileries, fanned by the young leaves and early blossoms of the spring. I longed for the peaceful solitudes of the Alps, where man, though rude and uncultivated, is yet man, and looks up with veneration to the splendours and glories of God's universe, instead of the gilded ant-hills of human invention called palaces.

Giving myself up to this silent train of thought, a voice within me seemed to cry, "Up, up! and on to Rome!" And then began the following conversation with myself:—"After a twelvemonth spent at Rome, the greater part of thy paternal inheritance will be consumed, and where wilt thou go next? Back to Frankfort, or to Magdeburg, to beg a ministerial favour?" The thought made me shudder. "But what else then? Thou art five-and-twenty already, and hast neither home nor calling. Wilt thou for ever be an aimless and useless wanderer? It must be otherwise. I can be poor, and yet rich, like the hermit Schlaberndorf; careless of fame, I can yet be worthy of fame, like him. But first I must choose a fixed dwelling-place, no matter where, and a fixed occupation, no matter what." I then recollected my conversation with friend Schäffer, on the Oberdamm, when the troop of merry apprentices passed by. "Why did I not join them then? Why not become like them yet? First to Rome, to study the works of the great masters; then I will be artist, or else house-painter, or else village schoolmaster. I will earn myself a cottage and a little field in some lone Alpine valley, among the hills and waterfalls, and live despised and forgotten by men, yet loving and working for them still." And as I so thought, there arose immediately before my fancy the vision of the neat modest hut, nestled in a green cleft of the hills, with the hedged field on one side, and the sunny little garden, full of bright shrubs and flowers, on the other.

I sprang up. I staid no longer in Paris than was necessary to buy and pack up a select assortment of fine drawings and lithographs for my future studio. I bought these treasures at a cheap rate, as they had mostly been acquired still more cheaply by their present owners, through the plunder of châteaux and galleries, I then bade farewell to friends and acquaintances, and set off,

not for the south of France, as I had at first intended, but for the Swiss frontiers, in order to compare together all the democratic mountain districts I could find, and to choose the valley for my future home. Laugh, reader, to thy heart's content, at the plans and visions of the incorrigible dreamer; but remember that his was still the April season of life, when showers and sunshine, warmth and snow-drifts, follow one another in rapid and easy transition.

## INTERRUPTION OF THE TRAVELLING PLAN.

I halted at Berne. From this place I proposed to make several excursions into the neighbouring cantons and valleys, which would occupy a few weeks, and then away for Italy. I took no private lodging, but remained at the Falcon Hotel. Beside me at dinner here sat, one day, a honey-tongued old gentleman of Berne, who smelt strongly of perfumes. In conversation with me he became more and more polite, confidential, and complimentary, nay, I might almost say, caressing, and I seemed most unintentionally to have absurdly charmed the old beau. To get rid of his unwelcome, because ridiculous, attentions, I amused myself by answering his flatteries with satirical counter-compliments to himself. My old admirer, however, inhaled with delight the clouds of incense which would have suffocated any body else. Opposite to us sat a handsome, hearty young man of thirty, who noticed my wicked proceedings, and joined our conversation; nor was it long before he entered thoroughly into the joke, and took active part with me against him of the essences. My flatterer, intoxicated by the flowers we strewed before him, continued ordering more wine, and urging us on in our ridiculous behaviour as long as we could stand it. We then rose, and I and my young ally sallied out arm-in-arm. We wandered gaily through the streets and arcades of the city, emulating each other in jests and repartees, and becoming more and more pleased with one another. The next day, and for five or six days after, the dinner-hour brought a repetition of the same scene. Our Amphytrion was never weary of receiving compliments, and cultivating flattery by the influence of wine, and we were never weary of amusing ourselves at his expense. At length the hour of parting for myself and my gay ally arrived, and for the first time we thought of inquiring after each other's names. My young acquaintance was called Aloys Reding. He was a citizen of Schwyz, had been a captain in a Spanish regiment, and was living at present under his father's roof. We swore friendship to one another, and I promised to visit him on my way to Italy. We little thought at that time how closely our future lives were to be connected.

I now began my excursions, which were soon brought to a sudden and unpleasant termination. A fever threw me on a sick bed, and I was obliged to take lodgings, and remain quiet for three

months. I believe my fever was occasioned by the malaria of the lake districts which I visited. My friendly physician, Dr. Reugger, long in vain exercised his skill upon me, until an accidental shock produced a sudden and complete convalescence. I was lying after a violent paroxysm of fever, lost in that sweet repose of utter exhaustion, which leaves the mind free to indulge in all kinds of wild, unconnected fancies and wanderings. It was midnight: suddenly I became aware, through my closed eyelids, of a dazzling light after utter darkness. I looked up, and saw standing before my bed a venerable matron of unknown features, in a long, blood-red dress; a red cloth was folded round her gray hairs; in her left hand she held an antique Roman lamp, and in her right a crutch. She stood close before me, silent and motionless as a spectre. Strange to say, I closed my eyes again in utter indifference, being sufficiently in my senses to regard the apparition as a mere phantasm of delirious dreams, which would vanish in a few seconds. In a few seconds, accordingly, I opened my eyes again, and saw that the figure was still there, had approached closer to me, and was in the act of bending over me. In silent and trembling wonder I regarded the phantom; but now its lips parted, and I heard my own name pronounced in a hollow, sepulchral tone. Every syllable seemed to pierce my nerves, and excite a vague, increasing horror. I began to fear that it was no apparition of delirium which I beheld. I started up with a wild cry of terror, and shouted, "What art thou?" Then the spell was broken at once; for I learnt that the figure before me was only the aged wife of my host, whom I had never seen before, because she had been confined in bed by a broken leg. The good woman had fancied she heard me ring, and that the servants were too sound asleep to hear me. She had, therefore, come in to see what I wanted. From that hour I recovered. When I had renewed my strength under the kind nursing of my host's daughters, I forwarded my luggage to Chur, in Graubunden, while I myself took stick in hand, and set out on my pedestrian journey among the mountains and valleys. The pure mountain air of the heights seemed refreshing both for soul and body. Aloft, among silver glaciers and Alpine verdure, I celebrated my sweetest worship hours, and solemnly vowed to ennoble my existence by devoting it, like Schlaberndorf, to self-denial, and activity for others' good. Everywhere upon my wanderings a blessing smiled upon me. At Lucerne I was detained awhile, not only by the wonderful magnificence of that glorious lake, and the eternal mountain pyramids that surround it, but by the cordiality of a delightful circle of amiable and intelligent men, of whom Thaddäus Müller, the poet, is best known to the world at large. Tearing myself away from these, I came to the shores of Unterwalden, which glowed before me like an Elysium of the blessed, in the shadow of its mountains, and green, silent woods, with its picturesque dottings of orchards, cottages, and rustic chapels. A festive stillness reigned over the bright landscape, such as poets

are wont to imagine in the regions of the happy shades; a stillness such as I dared not desecrate by songs and shouts of rejoicing, by which I was wont to relieve the overflowing gladness of my emotions. From this delicious spot I travelled to Schwyz, in order to renew my acquaintance with young Aloys Reding.

I was welcomed with kindness and cordiality by his father, a majestic old man, and by his sisters and himself. They received me more like a long-expected relative than like a stranger: the partial account of their Aloys had prepared them to love me. In their household I beheld the realisation of my ideal of a happy home. Each member of the family seemed to find happiness only in the happiness of the rest, and the icy crust of self-interest was totally dissolved in the glow of affection. With what tenderness and reverence his children surrounded the lofty-minded old man, anticipating his every wish, and reading his thoughts in his eyes! Alike remote from provincial formality and metropolitan hollowness, from aristocratic *hauteur* and purse-proud ostentation, was the spirit that reigned in their manners and conversation. Never had I beheld old-fashioned warmth and patriarchal simplicity so beautifully blended with the highest refinement and culture. An excellent young clergyman of Unterwalden, named Abbé Buesinger, was on a visit at the hospitable house at the same time as myself. He was very well informed, of social disposition, and natural nobility of mind. A few days sufficed to unite Buesinger, Reding, and myself, in a trefoil of friendship, which bloomed with unfading verdure till destroyed by death.

And now away through the wild splendour of the Uriland, and the monastic silence of St. Gothard's solemn valleys, and away to the Upper Alps! Before me lay a wide abyss of green gloom, shut in by mountain walls, by black rifts and snowy peaks, desolate as the shell of an annihilated world. It was the entrance to the Grisons. With luxurious horror I entered the voiceless wilderness of Selva and Rueras. I now found myself transported as by a magic spell, into a primitive age, in which art, science, and refinement were unknown. I stood among the descendants of those ancient Rhaetians, who were driven out of the fertile plains of Etruria into these mountain wilds, two thousand years ago. Theirs was still the sonorous Etruscan tongue, and all the hardy boldness and barbarism which lived among men in the days of the she-wolf's nurslings. They were as totally unacquainted with the history, condition, and very existence of the rest of Europe, as the rest of Europe, for the most part, with that of these wild mountaineers. The neighbouring Abbey of Disentis has indeed succeeded in replacing the ancient altars of primeval idols by the cross of Christianity; but no other change has befallen them for centuries.

The fancy seized me to abide awhile in this primeval world, so strangely new to me. A gigantic, half-naked savage, who wanted only a club and skin to be a fit representative of Hercules, became

my host and interpreter, and received me into his log hut of roughly-cemented pine-branches. From foreign military service he had brought home a jargon of French and German, by which he communicated with me. All day I wandered about among the mountains, and at night I sat before his door, surrounded by old and young barbarians of both sexes, who sat silently before me, staring at me in amazed curiosity. Yet, I must confess, I had been by this time too thoroughly Europeanised to relish the life of Rousseau's *homme naturel*. I was soon glad to leave my good-humoured savages undisturbed among their roaring torrents, desolate heights, and gloomy forest valleys, and to greet once more the signs of civilisation.

At Chur I had not intended to stop a day, but to proceed forthwith by the Splügen Pass to Milan and Florence. Unluckily, however, I found that my luggage had not arrived there from Berne. It had to be written for, and I was obliged to content myself with patiently awaiting the arrival of my worldly goods. Strange to say, this seemingly insignificant occurrence had the effect of totally changing not only my travelling intentions, but the whole plan and course of my life. Impelled by *ennui*, I made use of the usual traveller's privilege, and visited the only two men in Chur with whose names I was acquainted; these were the Poet Salis-Seewis, and the Director Nesemann. Germany still sings the melodies of the former, which are as simple and hearty as himself; and in the valleys of the Grisons, still lives the hallowed memory of the other. He conducted, although much advanced in years, an educational institution, which had once attained great celebrity, but appeared to be now verging towards its decline. It was situated at the castle of Reichenau, and contained now only fifteen scholars. Nesemann was the head master, but the owner of the whole was the head of the republic of the Grisons, the President Baptista von Tscharner, a man of no ordinary qualities of head and heart. It was at Reichenau, that towards the end of October, 1793, a certain young Monsieur Chabas of Languedoc, arrived weary and penniless with all his worldly goods upon his back, and presently threw himself for refuge on Tscharner and Nesemann, by imploring their protection under his real name of Duc de Chartres. He was hospitably received, and the better to preserve his secret, he was endowed with the title of teacher of French and mathematics, at Reichenau, with the permission, however, to teach only when he pleased. What Switzerland had done for him and his exiled friends in the day of their need, was, however, forgotten in true royal style, when the July days of 1830, raised Monsieur Chabas to the throne of the King of the French.

The venerable Nesemann showed me flattering attention and regard; at first, on account of his patriotic sympathies, for he, too, was born near Magdeburg; and afterwards, on account of my avowal of political and educational principles perfectly accordant with his

own. Prompted by a generous over-estimation of my merits, he even solicited my advice as to the best means of renovating the seminary of Reichenau, once the first educational institution of the surrounding cantons. In order to make me the more accurately acquainted with the state of the patient and the symptoms of the disorder, he introduced me to President Tscharner, who was then reposing from public cares, at his estate of Jeuins. Both these men now opened to me, with the frankest confidence, all possible particulars concerning the condition and history of the seminary which, both by its solitary position, and by the excellent qualities of its teachers, appeared to deserve a more flourishing career. Its decline had been occasioned by the gradual decline of the government, the Grisons, which had been for some time torn to pieces by hostile factions. At the head of the now dominant party stood the houses of Tscharner, Planta, and Bawier, and at the head of the other, the opulent and powerful family of Salis. The former professed liberal and democratic principles, and leaned to the interests of France; the latter, aristocratic in its views, inclined to those of Austria. The aristocratic party exerted all its powerful influence in injuring and crushing one of the greatest sources of the supremacy enjoyed by their enemies—the seminary of Reichenau; and it was plain that the institution would never again prosper while Tscharner remained at the head of it. Its absolute independence of all political factions, with their successes and failures, was the only change which could restore it to prosperity. Tscharner proposed that I should give up the journey to Italy, and that he should make over the property of Reichenau to me.

Such a proposal, made to a stranger, to a young man whom he had known for a week, was, of course, not a little startling; and though both flattering and attractive, it had in it something almost suspicious. Not, indeed, that the estate of Reichenau was any important matter to the president, and the seminary appeared certain of rapid destruction if it continued in its present position. Its revival might render its pecuniary value very considerable. But it was necessary that I should risk nearly the whole of my small fortune upon a very uncertain chance; prudence was, therefore, advisable; and before I made up my mind, I determined to examine and well consider the matter. To the generous men who had dealt so promptly and openly with me, I gave, however, a prompt and open answer. I offered to pass the winter in the Grisons, to give lessons at Reichenau, and endeavour to make myself better acquainted with the state of things there. This was allowed to be a reasonable request, and I left Chur for Reichenau. I did not delay visiting the most distinguished heads of the opposite party, the enemies of Tscharner, and to conciliate them by acquainting them with the proposed change. They received me in a more friendly manner than I had expected, and promised their active assistance to the institution, so soon as it should cease to be Tscharner's property. They encouraged me

to the undertaking, because it was very favourable to the interests of many aristocratic families, who wished to send their sons to a public school, but dreaded the contamination of Tscharner's influence.

I was soon satisfied, and on the 9th of December, 1796, I signed an agreement for a part of the grounds and buildings of Reichenau. I had, however, the caution to leave President Tscharner in possession of a third part of the risk, while I agreed to devote my time to teaching in the seminary, like the other professors, for which I was to be remunerated with a salary of 800 gulden. I then set to work in arranging the affairs and regulations of the establishment, economical and educational, according to my own views, and sent various announcements of the regeneration of Reichenau, flying on the wings of the press, through every part of Switzerland. The results surpassed my hopes. The number of pupils from all the surrounding cantons, increased rapidly and constantly, and at the end of a year, I had seventy lads under my charge.

## THE SEMINARY OF REICHENAU.

Thus were my wanderings, by a very agreeable and unexpected occurrence, brought to a sudden termination. The delay of a lazy courier had changed the course of my life. Farewell, now, Florence and Rome, palette and brush! A schoolmaster's vocation was now to be my sphere of action, and no fairer or wider had I ever desired; mine was a home in the rock fortress of the Alps, a more delightful one than I had ever dreamt of in the gardens of the Tuileries. The spacious castle, with its adjacent buildings, only two miles from Chur, was flanked by an extensive garden, against whose rocky terraces foamed the impetuous waters of the Rhine. On the opposite shores of the Rhine, bordered by green meadows and clumps of larches, the landscape opened into a beautiful wilderness, beyond which the mighty Alps rose range after range, peak into peak, melting away in blue distance, round the snow-capped summit of St. Gothard.

It was with a real feeling of inspiration, that I entered upon the career of a schoolmaster, to me so venerable, in which I hoped to become the herald of a nobler era. Whoever Nature herself has ordained for the instruction of youth, whoever feels himself willing to encounter for the sake of his calling, thankfulness, contempt, and mortification, to him the dust of the schoolroom will be the noblest halo of glory. It was not, however, such considerations as these, it was the sight of my pupils themselves, which most aroused in me the energy of zeal. I saw in them the repetition of my orphan childhood, for these children, transplanted into a foreign air, far from the familiar faces of home, among preceptors and tutors, instead of fathers and mothers, were almost orphans. The most perfect schools, academies, and seminaries are, after all, but

necessary evils, miserable substitutes for a parental home. It is a very unnatural condition for children to be deprived of the little cares and pleasures of the comfort, sympathy, and confidence, of domestic life. On this very account, I clung with the warmest affection to my adopted children. I pitied my own childhood in them, and easily became their playmate, their confidant, the inventor of all their sports and plans, the guide of all their walks and excursions, the protecting genius of their busy and leisure hours. With the older pupils I made frequent excursions into the Alpine valleys and the plains of Lombardy. Yet with secret shame I soon discovered my ignorance of much which it most behoved me to know; of matters which all children inquire after, and concerning which, when a boy, I had myself vainly endeavoured to obtain information. I understood neither the stones under my feet, nor the stars over my head, nor the commonest flower that blossomed in forest or meadow. In this I was probably in the same predicament with most of our pedagogish hirelings, who, in spite of all their Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, are unable even to name the objects that lie around them in daily life. They study every thing except the realities which lie at their feet. In these branches of learning, I and my adopted children became, therefore, fellow pupils; and the innumerable universe was our schoolroom. It was now that I first discovered how much more a teacher may learn of children, than children can of a teacher.*

The views I then entertained of education I have never seen cause to alter. I understood the life and actions, the thoughts and feelings of childhood, from recollections of my own infancy. The knowledge of mankind is not obtained by the sight of numbers, but by intimate acquaintance with ourselves. No human master had educated me, but nature and destiny had taken me by the hand.

The youth of six-and-twenty, although placed by circumstances in so important a position, was, in fact, still the same overgrown boy as ever. He was still a stranger on the earth, to whom, in the mist-land between the past and the future, his ideal of the holy and the true remained the one sure Polar Star; it was still impossible for him to bow before the idols of the many, or to see in the hunt after fame, or money, or power, any thing but authorised insanity, or the disease of the soul. Only in many-sided and various activity, could I find the highest enjoyment; and I rejoiced to think that the being of God himself was manifested in wise and loving activity. It was early my endeavour to prevent any taste or predilection from becoming a passion with me; I desired to acquire in youth that tranquillity and serene composure which is the natural attribute of old

* The English reader will remember Wordsworth's lines:—

" Dear little boy, my heart
For other lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach a hundreth part,
Of what from thee I learn!"—*Translator.*

age. If this sounds quite too egotistical an avowal, I pray the reader to remember that such an effect was by no means a virtue in me, but merely a necessary fruit of that training of events to which I had been subjected. It may be imagined that this tendency was not without its influence in my treatment of my pupils. Of the system I pursued at Reichenau, I will give a very few particulars before quitting the subject.

Those who recline on beds of roses in childhood, commonly lie on thorns in old age. It was, therefore, my endeavour to accustom my children, as early as possible, to voluntary frugality and self-denial. They were to be independent of those things upon which most are dependent. Their hours of work and study were to be no hours of entertainment and recreation, but of real toil and grave exertion. Neither industry, nor talents, nor good behaviour, were to be in any way rewarded. It is treason to the holy nature of childhood to address ourselves in the management of children rather to the covetousness of sordid self-interest, than to the innate consciousness of the true and the noble. The charlatanry of public school examinations was banished from my seminary. They may sometimes prove the merits of the teachers, but never those of the pupils. Every Sunday the youthful community was assembled for divine service in the spacious chapel of the castle. I entered the pulpit, and endeavoured in my addresses to cast the light of religion on the little events of the past week, in order to turn to a good use the acquisitions of childish experience. Among the favourite games of my pupils was the extemporary representation of dramatic proverbs and charades. These I considered useful, as promoting that readiness of expression, presence of mind, and propriety of manner, which are so peculiarly desirable for the republican citizen. I arranged the plot and connexion of the scenes, and the young actors filled up my sketch with speech and action of their own. The seminary had a pretty little theatre attached to it.

A far more important kind of game was a weekly tribunal held by the scholars themselves, at which the judges, presidents, and secretaries were chosen from among themselves by the scholars. To this tribunal the boys brought their complaints; plaintiffs and defendants were allowed either to plead their own cause, or to select some advocate from among their comrades. The decisions were, however, subject to appeal to the teachers, for their severity frequently required softening. Lying and deceit were the sins most severely punished by this juvenile tribunal. The young people acquired through this little institution more penetration in judging, more eloquence in speaking, and a clearer insight into moral principles than they would otherwise have possessed; but the greatest benefit derived from it, was the knowledge it gave the teacher of much that was going on in secret of great importance, which he would otherwise never have become acquainted with. It is impos-

sible for the most watchful eye to follow all the secret proceedings and intentions of every single little "slyboots," among some scores of such. And yet, it is only when they know themselves unwatched and are busy playing, or talking, or quarrelling, that the real character of each is freely and fearlessly developed, and the moral or immoral tendencies of each are acquired, manifested, and confirmed, for life.

## REFORMER AND REPUBLICAN.

It is impossible to express how wonderfully beautiful life and the universe appeared to me in my dear, quiet, happy Reichenau! It seemed to me as if I had now first begun to live, as if hitherto I had led a mere vegetable existence; as if I had indeed drawn in nourishment through every sense, but had produced no nourishing fruits in return. I had enjoyed and received, but without working or giving in return; I had consumed the fruits of other men's toil in books, and scenery, and society, but I had myself put not a hand to the wheel of events. Now first I felt myself in my own element, where I could live, and move, and exert all my energies freely and usefully. Besides the numerous occupations of the teacher, the superintendent, and the preacher (for I often mounted the pulpit in Chur, for the relief of my friend, the Minister Bawier), I had now undertaken the untried cares of a very extensive housekeeping. Correspondence, account-keeping, visits, and other interruptions, from which the man of business is seldom free, were not wanting to me. All this, however, was not enough for me. I went forth from time to time with parties of my older pupils, to wander through the vast and mysterious labyrinth of intricate valleys and defiles in the neighbourhood, and to study more intimately the manners and customs, the degree of knowledge and refinement, the dangers and tendencies, social and political, of the people among whom I was henceforth to dwell. What a wide neglected field I beheld—a field how well worthy of care and cultivation!

At first for my own benefit, afterwards for that of the seminary, and finally for the instruction of the whole nation in its past and present prospects, I collected books and manuscripts for the purpose, and sketched a narrative of the life of the Republic. As no such history, complete and perfect, then existed, this incomplete and imperfect one met with some favour at home and abroad.* With all its defects it had its uses, and this was encouragement enough for a beginner. I soon undertook a more laborious and important work. I resolved to reform the incredibly corrupt, neglected, and disgraceful condition of national education in the Grisons. It was no easy

* The History of the Free State of the Three Confederacies in Upper Rhaetia, underwent various reprints and translations in France and Italy.

undertaking for a stranger and a private man; but the thought haunted me night and day, and I was perpetually busied in considering the When, the Where, and the How.

My means were limited enough; the tools for the work were almost wholly wanting. There was no branch of the legislature devoted to the subject; every parish followed its own whims in the matter. The peasant was totally indifferent as to whether his children learnt more than was necessary to keep house and barn in order; the magnates of the villages were just as indifferent to the true interests of their dependent peasantry. In many districts there were no schools except in winter; in many places the shepherd and the ploughman enjoyed higher emoluments and greater respect than the schoolmaster. Even the schoolmasters themselves were generally very ignorant and uncultivated men. On this account there reigned among the people, in spite of their sound natural good sense and shrewdness in every day matters, an inconceivable amount of superstition and ignorance, they were Christians only by name, without thought or feeling of religion; they were rude and clownish in behaviour, and dirty and miserable even when by no means poor, out of mere laziness and helplessness. None, however, are generally more vain of what they do know than those who know very little; none are more convinced that they understand every thing worth understanding, than those who, properly speaking, understand nothing. The work of reformation must be carried on very cautiously and gradually. For an ignorant and uncultivated people, however democratic in name, the least suspicion of innovation suffices to call down the blind fury of the multitude on the head of the innovator, as well as the jealous malice of the powerful against the assaulter of their privileges.

A better class of schoolmasters was at present not to be hoped for. Who but the most penniless could be prevailed upon to follow so degraded an occupation? For the present the most advisable attempt seemed to be to smuggle into the different village schools little books, which, while costing little or nothing, should offer rich sources of instruction to the schoolmasters, and should serve to convey some useful general information in an attractive form, both to parents and children. I determined to make the attempt, as it seemed under present circumstances the most practicable and harmless beginning. I wrote a little book containing firstly, according to custom, an orthodox catechism; then a simple treatise on morals and religion; next, a sort of elementary geography, containing anecdotes and descriptions of different countries, and, lastly, a history of their native country. I had the book printed at my own expense, and gave it to the bookseller in order that he might sell it as cheaply as possible. I persuaded some influential landowners, in different parts of the country, to put their names to the work as subscribers, and to distribute copies through their villages. Every thing surpassed my wishes. The villages everywhere received and welcomed

the book, and a benevolent pastor in one of the wild Alpine valleys, translated it into the Romanic language. I learnt, also, that here and there the book was cited as an authority by some Rhaetian village Demosthenes, in pleading popular rights before the district authorities.

This success brought many hours of secret exultation to the would-be reformer. It acquired for him also the reputation of far greater learning than he really possessed. His words were attended to; his residence in the Grisons was regarded as a public benefit. On the evening before his eight-and-twentieth birth-day he received a large sealed packet from the "*Ehrsamen Rathen und Gemeinden,*" which contained the gift of citizenship in the free republic of the Grisons; a rare gift, which, in the course of the whole previous century, only one foreigner besides had obtained. His delight in seeing himself thus folded in the embrace of a new mother-country, was all the more intense, because both political parties had spoken for him, and neither had allowed him to guess beforehand the intended honour. Nor did he allow his joy to be damped by the reflection, that each party, probably, hoped to gain and use him, not so much for the good of the republic as for their own party interests.

Soon after, the corporation of Chur offered me the freedom of their city, but on condition that I should remove my seminary to the capital. A present which required a payment, did not please me; I declined the offer. More welcome to me was a summons I received about the same time, to return to my old home, and undertake a professorship extraordinary at Frankfort on the Oder. Irwing and Steinbart had not forgotten their young friend. But how could I relinquish the wide, delightful sphere of action which my adopted country offered me, for the narrow confines of a university lecture-room? I desired no fairer lot from the urn of futurity than that which now lay before me; my whole being had entwined itself, by a thousand tender links with the glorious country around me, my own happy and useful home, my large and promising young family, and my generous, intelligent, cordial friends, Tscharner, Salis, Bawier, and Nesemann. I was also happy in constant communication with friends at Zürich, Berne, and Lucerne, whose epistolary gossip supplied the want of their personal presence. They often, however, prepared unexpected holidays for me by personal visits. My old comrade, Aloys Reding, often came to see me; and still oftener did the talented painter and poet, Karl Grass, to visit me, forsake his bright home in the delicious valley of Domleselig, or Tomilisca, as my friend Müller more euphoniously re-baptised it.

Now and then the unbidden evil spirit would creep into my Paradise, and tempt me with all his ancient cunning to taste the fruits of the tree of, as yet, forbidden knowledge. I hated him, and yet could not always chase him hence. He attacked me with Paul's lament: "Our knowledge is but dust;" or with Solomon's dreary,

"All is vanity!" Yet his visits were never of long duration. The press of business kept him off; and youth, health, and natural light-heartedness, were all so many weapons of defence. And when the everlasting tormenter, intruding occasionally upon my fairest hours, whispered in my ears such questions as these: "Whence and why this puppet-show of existence, between the cradle and the grave? Why this surmise, without knowledge, of an Infinite beyond the Finite? Why this union of the angel and the brute in man? Why this possibility, without certainty, of God and heaven?" I had my answer ready: "To me it is indifferent! I will dream out the dream of existence as well as I can. If death does not bring the solution of the riddle, he will bring the destruction of the riddle itself. And were the vast universe without a God, I would still be the god of my small universe, and endeavour to live after a god-like fashion for awhile, as the perishable deity of a perishable world." Such was my resolution, and the life's philosophy I then professed, might be summed up as follows: "To enjoy things as they are, it is necessary to look at them through the glasses of fancy and feeling. To preserve our faith in human worth, it is well to take every body for as good or better than he seems; but to give oneself up to him as little, as if he were worse than he really is. We should be willing to do every thing for the love of others, but to expect nothing from their love."

## THE STORM LOWERS.

During this active and happy life, I had taken little more interest in the extraordinary events which were at that time shaking the world, than any other obscure individual, who reads the newspaper in his arm-chair, and then goes quietly about his own business. Thrones are destroyed, and new ones set up, battle-fields are dyed with blood, cities are burnt down, blooming lands are plundered, desolated, torn asunder, all for his momentary entertainment. Even Bonaparte's destructive and victorious march through the garden of Italy, and his romantic expedition to the land of the ancient Pharoahs, served me only as the nourishment of idle curiosity. I was in no danger of losing the thread of contemporary history. If I neglected the public journals, letters from distant friends, and conversation with those about me, supplied their place. The new resident minister of France, Florent Guiot, lived at Reichenau, and kept me *au fait* to all the novelties of the day. He was a good-humoured, sociable, and well-informed man, and had been one of the Council of the Five Hundred, at Paris. He was, perhaps, more fitted for a legislator than a diplomatist, for which part he was deficient in the necessary pliability, and the skill in discovering the thoughts of others, and hiding his own. He was too honest for a diplomatist; I would rather have had him for my friend than for my spy. From

time to time the Austrian minister, the Baron von Chronthal, did me the honour of a visit; not, however, to *see* me, but to *hear* me, because I was in daily communication with his diplomatic opponent. As for him, I would rather have had him for my spy than for my friend; although—I say it to his honour—even he had not quite all the necessary suppleness.

Whilst I enjoyed in peaceful security the blessings of the present, already from afar began the low and muttered threatenings of a storm, which advanced with rapid strides upon us, soon to burst in the wildest fury over our heads. The French Directory, conscious of its superiority to the exhausted government, and flushed with all the pride of recent success, had begun to intermeddle in the strife between the patricians of Berne and their subjects in the Valais; and for the encouragement and support of the latter, had stationed a line of troops along the lake of Geneva. This was equivalent to a declaration, or rather to a commencement of war. Berne summoned the other twelve cantons, its confederates, to its assistance. Some armed themselves, others demanded time for deliberation, others endeavoured to avoid giving any kind of assistanee. It was plain that the confederacy of the cantons was virtually extinct.

Switzerland stood like a withered political excrescence of the middle ages, without national unity, without common authority, without any binding principle to keep together the repulsive atoms; she knew of no just contract between the governing and the governed; the whole was a mass of unconnected little cities, villages, and convents, which were for ever struggling to get the upper hand of each other. Sensible of her weakness, Switzerland had remained passive when her children were murdered in the Tuileries; passive when the allied powers, for the first time, victoriously crossed the Rhine; passive when France, in the boldness of its insolence, tore away Geneva, Biel, and Pruntrull, from Helvetia, and Valtelin, Chiavenna, and Bormio, from the confederated Rhaetia. Now, when the other powers of Europe, subdued or exhausted, were compelled to sue for peace, she was fully ripe for her downfal; and would have been so, even had she equalled the French Republic in territory and population. She did not even oppose the advancing armies of France with one confederate army, under a common leader. So inconceivable was the general ignorance, that each canton fancied itself capable of defending itself alone, by its own muster of scanty, ill-provided, ill-disciplined troops!

Thus, in hopeless and incurable imbecility, canton after canton fell before the French; some by defeat in battle, others by the defection of their own subjects. The people exhibited in many districts, much vain impetuous courage; the governments, only irresolute cowardice or untimely pride. Freyburg and Salothurn fell without a stroke; Berne, after a short struggle. Half the confederacy was conquered before the other half was ready for resistance. Aloys Reding now stood at the head of the volunteers of Schwyz. I wrote to

him, and offered to serve under him, against the lawless and piratical invaders. He answered me too late, when his canton, after a glorious but unsuccessful resistance, had fallen a prey to the conqueror.

The terrible certainty now opened before me, that the free states of the Rhaetian Alps would soon be swallowed up in the same gulf of destruction, although the Grisons did not belong to the general Swiss Confederacy, but were only connected by certain old, half obsolete treaties of alliance with Berne, Zürich, and the Valais. Hitherto the inhabitants of the Grisons had looked on the misfortunes of Switzerland as on those of foreign countries, with great indifference, without either offering or asking assistance.

The political factions of the country, eternally occupied in endeavouring to weaken each other's power, busied themselves only in devising means to make the misfortunes of their neighbours ruinous to their enemies at home. Already was the name of Rhaetia entered as a sharer in the constitution of the "New Helvetic Republic," which the French Directory had drawn up for the future government of Switzerland. But the aristocratic party in the Grisons, relied on the active aid of Austria; and the liberal or patriotic party, as they called themselves, on the favour of France; for Guiot, the French minister, had declared the intention of his government to respect the independence of the Grisons. When, however, Austrian troops marched into the Tyrol, and the Baron von Chronthal announced the attention of his court to allow no innovation in the government of the Grisons on any pretence whatever—when on the other hand, French brigades approached from Switzerland, and Florent Guiot, in the name of his government, invited the Grisons in the most pressing and authoritative manner to join the New Helvetic League, then first the people recognised with horror their immediate and urgent danger. Discontent and disquiet awoke in every valley; care and anxiety reigned in every house. Fear and consternation were seen on every side. The parents of my pupils anxiously recalled their sons from Reichenau, and the teachers begged for dismissal. I was forced to close the seminary for a while, and to narrow my housekeeping, which had formerly provided daily for nearly a hundred persons. Very soon I was almost alone in my castle. The sudden hush of every thing around me, the dead silence of those halls, rooms, galleries, and gardens, so lately resounding with the tumult of healthy and happy youth, affected me more mournfully than ever my uncertainties as to the future. I hoped for the rapid re-establishment of my seminary, as soon as the nation should have decided the all-important question, "Union or no union with the Helvetic Republic?" The war of factions raged ever fiercer and fiercer. At Reichenau, the heads of the patriotic party frequently assembled for conference with Florent Guiot. They called me into their councils, knowing my devotion to the cause of popular freedom, which, however, was no longer the fiery enthusiasm of boyish extravagance.

A citizen of the republic, and released for the time from the pressure of other business, I had no longer any reason to preserve my former cautious passivity in political matters, and I joined the conferring politicians all the more willingly, from the temperance and prudence of the political measures they advocated. They wished not exactly to repulse the offer of union with Helvetia, but to defer its fulfilment until the restoration of peace in Europe. Or, if this were not granted, they were willing to join the confederacy on condition that the Grisons might be spared the presence of French troops, and its rights of property respected. Licence and robbery were to be as much dreaded from the new republican heroes, as an utter loss of freedom from the protection of Austria. I proposed that the conditions discussed in our meetings, should be made public in a simple and popular address to the nation at large. This proposal was found reasonable, and I was commissioned to draw up the address. When written, it was printed and distributed. I thought to have done my duty as a freeman and a citizen, but my address had only poured oil into the flames. They rose higher and fiercer on every side, and threatened to devour the poor author himself in the conflagration. The favourite of one party, and the abhorrence of the other, I became the subject of flattery or abuse in every paper and pamphlet. Both appeared to me equally undeserved. As yet I had known the madness of party spirit only in books; I was now to know it in reality.

The humbled aristocratic faction began now to regain ascendency. The proposal of union with the Helvetic Republic under any circumstances, was very unpopular. A nation of men, each accustomed to submit only to the laws and institutions of his own particular village or valley, was easily persuaded to cling to that system to which for centuries they had been accustomed, and to seek shelter, if need be, even under the treacherous wings of the double-headed eagle of Austria.

## BANISHMENT.

The day of decision came, on which Rhaetia was to give its answer to the proposals of France and Switzerland. It was the 19th of July, 1798. I doubted not for a moment that the answer of the nation would endeavour at least to gain a little time for deliberation and negotiation for their defenceless little state, on whose opposite frontiers two hostile armies were waiting to tear each other to pieces, and that care would be taken to avoid as much as possible, giving offence to either of its jealous and powerful neighbours. I had deceived myself. A large majority of the assembly rejected firmly and unconditionally all offers of union with the Helvetic Republic, relying on the protection of Austria and the strength of their own mountain fastnesses. I was startled and disappointed by this rash and imprudent decision; but thinking the game now over,

I determined to yield perfect obedience in my poor person to the will of the sovereign people, and resolved to share unshrinkingly the future fortunes of my adopted country. But here I deceived myself again.

The important step which the people had now taken, had been the work of the aristocratic party, to whose victorious vengeance the patriots were now a prostrate prey. The government, which had hitherto existed under the name of a Committee of the Diet, was now dissolved, and that of the Three Chiefs of the Confederacy restored, in the spirit and according to the designs of Austria. Then began persecution of all who differed from the victors. Whoever had desired the union of the Grisons with the rest of Switzerland was now a traitor and a tool of France, and was exposed in utter defencelessness to the attacks and accusations of his enemies. Family rose in hostility against family, parish against parish. Many of the most respected men, formerly the idols of the people, were now scarcely secure of their lives from the rage of the fanatical mob, and were forced to fly the country as outlaws, and take refuge on Swiss ground. I learned with astonishment that even the president, Von Tscharner, deprived of all his offices and dignities, had been forced to save himself by flight across the Rhine; while the quiet, harmless young poet, Salis-Seewis, had been compelled to leave house and home, with his beautiful young wife, because his sentiments did not agree with those of the rest of the Salis family. He had fled across the Alps one moonlight night, followed by armed peasants, who fired their muskets at him, across the frontiers.

My political insignificance led me to consider myself tolerably secure amidst all this wild commotion. I employed my leisure in the study of natural history, and made excursions into the neighbouring valleys, from which I never returned without a rich booty of plants, stones, and insects. I received occasional news of the changes and fermentations of politics in the capital from the venerable Nesemann, who lived in very cautious retirement with his family, and seldom trusted himself beyond the walls of Chur. The kind old man appeared to be more anxious about me than I was about myself. He warned me repeatedly in his letters not to venture near the village of Ems, where others had already been detained in mistake for me; he assured me that I was safe nowhere but within the parish of Reichenau, the residence of the French embassy. I had, however, no mind to shut myself up within so narrow a space; I regarded the warnings of my aged friend as the exaggerated fears of friendly anxiety, and continued my excursions with unabated zeal, although I avoided, according to advice, the neighbourhood of the village of Ems.

I one day continued my walk along the left bank of the Rhine, to the castle of Haldenstein, which lies opposite to the city of

Chur, at the foot of the Calanda mountain. Here lived my friend, Professor Bartels. I spent a delightful afternoon with him, in company with the beautiful Baroness Salis-Haldenstein, and some young friends of hers. We sang, played, conversed, and told stories, until the evening began to close in. They then all accompanied me back as far as a hill, commanding a glorious prospect of the valley and the river, where we sat down and eat some fruit together before parting. The last glimmer of day had departed when I reached Reichenau; for, on my return, I had wandered far out of my way, into various sequestered by-ways and forest nooks, in search of the summer offspring of the woodland Flora. In the court-yard of my own house I found the whole population of Reichenau assembled together. They rushed towards me with shouts of joy, and, surrounding me, besieged me with a hundred questions, as to "how I had escaped the murderers?" A messenger from Haldenstein had brought to Reichenau the most alarming intelligence. A letter from Bartels was now handed to me, which contained a few hasty and tremulous lines, as follows: "If this messenger finds you safe and uninjured, send word directly, for God's sake. We are all in the greatest anxiety on your account. When, after leaving you, we were walking down the hill, a party of armed peasants met us, and asked with threatening gestures after you. It is said that you are outlawed, and a price is set upon your head. In vain we adjured the rascals to give it up for to-day, and go back. They went off, on the way you had gone, cursing and swearing at you. The ladies screamed and implored, and the baroness nearly fainted. If you are still alive, fly the country and save yourself."

My little favourites of the forest had, by drawing me far out of my direct way, saved me from my pursuers. "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus non eget Mauri jaculis!*" said I, gaily, to Florent Guiot. He, however, shook his head, and earnestly begged me to follow Bartels' advice. Guiot did not council me to await his own departure, and travel with him; for, had the French government, in his person, been insulted on my account, the consequences to the whole country might have been most formidable.

I saw that nothing remained for me but to seek my safety, as others before me had done, in flight. In a few days I had completed the necessary arrangements, and packed up all that was necessary for the long and homeless exile I expected.

# REVOLUTIONARY YEARS.

## IN EXILE.

It was early one bright morning in August, 1798, that I floated from Reichenau, on a large raft of wood, down the broad bosom of the Rhine, whose young impetuous current will not there brook the constraint of ship or boat. On both sides of the river the masses of the Alps, with their icy peaks, their forests, villages, and ruined castles, fled by me like a dream, and joined those beautiful visions of the past, those joys which I had found, or created, or cultivated with toil and anxiety, and had now, perhaps, lost for ever. I floated towards a future whose dreary background was lit only by lurid flashes of lightning. Whilst I sat on my trunk, borne down on the light wooden raft, driven an exile from the land which but a short time ago had welcomed me to its bosom as an adopted son, I was seized, instead of melancholy, with a strange inclination for immoderate laughter. In order not to be taken for insane by my companions, I mixed up all sorts of jokes with our conversation, as an excuse for laughing. Yet this was very far from that laugh of despair which would have been natural to many in my case. No, the ups and downs, the caresses or cuffs of Dame Fortune, who had first given me every thing, and now treating me like a whimsical spoilt child, taken every thing away again, had a very comic appearance in my eyes. I stood now where I did before; I was again a wanderer among men who belonged to nobody, and to whom nobody belonged. Now as before I was wandering towards new adventures, with more curiosity than fear; nay, rather with a proud exultation in feeling myself guiltless of the change of events, still master of myself, and of my old contempt for the tricks and teasings of circumstances. I was still gay in disposition as in those boyish years when I ran out into the wildest storms, and leaped, and danced, and shouted, amid the wind and lightning, feeling myself more mighty than the tempest.

A few hours afterwards we came in sight of the little village of Ragatz, lying on the Swiss shore, in an open inlet of the mountains, opposite to the jagged, rocky comb of the Falknis. On the shore I observed some well-dressed men, walking in a leisurely manner up and down, who eyed me as curiously as I did them. I soon recognised some of them. They were companions in misfortune, exiles, the chiefs and partisans of the unsuccessful liberal party; there was

Tscharner, Meyer von Trimmis, and a number of others. The raft came to land. They all pressed towards me, welcoming me, and stormed me with questions as to the latest news in Chur. They then led me through the village to the public-houses where they were staying. Lamentable as was their present position, for they were all of wealthy and distinguished families, were separated from their property, business, and friends, and in great trouble for those whom they had left behind, yet the involuntary huddling together of so many, and the confused common housekeeping of the friends, had so much novelty and amusement in it, that I could not lose my good-humour. I seemed to be once more among the wandering players of Burgheim's merry troop, on their way to Prenzlau; yet the happy gaiety of those votaries of Thespis was wanting here. The present actors, who had played their parts in the drama of revolution, little to the satisfaction of their audience, had been hissed off the stage. Some wandered pensively up and down, tormented by *ennui*. Others cursed the fickle mood of a thankless people, or the empty promises of Florent Guiot. Others squabbled about measures which might or might not have saved the country, if adopted in proper time. Our dethroned president, Tscharner, alone preserved, apparently at least, that composure with which a practised general, after losing a battle, reviews the means that remain to him of enticing back to his banners the faithless fortune of war.

It had been resolved before my arrival to send plenipotentiaries to Aarau, then the seat of the Helvetic government, in order to solicit its protection and that of the French commissioners, for those parishes and families which, in consequence of their fidelity to the Swiss Confederacy, were now suffering from the vengeance of the Austrian party. Tscharner was chosen for this embassy, and appeared inclined to accept the office, but none of the rest showed any inclination to accompany him. One was deficient in the requisite health, the other in clothing, which he had forgotten in his flight from home. Each had some good excuse for remaining near home, and in communication with those he had left behind. Now that I had arrived, all voices called upon me; I had neither wife nor child, neither father nor mother, in the Grisons, and possessed on the other hand many valuable friends in Switzerland, whose protection I might obtain for my unfortunate adopted country. I easily allowed myself to be persuaded to accept the commission in default of a better ambassador. What was there to tie me to Ragatz, or indeed to any other place in the world? Tscharner rejoiced in my assent, and the joy of this excellent man was quite sufficient to render welcome to me an undertaking, of whose ultimate success I had very little hopes. Trusty messengers were sent without delay across the Rhine, to fetch the necessary credentials, instructions, and testimonials, from our friends in the Grisons. The impatience of all the exiles to know us at Aarau was so great, however, that we were compelled to content ourselves with such credentials as could be furnished by our nearest friends, without

waiting for those from the distant communities. We then set off across the lakes of Wallen and Zürich on our way towards Aarau.

The return to Switzerland at the time of a violent and scarcely concluded political convulsion, excited in me, at first, something of the same horror which is awakened in our minds by seeing a friend, with whom we were familiar in happier days, raving in the frenzy of madness, with wild gestures and distorted features. In the towns and villages, trees of liberty planted at the gates, announced from a distance the total destruction of the old order of things. Instead of the word, "Sir," that of "Citizen" resounded on all sides. Relationship of opinion was now a nearer tie than relationship of blood. Neighbours passed each other with a frown; friends of many years avoided each other. Here, reigned the proud exultation and triumph of the victorious party; there, the ill-concealed and sullen vexation of the defeated. And everywhere domineered the vagrant soldiers of France, in all the recklessness of conquest, who were yet but the tools of distant hostility, for the destruction of the nations. Everywhere the sword of the avenging Nemesis gleamed over the heads of those petty despots, whose discord, obstinacy, ignorance, and ambition, had prepared their country's fall. Although the foreign soldiers were but well-disciplined gangs of robbers, who plundered, not a few houses, but populous states and nations, yet it was some consolation to me to know, that they who destroyed every thing, and trampled on every thing, destroyed also the chains of feudal slavery, and trampled on the fetters of temporal and spiritual bondage.

There are times—the divine Providence has so ordained it!—there are times when it is needful that the iron rod of doom should be stretched forth to arouse the nations of the earth from their senseless brooding over material interests and sensual wants; and to save them from the gradual brutalisation into which they are frozen by the influence of forms no longer vital, or from the degradation to mere mechanical motion and existence. National wanderings, crusades, and civil wars, have ultimately left behind them greater blessings than those which they destroyed. There must be times of death and of destruction, to make room for new life. The devouring selfishness of the powerful, would crush the weaker part of the human family, and cripple with its impious weapons the free wings of the soul, if from time to time the thunder-voice of a higher Will than man's did not proclaim, as of old, through the storm-clouds of Sinai the voice of Jehovah: "Thou shalt have none other gods than me!"

Such were the thoughts that chiefly occupied me as I travelled with Tscharner towards Aarau. The site of this city, once a provincial town belonging to Berne, in the centre of the Swiss cantons, as well as the liberal spirit by which it had always been distinguished, had procured for it the honour of becoming the seat of the present Helvetic government. Its environs are beautiful and fertile in the extreme. The golden river Aire winds in youthful freedom through a rich and variegated valley, dotted with towns, villages, and castles;

on the north stretches the Jura range, and on the south, the city is embraced by wooded hills, rising one above another in the distance, and bounded on the horizon by the icy ramparts of the Alps.

The little city swarmed at that time with deputies, French commissaries, generals, soldiers, and officers, its narrow limits could scarcely contain its distinguished guests. The gay confusion of a crowded city—the miscellaneous assemblage of national representatives, senators, ministers, and directors, thrown together from all corners of Switzerland, formed a strange and interesting spectacle to me, after the silence and solitude of Reichenau. I threw myself eagerly into the tumult, seeking out old acquaintances and making new ones, which was all the more easy to me, because the throng of diplomatists, foreigners, and popular representatives, was confined for social recreation to a very few public places. The freedom and gaiety of most reminded me of former days at the university; but many of the once light-hearted sons of the Muses were now turned into sage, grumbling politicians.

In the meantime, I and Tscharner received a friendly welcome from the executive directory of the republic. Their aid was, however, at present confined to flattering promises. The French officials dared not advance a step for the Grisons, against the preparations of Austria; and the Helvetic rulers, mostly novices in the art of governing, and men of the most various political opinions, had enough to do in quarrelling among themselves, or in resisting the obstinacy of turbulent parishes, and the shameless encroachments of their French masters.

Tscharner, in the earnest maturity of manhood, could not, like me, bring to the confused assemblage of men and of events, the volatile buoyancy of youth. More accustomed to solitary exertion in his study, than to rapid action in social intercourse, he felt himself out of his right element. It was difficult to him, deprived of the familiar occupations and duties of a long series of years, to make himself at home amidst new circumstances and demands. Every day I saw him grow more gloomy and spiritless. Anxiety for his country and his family weighed upon his mind with melancholy home-sickness; his heart yearned for the neighbourhood of his own mountains. There, in company with the other exiles, he hoped to await more firmly and hopefully the favourable moment for the deliverance of his own country. All my attempts to encourage him, all my attempts to keep him at Aarau, were in vain. After fourteen days, he left me, and delivered over into my inexperienced hands, all the responsibility and authority of the embassy.

The situation in which his departure placed me did not embarrass me. I had become tolerably well acquainted with the circumstances, interests, opinions, and intentions of those around me at Aarau; and there was enough flexibility about me for me to accommodate myself to them without difficulty. Yet the metamorphosis of the obscure schoolmaster into a diplomatic agent often excited my secret amazement. I believed then, as I still do, that a diplomatist and a man of the world, might, in spite of all the artifices of his craft, remain an honest man; and that the duties of a keen, political agent, were hardly more difficult or more important than those of a faithful educator of the young.

Yet tasks had been allotted me, whose immediate fulfilment exceeded not only my powers, but that of those with whom I had to do. I was to procure, for example, protection of life and property from the French and Helvetian authorities, for those families and communities in the Grisons which had been desirous of union with Switzerland; while France was to overlook the public contempt with which Florent Guiot's warnings and official promises had been treated in the Grisons, and the shameless insults which had there been offered to the Helvetic flag. I was even to procure the violent union with the Helvetic Republic, of those particular communities in the Grisons which were so inclined; a revolutionary measure which could only be accomplished by means of the sword. More reasonable was the demand of naturalisation in Switzerland, of those exiles from the Grisons, whose fidelity to the Helvetic interests had deprived them of their country. The voices of the most influential members, and the best speakers were raised in favour of this demand in the Helvetic senate; and I rejoiced to be able to repay my Rhaetian fellow-countrymen, in some measure, for their former bounty to me. A statement addressed to the executive directory, which I drew up in the spirit and language of the times, was not only heard with applause in the legislative assembly, but was immediately answered by a general vote, that the patriots of the Grisons had deserved the favour of the republic by their sacrifices. It was a time of universal and passionate excitement, and to this circumstance is to be attributed the effect produced by my writing. I had stationed myself amongst a crowd of spectators in the gallery of the hall, in order to await the issue of my appeal. I was observed, and called upon to come forward for a public reception. The town-sergeant appeared, and led me into the assembly. I burned with shame, and longed to take refuge in flight. I was received with shouting and clapping of hands, whilst the president himself forsook his lofty place, to bestow upon me the "kiss of fraternity." I took these unexpected honours, which, however, were paid not to me, but to those whom I repre-

sented, for what they were worth; but I had gained the experience, that the being made a public spectacle is, at least, not the most agreeable kind of honour.

I lived now in a great school whose system was guided by a higher than human will. Day by day the misery of Switzerland showed me, more and more clearly, upon how low a step of civilisation the human race still stood; and how widely brutality still usurped the name of humanity. A constitution patched up at Paris, by those totally ignorant of the country and its wants, and then enforced by the edge of the sword, was expected to blend into one people tribes which had hitherto known each other only by name, and had neither language, religion, customs, social wants, nor historical recollections, in common. Deprived of the old and the accustomed, and ignorant of the new, they now wandered in wild anxiety among the ruins of their former institutions, like ants whose edifices have been crushed by a passing foot. A deluge of new laws flooded the country and increased the general confusion. The people, ignorant alike of objects for which they should strive, and of the means for their attainment, sought here and there to save themselves by their own efforts, but remained everywhere the helpless football of contending parties. In one place, fanatical revolutionists preached abolition of taxes, partition of property, community of goods; in another, no less fanatical priests thundered for religious bigotry, and kindled the flames of sectarian warfare. Here revengeful patricians, or place-coveting patriots, stirred up conspiracies and insurrections; there, returning exiles imprecated death and destruction on the heads of their former persecutors. The country-people of Basle demanded partition of the city treasures; those of the canton of Berne struggled against the imposition of the property-tax; those of Glarus against the introduction of the common Gregorian calendar; those of many other cantons against the imposition of the civic oath. Gangs of French banditti ranged restlessly through the country to prevent insurrections or quench them in fire and blood. Unterwalden, in arms for its religion, was covered with blazing villages and human corpses. The government at Aarau, in spite of the pomp and apparent power by which it was surrounded, stood a helpless puppet, neither loved nor feared, a mere dependent on the soldiers of France. The most far-sighted prophet would have found it impossible to foresee the issue of the universal confusion. For it appeared just as impossible to put together again the incohesive ruins of the old Gothic edifice, as to give stability or symmetry to the new building which had been so hastily, ignorantly, and clumsily patched up. Amongst the more unsophisticated and the more thoughtful, however, a general, though unexpressed determination seemed to be formed, to wring from the evils of the present all the small good possible, and to turn all existing influences, even that of the French domination, to account for a better future. For to em-

bitter the French by impotent resistance, would but be to increase the common misery; while to call in Austrian arms for deliverance from the yoke of France, would but be to sow the seeds of an incalculable harvest of blood and suffering.

Such was the general condition of Switzerland, when the seat of the Helvetic government was removed, for want of room, from Aarau to Lucerne. I was of course obliged to follow. Lucerne is situated upon the most beautiful of all our beautiful Swiss lakes, and the changes of the seasons, although they alter, never diminish its loveliness. Here I now passed many cheerful weeks. The perpetual pressure of business and occupation prevented the evils of the time from depressing my mind. I was no longer the *Philosophe pleureur* of Schlaberndorf's fireside; the evils I had encountered had rendered my life far happier, because they aroused my energies to encounter and defy them. The wealth of events and actions, lessened my inclination towards unprofitable contemplation. Forced to become a man of the world, I became fitter for the world; I entered like others into the possession of my *outward* self, and left to the inward only the part of spectator. This made me more welcome to others without any renunciation of my natural self. My way of thinking remained what it had been. I continued to despise or pity those poor fools in civic or military uniforms who seemed to have lost the inward kernel of their being, and to act, know, believe, seek, and live, only outwardly and formally. I continued to hold in little esteem the worth or worthlessness of that civilisation which seeks to materalise the soul of man, or to give it over as a mere tool to the service of material interests.

Many were the privileges I enjoyed at Lucerne. In confidential intercourse with my friends, the old and the new, many of whose names their country echoes yet with pride and gratitude, Pestalozzi, Thaddäus Müller, Paul Usteri, and the noble-minded enthusiast Laharpe, I learnt the art of braving unshaken the storms of circumstance; and in the society of a circle of noble women I learnt the power and beauty of virtue and intelligence in woman.

## MISERY OF THE EXILES.

Every day the news from the Grisons grew more and more melancholy. Every letter was a cry of supplication. I was besieged with entreaties, warnings, and reproaches, as if it had been in my power to set bounds to the growing misery. In the Grisons a popular meeting at Ilanz had called the mountaineers to arms. Terrible severities were exercised by the government against the mountaineers and their innocent families; and, on the other hand, many atrocities were committed by the reckless insurgents. The property of the exiles had been confiscated; their relations prevented from

holding communication with them; their letters intercepted and opened; and the French embassy itself insulted and defied.

"The threats of the government against the Grison patriots are growing more and more violent and furious," wrote Florent Guiot to me. "Already more than 500 citizens, respected and mostly distinguished men, have fled the country with their wives and children. The spectacle tears my heart. I shall leave this country. May the day soon come that shall in any way terminate and punish these barbarities!" And scarcely had Guiot left the country, when the Austrian general, Von Auffenberg, who had long held himself ready to obey secret instructions from Vienna, entered the Grisons with ten battalions through the narrow pass of the Luzien.

The numberless fugitives spread over all parts of Switzerland were now in a most pitiable condition. Many had been so hasty in their flight, that they had left behind them even the most immediate necessaries. The number and the poverty of those who had taken refuge in the villages along the Rhine, excited the compassion even of the French soldiery, who often shared their bread and meat with the destitute. The approaching winter increased the general alarm and destitution. Many who had been opulent and luxurious at home, now came in the utmost need to take refuge with me. But it was impossible for me to help all. The little money I had brought with me from Reichenau was soon expended. I sold to any bidder, at any price, my various unpublished literary attempts, finished and unfinished, dramas, translations, romances, which certainly my sense of right would never have allowed me to inflict on the world under any other circumstances. I procured advances from booksellers upon projected future works. Yet in the whole diplomatic corps, certainly no one, not the poorest copyist, lived as frugally and economically as I. My self-denial was very small, for those around me neither noticed nor cared, that my supper was a piece of dry bread, and my breakfast a glass of water. I remained contented; I thought of Schlaberndorf, and lived gaily on.

I now did what I had long desired to attempt, for the suffering patriots of the Grisons, to which I had often been encouraged by others, but which my knowledge of the deplorable state of the republican finances had hitherto led me to avoid. I addressed an urgent entreaty to the Helvetic government, to afford immediate pecuniary assistance from the public treasury to the most destitute of the exiles. And, to my great joy, the senate, moved by the account of their pressing misery, fulfilled by a humane decree, on the 23rd of October, 1798, my brightest hopes. Before the decree was made known, a deputation from the exiles appeared before me, requesting me to do as I had in fact already done. Thanks and rejoicing alone remained for them to express. It was determined that Salis-Seewis, the poet, should, at the head of the deputation, deliver the solemn thanks of the exiles to the senate. A day of

hearing was appointed; Salis wrote, and diligently learnt by heart, his speech. When, however, the appointed hour and moment arrived, the worthy man, in his embarrassment, had totally forgotten all that he had learnt and written. Imagine the consternation of the orator, and the anxiety of the deputation! They ran up and down in my room, cursing the unfortunate accident and the whole arrangement. The comic calamity excited in me the most hard-hearted fits of laughter. I quieted, however, at length the despairing deputies, by the promise to say a few extemporary words of thanks in their name. We were led into the hall of legislature, and there all the whimsicality of the situation was forgotten, in the consideration of the misery of those unfortunates for whom I was to speak. I spoke, and with an emotion such as I had never felt before on any similar occasion. My feelings became the feelings of the whole assembly; my restrained tears called forth theirs. All present rose, and in tumultuous confusion the honours of public reception and fraternal kisses were voted us, as well as the immediate printing and publication of my speech, which had been taken down in short-hand. I mention these circumstances only on account of their consequences; for I was now formally outlawed in the Grisons, my naturalisation was declared to be forfeited, and I was loaded with the most furious abuse in all the government journals. All this was very indifferent to me; but not so the lamentations of my friends for their native country. Even the virtuous Nesemann, who had remained at Chur, lost much of his philosophical composure; even the calm and quiet Tscharner, whom the Helvetic government had appointed to the governorship of Berne, was no longer like himself. "I have lost my coolness and composure," he wrote to me. "I am all sorrow; a wild, dreary melancholy possesses me, I know not how, and I fear, I know not what. Rather would I languish in a dungeon; far rather meet my enemies in the field as a common soldier, and receive in my body the bullet destined for some other worthier citizen. I cannot describe to you the miseries that surround me. Yesterday, I discovered, among some Austrian prisoners, two of my most furious enemies in the Grisons, the secretaries S—— and M——, and I ordered that they should receive whatever they wanted at my expense. My orders were falsely understood and stupidly executed. To-day, I went to see them, and a quarter of an hour before they had been taken away. I shall send ten or twelve louis d'ors to them to-night, through my vice-governor at Murten. That ought to give me better humour; yet I am very unhappy. My poor country! I never could have believed, in former days, that such things could be. I should prefer Pluto's kingdom to the republic of the Grisons. Now, I cannot believe that I shall ever see a bright day again; but God has decreed, and I resign myself with heavy heart. I was sad at heart when I travelled towards Berne to take upon me this office; sad and discon-

solate; but a new, quite inexplicable gloom has oppressed me ever since the last post. God be merciful to me! I feel a giddiness, like that of one about to sink from a dizzy height into a horrible abyss. Well, let things go as they will, I shall reach my destination, be it what it may. Perhaps a better world may some day efface the dreary recollections of this!"

Milder, and more touching, was the lamentation of the aged Nesemann. "Truly," he wrote, "I would not have you wonder, if I should at length sink under the pressure of sorrow. Religion and philosophy do all they can and should do; they maintain the soul's capability for the calm performance of its duties. But religion and philosophy cannot repel the repeated shocks of outward storms; and the shattered nerves disable the feeble body for the common functions of life. Dreary will be the decline of my days. Yes, dear friend, the deluge of revolution has swallowed all our old delights. Never will return those joyful evenings, when we were wont to discourse together of the vast destinies of moral beings in the mighty empire of God; of the cheering light of truth just rising for the nations; of the future blessed centuries of the world, in which we appeared ourselves to live and rejoice; or emulated each other in admiration and panegyric of some true hero, the benefactor of man, yet himself 'despised and rejected of men;' and vied with each other in friendly dispute, concerning doubtful principles and characters. I, with my load of years, sat gay as a child on my throne by the stove, and you stood beside me, on firm and youthful feet; and we hoped that our Father in Heaven looked down well pleased on our innocent folly and ignorance."

## A NEW SPHERE OF ACTION.

Since the Grisons had been occupied by General Auffenberg, and every communication between its inhabitants and myself, and the other exiles, had been cut off, I could act no more in the name of a large party in that country, and my diplomatic career was as good as ended. In the Grisons, as I have said, I had been defamed, insulted, and outlawed.*

* The following extract from a government proclamation dated Chur, the 3rd of December, 1798, will show the wrath entertained against me there.

"Decreed—That Dr. Heinrich Zschokke shall be deprived of the citizenship of the Grisons, formerly bestowed on him, as having proved himself unworthy of the same; and that all his writings shall be declared infamous, pernicious, and unfit for the perusal of a well-affected citizen.

"That the price of 100 ducats be set upon his head, to be paid to any one who shall render him up, alive or dead; and that he be tried and punished according to his deserts, as soon as found.

"That his name and picture be fastened on the public gallows."

These decrees may serve to show the furious party-spirit of the times. My "infamous" writings consisted solely of the little schoolbook above-mentioned, "The His-

One day my kind friend, the minister Stapfer, entered my room, and offered me employment in a peculiar department of his branch of government. I know not whether he stood in real need of my services, or whether the wish to improve the state of my finances alone prompted his offer. For the kind of office which he wished me to occupy, had yet to be invented and named.

"You see," said the minister, "you are now, Heaven only knows for how long, separated from your home and employment in the Grisons; but you have become a citizen of the Swiss Republic, and are bound to her interests. Become my colleague. In my cabinet, there is still an unoccupied post, though I hardly know what name to give it. Yet it is of the first importance. The French have something similar to what I mean, and call it the *Bureau d'Esprit public*. Its duties consist in keeping the government acquainted with all the intellectual and industrial wants, the general state of culture, and the number and character of all the *usable* men of talent throughout the country. All this is quite unknown to us. Means also must be sought to make the different nations of Switzerland more acquainted with each other, to animate them with a zeal for their common country, and to cement by moral union the political union of the cantons. All this is not yet done, and it ought to be done."

Stapfer's idea was of great magnitude and interest; but in days of universal tumult like the present, and amidst the confusion of impending war, it seemed hardly practicable. A few days later he sent me the letter of appointment, concluding it with these words: "You may satisfy yourself, and I solemnly assure you of it, that I am securing to you a sphere of free and independent activity, and that no services will be required of you, unworthy of a man of your distinguished abilities. If upon these conditions, and under a yet undecided title, you resolve to assist me in the noble work of raising to a sense and enjoyment of true human worth, a generous, hopeful, and energetic people, you will fulfil, at the same time, the most lively wishes of my heart, and your own sublimest aspirations."

To resist longer would have been foolish affectation. I obeyed the call. But I felt that what was here to be done, could not be accomplished by official formalities and regulations. If a moral revolution was to pour the breath of life into the dead mechanism of the political one, it was necessary that the animating breath should come from the midst of the people themselves. The able and talented of every canton, must unite to awaken spiritual independence and unity, in the masses of the nation. According to my views and those of Stapfer, these objects would be best promoted

tory of the Grisons," and a little pamphlet advocating the union with the Helvetic republic. No portrait could be found of me in the Grisons, for the decoration of the gallows, except a little drawing by a personal friend of mine, the well known engraver, Bolt, who little guessed that his sketch was to occupy so distinguished a position.

at present, partly by numerous associations in all parts of the country, and partly by good national journals.

Lucerne was at that time a gathering place for the most distinguished men out of all the cantons. I succeeded in uniting most of them for the formation of an association, which was to keep quite clear of political affairs, and was to bear the name of a national society; it was also to form the model for similar associations in every canton. The prospectus, written and published by me, proposed as its objects the promotion of Swiss nationality and unity, the instruction of the people in public affairs, and the encouragement of national art, science, and literature; and as its means, the publication of periodicals and pamphlets, the delivery of public lectures on matters of common interest, the offer of prizes and premiums for essays on proposed questions, the rewarding of distinguished artists and scientific men, and correspondence for mutual benefit with influential men in every canton. Four weeks after, the first meeting of fifty members took place at Lucerne; Paul Usteri was president, and I actuary. Meetings were to be held every week. The seed thus sown was not long in spreading. In a very short time, similar societies were established in Zürich, Basle, Berne, and even in Schwyz, through the zeal of my old friend, Aloys Reding; all resembling, in their principles, objects, and means, the central society at Lucerne.

Nor was a national journal long wanting; Pestalozzi became the editor; but, unfortunately, the journal was not read. It was not written in the tone of childlike simplicity suitable to the poor Swiss, who at that time were hardly able to read the stories in their almanacs. Popular favour and confidence was also entirely wanting to the new periodical, for it was published by government, and distributed gratis; so that it was generally supposed to be a mere vehicle for government purposes.

Pestalozzi one day invited me to write in his journal; I declined this. A real popular journal, I told him, must be no organ of government; it must be entirely independent, and must not only assume the language, style, and satirical humour of the Swiss peasantry, but must clothe every thing in little stories, narratives, and proverbs. It must also appear in a suitable dress, on coarse paper, with large print, and staring red title. On the spur of the instant, I proposed to him for a title the following: "The honest, truth-telling, and well-experienced Swiss Messenger, who relates, in his own plain-spoken way, all that goes on in our dear native country, and what the wise folks and the fools are doing all over the world."

The good Pestalozzi was a little piqued; he laughed, and advised me to make the attempt. I took the advice in earnest, and did so. In a short time the "Swiss Messenger" flew through all the villages, towns, and valleys of every canton. Never had a similar paper excited so much attention in Switzerland, and met with such rapid and signal success. The enemies of popular freedom and cul-

tivation, who still see in Guttenberg's invention the most dangerous enemy to their privileges, and, in the ignorance of the many, the most powerful bulwark of their injustice, poured out on my poor "Messenger" the most furious phials of wrath. The people were warned against that "wolf in sheep's clothing," and weekly papers were started to oppose and undermine it, which imitated its outward form, style, and language. It may be forgiven to the passionate ferment of the times, that the aristocracy loaded me with all the filth at its disposal, although I carefully avoided in my journal all personalities and political virulence. I was stigmatised as a runaway Prussian vagabond, "a Jacobin," "a red-hot revolutionist," and "an arch enemy to order and justice." Soon, however, came an interruption to the career of the obnoxious journal.

The war between Austria and France had broken out. The French general, Masséna, had, after various destructive battles, made himself master of the Grisons. A temporary government at Chur, had immediately decreed the union of the Grisons with the Helvetic Republic. The fugitives and exiles were recalled. I was restored to my rights of citizenship, and received various public thanks and honours. In the meantime, however, the Archduke Charles had entered Switzerland, crossing the Rhine at Schaffhausen. The ancient aristocracy, with its priesthood and vassals, rose on every side to receive and support him. The inhabitants were stirred up in numerous places against the French and the Helvetic government; insurrections and riots in the cantons of Lucerne, Berne, Uri, Schwyz, and at Lugano and Disentis, were with difficulty suppressed by force of arms. I was now appointed by the directory of the embarrassed republic, to the office of government commissary for Unterwalden, with extraordinary authority; and was commanded, "by wise and energetic fulfilment of the laws, to compel respect and obedience, to support the courage of patriots, and to crush the hopes and prospects of the ill-affected." This appointment was accompanied by the command to repair instantly to my post. The very next day I was to depart. Pressing and unforeseen dangers in Unterwalden demanded immediate attention; a new insurrection seemed ready to break out. When I went to bid farewell to Laharpe and his amiable wife, who called me always their "*Hausfreund*," his last words in parting were these: "Away now with poetry and sentimentality! Earnest work is before you, friend; be firm, active, and courageous."

## DUTIES IN UNTERWALDEN.

I set off for my new destination, without knowing more of the duties of my office than what the vague general directions of government pointed out. Yet the commission, though inconvenient at the moment, was not unwelcome to me. I was to try and prove myself in a new sphere of action; to encounter, face to face, the anarchy of a powerful mountain race; a people whose turbulence and whose sufferings had called forth a cry of horror, not only all over Switzerland, but from every part of civilised Europe. Laurels, indeed, were not there to be earned, nor did I propose to seek them. I only desired, at a time when the frenzy of party spirit was everywhere causing blood and tears to flow, to become one of the few who were not ashamed to heal wounds, instead of inflicting them.

A youth of Chur, who was dear to me, and who had been my pupil at Reichenau, accompanied me as secretary. I loved him for his purity of mind, and perfect honesty; for these qualities I had chosen him for my comrade in these stormy days, that I might be his guardian, and he the witness of my life. There can be no better guardian angel of our virtue than the perpetual presence of a young uncontaminated heart, before which one is ashamed to think of evil. "*Maxima debetur puero reverentia!*" says Juvenal.

We stepped on the shore of Unterwalden at Sansstaad. It would be difficult to express the thoughts and feelings with which I now entered the beautiful valley, which I had traversed as an unknown wanderer three or four years ago. I saw the former Elysium destroyed. Right and left, from the shores of the lake to Stanz, the capital of the district, I beheld everywhere the black memorials of the insurrection and its punishment; mounds of ashes and rubbish, over which hung the withered branches of blackened fruit-trees, marked the sites of once cheerful dwellings. Here and there the inhabitants were rebuilding their huts, and women and children were grubbing in the ruins, to take away whatever of their household goods were not consumed. In the midst of these horrors of desolation, I remained standing beside a man who was clearing away a heap of ashes. I expressed my sympathy in the sufferings of his people. "Ah, sir, if they'd killed twice as many, and had but left us our houses and stalls!" I turned away in disgust. I know not, however, whether the heartless indifference thus expressed to the spilling of blood, was occasioned by selfish grief for the loss of property, or by the belief in the blessedness of those who had fallen.

Utterly ignorant of the real condition of the country whose peace I was to guard, and over whose government I was to preside, I summoned, immediately on my arrival at Stanz, the elders of the different communities as well as the magistrates and clergymen, in order to learn from them the present circumstances of the country, and the character and ability of its public functionaries, I soon disco-

vered the most desperate confusion in all public matters; the people, after seeing their insurrection quenched in flames and blood, had been driven to still wilder despair by martial plunderings and impositions; the prisons had lately received 119 new inmates, on account of renewed attempts at insurrection, without reckoning others, in number 255, collected from Unterwalden and the neighbouring cantons, who lay in the dungeons of Rapperswyl and Aarburg. I spent the whole night with my young secretary, in going through the judicial reports of their offences and sentences. I soon found that the decisions of the Proconsul extraordinary (for such was now my title) were awaited with anxiety and trembling.

Poverty and ignorance, a hardness and coldness of thought and feeling, caused by the constant pressure of temporal and spiritual bondage, as well as a certain cunning selfishness and bold audacity, had long been the noted characteristics of the inhabitants of Unterwalden. Their pietistic fanaticism was accompanied by moral rudeness and barbarism. Through priestly negligence, the young had remained totally uneducated, and through unwise legislation, unjust inequalities had been introduced among the people, which occasioned mutual jealousy and mistrust. The law obliging every family to support its poor relations, had, among the lower classes, greatly increased the tendency to idleness and wastefulness, and occasioned an increase of mendicancy and of improvident marriages. Proud recollections of ancient freedom and greatness, reliance on their own valour, and the imagined security of their lakes and mountains, and still more a blind confidence in the miraculous aid of the Mother of God, had led them to trust the promises of pious enthusiasts or mercenary agitators, and to attempt an absurd insurrection against the Helvetic government. Confident of invulnerability, and certain of victory, nearly the whole population, male and female, had thrown themselves with headlong blindness upon the bayonets of Schauenburg's troops, whose number far exceeded that of the whole population of the country. The wasting devastation which followed, had increased the number of those wanting bread, but not of those willing to work; and had excited a longing, not for peace, but for revenge. As soon, therefore, as the victorious troops of the Archduke Charles entered Switzerland, the undisciplined peasantry re-assembled, convinced, that in the destruction of all public order and the general wreck of civil war, they could now lose no more, and might gain something. A desperate fellow name Zundel-Nazi, who had hitherto gained his livelihood by going about with wood and matches, placed himself at their head. His forces were recruited by a number of young people from the neighbourhood, who fled to him for fear of being pressed into the Helvetic service. Hidden weapons were now brought forth from the caves and *Sennehütten* of the Alps; warlike appeals were made in every direction; nightly meetings were held in obscure places; official threats were defied and disregarded; every town and village,

even the capital, Stanz, was threatened with burning, plunder, and slaughter of the inhabitants, in case of resistance to the insurgents. Before, however, the new insurrection had time to break out, some companies of militia were sent into the country for the assistance of the authorities. The wild multitude were scattered at once. Zundel-Nazi, with many of his followers had fled into Uri, where he afterwards fell in the *mêlée* of battle, between the French, Russians, and Austrians. The rest, guilty and suspected, were persecuted with immoderate severity by the enraged authorities, and were given over to martial law at Rapperswyl.

Such was the lamentable condition of the country on my arrival.

The excesses of religious fanaticism, or of a misguided love of freedom, on the part of the oppressed, ignorant, and helpless people, did not excite nearly so much indignation in me, as the fury and severity of the offended authorities. I was determined that my arrival should not bring new suffering to those who had already suffered too much. Mildness without weakness, firmness without cruelty, moderation without caprice, could alone here be useful. I was conscious of the will and the power to do some good. In order to save the country, it was necessary that I should win its confidence. I was yet a stranger to it. I set to work; kept back those about to be dragged before military courts; procured the commutation of all sentences of death to compulsory military service, and released the other offenders gradually; first, the fathers and husbands, and, lastly, the noisy and troublesome bachelors. With each man whom I released, I held a short friendly conference, *tête-à-tête*, seeking to win his confidence, and to convince him of my benevolent intentions. I procured the liberation and restoration to their homes of fifteen influential citizens, who had been taken away to Basle as hostages. I behaved to each in the same way; making each on his return my confidant and adviser. I testified all due respect to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and had the good fortune to win the favour and co-operation of the Capuchin monks. The actual knowledge of the country and people of Unterwalden, possessed by my old friend, Joseph Buesinger, whom I had met four years ago at Reding's house, and whom I now found established as a pastor near Stanz, were of the greatest service to me.

As every one was willing to second my efforts, and the central government approved and sanctioned my proceedings, something like order and security was restored within a few weeks. An inclination to new outbreaks showed itself, indeed, here and there, and particularly on occasion of the march of the Austrians into the neighbouring canton of Uri; but every spark of rebellion was suppressed without difficulty and without severity. The noisiest of the disaffected were some idle peasant women, who, inspired by brandy and tobacco, assembled in large numbers, to express their impatience for the arrival of the Austrian troops, and their indignation at the pusillanimous indolence of their male relatives. The next day I

summoned the most zealous of the fair politicians to meet me in an open square at Stanz, and announced to them my intention, hearing of their ardent impatience for the arrival of the Austrian soldiers, of having them sent over in a body to the Austrian quarters. At these words they avowed, in wild consternation, their entire freedom from any such impatience, and I allowed them to go home, amid the laughter and derision of the surrounding populace. Soon after, an ancient rural Sappho, who had hidden herself in an Alpine hut, because she had been guilty of certain seditious songs and odes, wrote a poetical epistle to me, entreating pardon. I granted it willingly, and, in return, her Muse indited, at my request, a hymn in honour of the Helvetic Republic. I have always found the ludicrous the best cure for the follies of the ignorant. Total disregard of their offences encourages audacity, and severe punishment excites the pride and courage of martyrdom.

Perhaps a few passages may not here be amiss, from a letter which I wrote about this time to my friend Nesemann, in the Grisons, and which faithfully represents my state of mind at the time. The letter was returned to me unopened; for the venerable Nesemann had been carried off to the Tyrol, with other hostages, by the Austrian general, Hotze.

"I fancy I see your satirical smile," I wrote to him, "and I do not wonder at it. The Duke of Chartres was schoolmaster at Reichenau before me, and now the simple schoolmaster has been made, not duke, indeed, but Proconsul. Such is revolution! I am well contented with the tricks of Fortune, and can testify, on my own experience, that the so-called grievous burden of greatness, is not so very insupportable after all. Yet, I can assure you, my dignity is no sinecure. I sit all day either on horseback, at my writing-table, or in the council-chamber; I hear reports and pleadings, issue orders, review troops. More than one night I have only been able to lie down for an hour or two in my clothes. I believe that a man with pure intentions, and provided with a little general intelligence, firmness, and knowledge of the world, who is determined to see every thing with his own eyes, and knows how to animate the activity of others by his own activity, may always do some good at the head of a state. The hands, feet, talents, and virtues of others, stand everywhere at his disposal. Like that of most statesmen, indeed, mine must be a very negative merit. I cannot create national happiness; I can only clear away a few hindrances here and there; the rest I must leave to the people themselves.

"Would that you were here, dear friend! It is not the ashes and the graves of Unterwalden, it is not the curses and the tears of the destitute, that sometimes sink my hopes almost to despair. But when I have daily before my eyes the causes of these things; the naked brutality of passion, the law-sanctioned stupidity and ignorance of the people, the ruthless Vandalism of the French, the irreligious fanaticism of all classes, and the universal trampling on all

that is truly divine in humanity—oh, how can I be otherwise than cast down! I dare not express what I feel.

"Yet, though I cannot often be very happy, you must not think me unhappy. A fresh youthful spirit, at peace with God and itself, is easily contented, and will quite as often smile as weep, at the mad doings and attempts of the world. And when I feel depressed, I am soon refreshed by conversation with Pastor Buesinger, and with Pestalozzi. I think I told you before, that the benevolent Pestalozzi has undertaken the charge and education of the orphans and poor children in the city of Stanz, being provided by government with money for the purpose. Pity it is that the genuine nobility of this man's nature will not stoop a little more to the petty conventionalities by which men are judged by the world: will not wear a neat coat or smooth hair, for instance. Then he would be generally respected and admired, without being envied; for talents and virtues are not objects of envy. When I came here no one would visit Pestalozzi at all. He was considered as a mere poor devil, or good-natured imbecile. On that account, I often walk arm-in-arm with him in public promenades and conspicuous places, by way of defiance to civic ultra-gentility. I also frequently act as his valet, brushing the rough hat and coat, or correcting the obliquely buttoned waistcoat, before we appear in public."

## A FEW WARLIKE SCENES.

In Uri, in the meantime, fierce and uncertain were the encounters of the French and Austrians. Suddenly a rumour arose that the former had been defeated, and had fled across the lake, and that the latter were on their victorious march to Unterwalden. Immediately all was terror and confusion. The companies of Helvetic troops of the line, stationed on the heights of Seelisberg and Emmeten, near Uri, hastily retreated upon Stanz. In some villages the trees of liberty were torn down; in others, deputations to the Austrian generals were chosen. On the one hand, all was exultation; and, on the other, all was despair. Men and women were to be seen flying into the forests and mountains with their little property, to protect it from the rapacity of the Austrian soldiery. In Stanz, the children of the Orphan Asylum were to be seen wandering tearfully about the streets, each provided with a little bundle, which Pestalozzi had given them.

But I soon received an official announcement from General Lecourbe, in Uri, which showed me the falsehood of the prevailing report. Immediately copies of Lecourbe's despatch were distributed through the country; the troops were sent back to their forsaken posts; the orphans were collected, and returned to the care of their foster-father. The confusion ended as suddenly as it had begun. But, on the same day, I received the somewhat puzzling order from

the Executive Directory, "to make arrangements against the further advance of the enemy," and "to defend the mountain passes from the Waldstätter-lake, as far as Brünig and Haslithal." I should have had no objection at all to try the part of general for once; but, unluckily, the despatch enclosed no army for me. The difficulty of finding one was however put an end to, six days later, by General Loison, who, driven out of Uri by the Austrians, encamped his brigade in Unterwalden. Now, however, arose new discontents and new difficulties. Food and lodging were not easily to be procured for so large a number of military guests. Means of subsistence were presently procured from Lucerne, and the soldiers compassionately shared their rations with those under whose roofs they were crowded together. The Orphan Asylum was almost entirely turned into a hospital for the sick and wounded. Of the eighty children formerly maintained there, twenty alone were left.

The general was quartered upon me. Olivier Loison, an intelligent and well-informed man, was not incapable of generous sentiments; but a life passed in camps and battle-fields had rendered him fierce, arbitrary, passionate, and selfish. Every day some hard words passed between us. I would have just as soon have been the constant companion of a Tartar Chan as of General Loison. He regarded me, at first, as a gloomy, self-willed individual, unacquainted with any thing beyond the boundaries of my own business. But, strange to say, so fickle is human opinion, that one day, at a dinner-party which he had given his officers, and at which I succeeded, by a little successful joking and story-telling, in animating them out of their respectful dulness and silence, so great was his gratitude, that he swore he had entirely mistaken me, and vowed to be my friend for life. We continued, however, to squabble, though in a more amicable way; he complaining of the ill-treatment of his soldiers, I of their misbehaviour to the people. Pastor Buesinger, our mutual friend, was generally mediator between us. Loison promised to enforce a stricter discipline, and put an end to the excesses of the soldiery.

He had, indeed, often only too good reason to complain of the want of all humane feeling in the peasantry. The most atrocious instance I remember was the following:—A young French corporal, sent with letters to Sarnen, had requested a peasant, who was going the same way, to accompany him through the lonely district of Ennetmoos. Whilst both were going peacefully along they were remarked by three peasants, who were busy working on a neighbouring hill. After a short consultation together, these three seized their axes, followed, overtook, and murdered the inoffensive young soldier, without exchanging a word either with him or his companion. The latter now joined them in plundering the bloody corse, and dividing the booty. Then all fell on their knees, and devoutly repeated five Aves and Paternosters for the soul of their victim. They finally buried the body, paid out of their plunder the price

of two masses for his soul, and went their ways well satisfied with their day's work. When their deed afterwards came to light, they fled; one only was taken, and was brought immediately to Stanz, to be seized and shot on the instant by the military tribunal. With some difficulty I succeeded in preventing this, and in having him delivered up for fair trial before the magistrates of Lucerne. I also deprived of his office the vice-governor of the district where the murder took place, who, it seemed, had known of it, but had kept silence, for fear of offending the country people. In a case like this, it seems difficult to say whether the murder itself, or the frightful piety of the murderers, appears most detestable.

However fierce was the fury of General Loison on learning this atrocity, it never hurt his conscience at all to shed innocent human blood, for no reason or use whatever, so long as the enemies of France alone were the sufferers. He was riding one day for amusement with me, near the village of Treil, on the shores of the Waldstätter-lake, where a French battery was stationed; in the village on the opposite side of the lake the Austrians were encamped. In order to amuse me, by making the Austrian troops march out, he ordered grenades to be thrown into their camp. On both sides cannonading began, and I distinctly saw, through the telescope, two men fall in the ranks of the Austrians, before I could persuade the laughing general to stop his murderous game. Another day, Lecourbe had despatched his general-adjutant, Porson, towards Schwyz, with troops from Lucerne, to destroy an Austrian battery and carry off its boats. I went across the lake with Loison to witness the encounter. The fight was already begun, and the enemy driven back into the village. Whilst Loison, tired out by the heat of the sun, enjoyed his noon-day nap under the shade of a tree, I went on among wounded men and corpses, to Insgebohl, in order to be nearer the place of action. The sole gain at last consisted of a couple of bad boats and a small field-piece. After the heroic deed was accomplished, I inquired somewhat bitterly of Loison, as we returned, "And is it for the sake of this paltry booty that so many lives have been sacrificed on both sides?" He stared at my ignorance, and replied, "Oh, no! Don't you know, it's all for Porson's sake, that he may get favourably noticed in the next army bulletin?" Thus, it was for the sake of one man's paltry ambition that so many had suffered and died. The consciences of pious barbarians are reconciled to every atrocity by a few superstitious ceremonies; those of *civilised* barbarians, by the thought of gold or *glory*.

The Austrian general, Count Bey, endeavoured a few weeks later to enter Unterwalden by the mountain passes. It was a rainy day. The enemy was soon driven back with the loss of 800 prisoners. Among these prisoners was General Bey himself. An adjutant of Loison's, Captain Badin, had been his victorious opponent. Loison was meanwhile playing trictrac with me at Stanz; when on receiving news of the victory, he mounted on horseback

and hastened after his troops. During his absence some French officers led a man in Austrian uniform before me, who had an old peasant's hat on his head, was covered with mud from top to toe, and half frozen with snow and rain, was shivering in every limb. It was General Bey himself. After I had provided for his present wants by furnishing him from my own wardrobe with linen, clothes, and refreshments, he related to me the somewhat ridiculous mischance through which he had lost the battle and been taken prisoner. In order better to overlook the movements of his troops, he had climbed a neighbouring hill, but on the wet slippery ground he had lost his balance, and rolling down the opposite side, he at length found himself at the feet of some French drummers and soldiers, who were leisurely conversing with one another. They raised him very civilly, quietly took away his sword and money, declining, however, the proffered watch, and then led him before Captain Badin. Such is the fortune of war! Loison reaped all the glory and profit of the day by merely playing trictrac at home; Captain Badin remained Captain Badin.

Fourteen days later the French returned the Austrian visit, by an excursion into Uri. They were more successful, and did not return so soon. As soon as Unterwalden was rid of the foreign soldiery, I had the weapons and military provisions brought back to Lucerne, and organised a local militia for the defence of the public peace, which I should be able to call together at any moment. In every village eight or ten armed men were to be every day at the disposal of the local authorities, as "country watchmen." To every district I appointed a commandant. I did not allow myself to be frightened by warnings of the danger of arming the turbulent inhabitants of Unterwalden. I knew the resolute fidelity of the people, and I did not deceive myself.

## A NEW PROCONSULATE.

Perhaps I am here relating matters uninteresting to the reader, or unworthy of commemoration. Yet I shall continue to narrate the play of those outward phenomena which taught me what the world around me was, and what I could hope to be or do, with relation to it.

Not Uri alone, Schwyz also, was at this time overrun by a body of French troops, and the country given over to the rage of a lawless soldiery, eager to avenge the former sufferings of their comrades. These military horrors had already lasted some weeks, and the Helvetic government had as yet taken no measures whatever to stop them. Full of indignation, I determined to do so myself, on my own responsibility. I repaired to the spot without orders, and wrote to the Executive Directory, that in so doing I believed myself to be fulfilling a duty to them and their country.

Every thing in Schwyz resembled an enormous battle-field, upon which political revolutions, destructive insurrections, and a series of bloody skirmishes and encounters had left traces of their devastating power. The villages which I passed on the road, I found nearly or entirely deserted by their inhabitants. Men, women, and children had fled into the forests or mountains on the retreat of the Austrians. I found the streets of the capital filled with an idle and lawless soldiery. As I crossed the Church-square, a woman hastened towards me and threw herself at my feet. She was a faithful old servant of Reding's family, who had recognised me. From her I learnt that my friend and his family had been missing since the first arrival of the Austrians, and no one knew where they were. His deserted house was occupied by half a company of dragoons, who had sworn to burn it down when they went away, by way of leaving the "peasant general," as they called Aloys Reding, some memorial of their visit. At the head-quarters of General Molitor, the commander of the troops here stationed, I required no other letters of recommendation than my half military costume and the tricolour girdle round my waist. Molitor, a handsome young man of honest and amiable disposition, rejoiced most sincerely in the arrival of any Helvetic authority to stop the misery which his own troops were now beginning to share. We soon understood each other. I placed Reding's property and household goods under an apparent sequestration, and turned the dragoons out of his house by claiming it for my own quarters, thus preserving it from the intended destruction. I then assembled deputies out of all the different parishes; appointed new magistrates in place of those who had fled; summoned the fugitives by proclamation to return to their homes, and announced a general amnesty for past offences. It was the first attempt at healing which the country had experienced, and it was not wanting in its effect. Molitor, according to promise, enforced a stricter discipline. The Executive Directory thanked me for the step I had taken, and appointed me Government Commissary Plenipotentiary of the Canton of Waldstätten, of which the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Zug, formed at that time parts.

Without delay I set out to traverse the whole country, and restore it to peace and order. The district of Zug had suffered least, because the population had there remained most quiet. Not so in Uri, where the violence and covetousness of officers and soldiers had completed the misery of a country desolated for two years past by conflagrations, insurrections, battles, and foreign invasions. Here General Lecourbe had set up his head-quarters in Altorf. I knew him and he me, and I knew that his character was very different from that of Molitor. He did not in the slightest degree scruple to stain his real glory as the best mountain-general of France, by cruelties and excesses of all kinds. Flattery of his military greatness was said to be the only means of taming or pleasing him. Whilst I traversed the whole country to the foot of the St. Gothard heights,

I announced to him in a letter my arrival, and the desolate state in which I had found every thing. "Plundered villages and blackened ruins of cottages and barns," I wrote, "these are what announce to me the presence of republican troops. Even the Austrians, and the untamed hordes of the North, have spared the poverty of these mountain-lands; but the lawless excesses of *your* troops, citizen general, have continued for sixteen days, and give no signs of abating. The inhabitants of these districts will not forget for centuries the desolation brought into their quiet villages by those very warriors whose war-cry was, 'War to palaces, but peace to cottages!' What are the crimes of the inhabitants of the Gothard mountains? *Your* soldiers, general, have ravished their wives and daughters, burnt and plundered their dwellings, torn down their roofs for camp-fire wood, and climbed into the most inaccessible regions of the mountains to carry off cattle and cheese, the sole riches of the people who inhabit them. And while left thus destitute, heavy tributes are demanded of them, which who will not, or cannot pay, is shamefully ill-treated. No one dares to complain to you any longer, because to do so is regarded as not only useless but dangerous."*

My meeting with Lecourbe was one of frosty civility, which soon rose to very sharp argument, when I began to bring forward instances of ill-conduct on the part of the French soldiers. I spoke, however, as if concerned only for his own glory, and the welfare of his troops, which was endangered by the desperation of the people. He, on the other hand, secretly well convinced of his own guilt and of that of his followers, denied every accusation with furious oaths and curses, tearing up and down the room, and at last fairly leaping half up to the ceiling with amazing muscular dexterity in the extremity of his passion. It required a good deal of self-command to help laughing outright at the spectacle of the general's expressive dance. I restrained myself, however, and continued very quietly and gravely my catalogue of grievances, after completing which I rose from the sofa as if unwilling to continue any longer the spectator of so undignified a scene. Suddenly Lecourbe became another man; he stopped, drew me back from the door, and observed that these things ought to be discussed coolly and dispassionately. At the close of our interview, he promised a stricter maintenance of discipline, and we parted very good friends. The worst excesses were in reality put an end to; offences were quickly followed by punishment, and a guilty grenadier was even condemned to death by the military tribunal.

In the district of Einsiedeln, particularly at the celebrated place of pilgrimage, I witnessed scenes of misery of another kind. Here the inhabitants, fomerly innkeepers, rosary makers, beggars, and

* I sent a copy of my letter to the Executive Directory, who had it translated and printed in the public journals.

small shopkeepers, had lost their livelihood by the stopping of the pilgrimages, while they had been plundered of all their savings by the soldiers. The abbey stood deserted; the interior of the temple was plundered and desecrated. The members of the municipality, headed by Meinrad Ochsner, a Capuchin, but to my astonishment, an enthusiast for Kant's philosophy, led me into the sanctuary. Here I saw the marble chapel of St. Meinradus, which, four years ago I had approached upon my knees, torn down with ruthless Vandalism, so that even the beams of the church roof itself were loosened and injured. Ornaments and effigies of saints and angels lay scattered in fragments on the floor, or hung in their places, were mutilated wrecks. I ordered the immediate clearance and repair as far as possible of the beautiful sanctuary, and that the site of the destroyed chapel should be covered at least by an altar. But I knew not how to perform the more important duty of restoring prosperity to the destitute village.

"The most simple and effectual means," said my companion, "would doubtless be the restoration of the miraculous image of the Mother of God to the altar. Pilgrimages would then again take place, and the inhabitants be restored to their means of livelihood."

"But the miraculous image," I replied, "has been carried off by the French to Paris; or, as some assert, has eloped with the abbot into the Tyrol."

"Both are true," was the answer, "yet the Mother of God is still present at Einsiedeln."

"What! present in the Tyrol, at Paris, and at Einsiedeln, at one and the same time!" I exclaimed. "Convince me of the truth of this miracle, and no good Catholic shall henceforth believe more firmly in the omnipresence of the Blessed Virgin than I!"

Upon this they led me into a narrow sacristy, before an old, locked-up chest. They opened it, and I saw a row of dolls of exactly the same size, lying side by side, each with the same bright black face, as if blackened by the smoke of the eternal lamps. Each of these representatives of the Queen of Heaven wore a broad, full robe, which gave her a pyramidal shape; but each was decorated with different ornaments and jewels. I now learnt that the image of the Holy Virgin had to be presented for the worship of the people in a different costume every holiday; and that, in order to spare any trouble at her toilet, a number of dolls were kept ready dressed, and substituted, as convenient, one for another.

The destruction of altars and chapels of wood and stone cannot destroy or change the superstitions to which they minister. I allowed one of the miraculous images to be stuck up on my new altar, and the pilgrimages were soon renewed. There is a well-known proverb, "If you want an atheist, go to Rome." I now saw that miracles were nowhere less believed in than by those who lived by them. Strange to say, however, my tolerance met with

nothing but reproaches from the Catholic members of the Directory and Senate at Berne. Altar and image, however, retained their reputation, and pilgrimages continued in unbroken regularity.

## VAIN ENDEAVOURS.

I could not help, at that time, wishing myself a little gifted with ubiquity, in order to be able to be of some service in the endless difficulties that arose, and amid the ceaseless tumult of conflicting claims, events, and difficulties. Even then, indeed, I should hardly have been able to get on, without a magician's wand into the bargain. But a mere mortal, with limited knowledge and powers, bound by destiny, and fettered by its stern decrees, is seldom able to exert a very immediate or powerful influence on the destinies of others. I ought, indeed, to have been supported by numerous subordinate authorities; by vice-governors, councillors, magistrates, municipal officers, government agents, &c. But these were mostly entirely wanting, and had to be caught and appointed by me, before they could be made use of. Hindrances of every kind, which were not always to be got over, were thrown in my way at every step, as if by mischievous spells and conjurations. The old customs and prejudices of the people; the cowardice or rashness of the authorities; the sudden inroads of troops, and the arbitrary conduct of their leaders; the arrogance and obstinacy of bigoted priests or political faction-mongers; the neglect, or bad regulations of the government; and, above all, the total absence of resources for improvement; all these things occasioned me appalling and disheartening difficulties. Meanwhile, daily activity, the necessity of perpetual exertion, destructive and constructive, and hourly efforts in every direction, contributed to keep up my courage and spirits. Action is life, and benevolent action is the blessedest life. Amidst all difficulties and hindrances, I continued my course as gaily as ever a young man of eight-and-twenty, happy in the consciousness of unexhausted strength and a moderately good conscience could do. After a few weeks' exertions, I began to rejoice in the success of my efforts. Most of the authorities were reinstated; activity and rural intercourse was restored; the condition, wants, and means of the different districts were ascertained, and plans of improvement formed; when, suddenly, the whole work of healing was broken in upon, and every thing returned to inextricable confusion. Masséna's brilliant victory at Zürich had indeed preserved Eastern Switzerland; but Suwarow, with a Russian army, was approaching from Italy, by way of St. Gothard's, and overran with his troops the Urnerland, where Lecourbe was still idling in his intrenchments near Seedorf, and Loison had been driven back across the Alps into Unterwalden.

I was then at Schwyz, and I feared particularly that Suwarow's approach might occasion disturbances, perhaps rebellion, among the inhabitants of Unterwalden, whom I myself had armed. I was soon, however, agreeably surprised by the information, that the rural militia, which I had organised, had not only manned the heights and Alpine passes leading towards Uri, on the first news of the Russian invasion, and had made common cause with Loison's troops, but had undertaken the defence of all the ravines and mountain fastnesses against the enemy. Loison himself admired the fidelity of this people, who, only a year before, had fought with such fury against Schauenburg's brigades, and now, with total freedom from jealousy or animosity, afforded voluntary assistance to the French, in a moment of the greatest peril. Loison himself announced to me, at Schwyz, his astonishment and delight at this conduct in the people of Unterwalden. "*Ils nous appellent leurs amis, et ils viennent au devant de tout ce que je souhaite.*" He left Unterwalden a few days afterwards, to supply Lecourbe's place in Uri. Before departing, he offered his public and solemn thanks to the municipal council, and was moved, even to tears, in doing so.

As I have before said, I was now occupying Reding's forsaken house in Schwyz. On the morning of the 1st of October I awoke amidst the thunder of distant cannon and musket firing. Suwarow had advanced from Uri, over the lofty heights of Arenberg, and entered the Muolta valley, through which he was advancing upon Schwyz. Masséna, meanwhile, had approached to meet him during the night from the shores of the Zürich Lake. I threw myself hastily on horseback, partly to offer my services to the French commander, and partly to acquaint him with the intelligence I had received, that Lecourbe had landed with his grenadiers at the village of Brunnen, and was prepared to attack the enemy in the rear. My way was frequently impeded by wounded French and Russians from the battle-field, who came flying along, the former gaily shouting and singing, the latter howling and sobbing. All over the green meadows were scattered the flying soldiers of a dispersed brigade, who had flung away knapsacks and weapons in their haste. Masséna, the "spoiled child of Victory," had been torn from her arms by the grasp of Suwarow. I found the French general, bareheaded, with disordered dress, tearing his hair wildly with his hands; he was almost beside himself. He would scarcely listen to me, and galloped away with frenzied fury towards a retreating battalion. I was obliged to content myself with remaining an idle spectator of the bloody encounter, whilst I was protected from the Russian bullets by a peasant's hut, on the right shore of the Muolta.

The termination of the battle is well known. Lecourbe's appearance changed every thing. Like a dark swarm of bees, in stormy tumult and confusion, Suwarow's wild hordes retreated to the narrow gulf of the Muolta valley, followed by the French. Fourteen days afterwards the bodies were collected, and buried in the woods

and mountains, and the weapons found on the field of battle were sent to the arsenal of Lucerne. Two cannons, which the Russians had stationed in the churchyard of the parish of Muolta, I allowed that parish to keep, at the particular request of the inhabitants, as some small recompense for their terror and their loss. Molitor sent me some chests full of papers, belonging to the Austrian corps, for my inspection. These I committed to the flames.

The storm of battle had run its devastating course, and mine was the hard task to cure the wounds it had inflicted. "All my cares and efforts have again been rendered useless," I wrote to the Helvetic government. "I see no end to the inexpressible misery of these countries; but I will take courage and begin again. A wound is easier dealt than healed; a battle is an easier game than the restoration of that which it has destroyed."

Amid the multitude of labours which now crowded upon me, and which I cannot stop here to enumerate, my thoughts and efforts were directed, most anxiously of all, to the bestowing upon the people under my charge a better system of education, and a more active zeal for the improvement of their own condition by industry. By giving the people new occupations, I hoped to re-open the sources of general prosperity. The desire for money is the most powerful and universal lever by which a government can influence a needy people. I had found rich beds of turf unused in the neighbourhood of Einsiedeln and the Muolta valley. I endeavoured to persuade the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages to work these beds of turf, gave the necessary directions, and offered, on the part of the state, to make pecuniary advances for the purpose—all in vain! *They did not like that kind of work!* In the valley of Arth a bed of coal had been worked in former times, for the sake of the iron-works not far off. I pointed the attention of the wealthier inhabitants to the treasures of coal still untouched under their feet; I wrote to request the government to send surveyors and others to the spot—all in vain! The inhabitants took no notice; the government left me without assistance.

Agriculture was carried on with the greatest carelessness and improvidence in all the cantons. The scantiest cattle-pastures in the Italian highlands were used for the summer pasturage of sheep; whilst Switzerland, for want of wool, was obliged to send away immense sums every year to foreign countries for woollen cloth. I succeeded in finding men willing to undertake the establishment of a woollen manufacture; and the active minister, Reugger promised me the assistance of government. Preparations and arrangements were made—all in vain! No workmen were to be got for so novel a kind of labour.

The neglected system of education in the cantons had, during the last year, fallen into utter confusion. The turbulence of the times had rendered almost impossible the regular public education of youth. I ordered the re-opening of the winter schools in the dif-

ferent parishes; wrote, printed, and distributed, a set of directions for teachers; gave orders that the children of the very poorest should be clothed for nothing, that they also might have their share of education; invited clergymen, magistrates, and influential men, to assist and correspond with me, and never went past any of the numerous village schools, near which my perpetual walks and journeys led me, without entering, to encourage, to observe, and to advise. I had soon the satisfaction of finding, that many schools were visited by a larger number of scholars than they had ever seen before. In every district zealous men came forward, who voluntarily laboured for the promotion of so noble and sacred a cause. The greater number of the clergy, however, kept aloof; and I had reason to rejoice when they did not openly resist my innovations as dangerous to the established religion. The influential and far-spread order of the Capuchins resigned itself most peacefully, either from prudence or a sense of duty, to the new order of things; softened partly, perhaps, by gratitude for the protection and favour I had shown the brethren. By means of the worthy and prudent Father Gotthard of Zug, I succeeded in laming the mischievous activity of certain members of the order, by scattering them into different parishes and monasteries. I could not obtain so much power over the stiff-necked secular clergy, in whose eyes I was probably already as a heretic, the object of just hatred and animosity. The episcopal commissaries of Altdorf and Schwyz had forsaken their flocks in the most cowardly manner, totally regardless of their pastoral duties, on the first arrival of the French; and, on their return, they had shown the least possible activity for good purposes, and the greatest possible activity in promoting social discord. In the village of Spiringen a pastor preached to his peasants, that it was the impiety of the neighbouring village of Altdorf alone which had called down the wrath of Heaven, and the extremity of misery over the land; a declaration hardly necessary to arouse in the country people their old jealousy against the villagers of Altdorf, whose houses and property were now lying in ashes.* When the governor of the district, Rädle of Freiburg, a very good Catholic, wrote to reprimand this pastor for his want of charity, the episcopal commissary not only took the latter under his protection, and praised his conduct openly in the pulpit, but attacked the letter of the governor in the fiercest manner, with the most unworthy insults and calumnies. I mention these facts only to show the spirit then prevailing among the Catholic secular clergy.

* On the 5th of April, 1799, a dreadful fire consumed the whole beautiful village of Altdorf, with the exception of a few houses. A number of peasants from the neighbourhood crowded, out of curiosity, to the spot. But no one lent assistance in quenching the flames and saving the inhabitants; the whole work of charity was left to some French soldiers present by chance. The soldiers, disgusted by such brutal inhumanity, seized upon many of the peasants, and forced them by threats to share their exertions.

In the midst of all these difficulties and annoyances I, nevertheless, enjoyed a most unexpected pleasure, when, one day, I learnt the abiding-place of my friend, Aloys Reding, in a letter from him, demanding passports for himself and his family. He was living in banishment at Rorschach, on the Lake of Constance, when one day he learnt, by chance, that I was now at the head of the Waldstätten government, and that I had preserved the house of his fathers from destruction. I immediately sent him passports, and one evening, shortly after, as I returned to Schwyz, after a visit to the parish of Gothard, I found myself unexpectedly surrounded and welcomed, after our long separation, by my friend and his amiable family. It was a meeting full of tearful rejoicing. I was now regarded as a member of the family, and enjoyed the long untasted comforts of domestic life. Reding himself was appointed by government, on my application, President of the Board of Education, in order that, by an official appointment, he might be secured from the vindictive machinations of the French soldiery.

Throughout the country the misery and want of the people assumed, on the approach of winter, the most threatening aspect. Thousands were without food, shelter, or clothing. In vain 6000 francs were expended in purchasing a quantity of provisions, of the coarsest kind, for the use of the most destitute. The magazine at Lucerne was exhausted as fast as it was filled. In Einsiedeln and other districts dangerous diseases spread in consequence of want of nourishment. The continual encampments and marchings of large numbers of troops had occasioned a general scarcity of pasturage: the greatest of misfortunes in Alpine countries, which depend almost entirely on their flocks and herds. How can I name all the evils which were poured, at the same time, on the mountain districts? The moment seemed near, when entire villages and provinces must be forsaken by their inhabitants, in order that a scanty existence might be sought for elsewhere.

It was not easy to find means of help; but I did not despair. At the cost of the state, hay magazines were established for the use of the army, in order that the mountaineers might retain the little they had left, and provision was made for the wintering of some of their cattle in other cantons. The generals Masséna and Gudin allowed themselves to be persuaded by me to lessen the number of soldiers quartered on the poorer districts. And when the Helvetic government openly confessed to me the poverty of its finances, and its utter inability to stem the tide of want, I threw myself on the compassion of the whole nation, by public address. All the journals echoed my appeal.* The cry of despair resounded through Europe,

* It was printed in many thousand copies, and in all the public journals, under the title of "An Appeal for Suffering Humanity in the Canton of Waldstätten." The

and wherever Swiss were to be found, in Italy, Spain, or Germany, the appeal met with an answering echo in their hearts.

The pecuniary assistance received amounted, in all, only to 34,211 francs; but of far higher value were the contributions which streamed in upon me from all parts of Switzerland, consisting of provisions, woollen and linen cloth, male and female clothing for every age, bedding of all kinds, hemp, flax, and other useful articles. A humane merchant at Lucerne, Joseph Schindler, undertook the care of these contributions, and their distribution, under my direction. In each of the destitute districts I had appointed trustworthy men, to distribute the gifts among the country people. From their reports* I condensed the public accounts, which appeared in succession in different sheets. At their close, I wrote—"In the Waldstätten have I passed the sweetest and bitterest hours of my life. More than once have I shed tears of sorrow and of joy, at the sight of so much suffering and so much charity. Amidst the ruins of our once happy villages, I have learnt to know humanity, in all its loveliness and in all its horror."

I soon received a no less important assistance of another kind. The indefatigable Minister of the Interior, Reugger, gave the first impulse to it. In the cantons of Glarus and the Valais, as well as in Waldstätten, numerous households were now without means of nourishing and clothing their children. In the more fortunate districts of Switzerland, a number of charitable families offered to receive these children, and provide better nourishment and education for them. The canton of Solothurn, alone, offered to provide for 1012 unfortunate little ones. I collected more than a thousand of the most destitute, and distributed them among the cantons of Lucerne, Solothurn, Aargau, and Berne. On one day, 120 children from the districts of Schwyz and Einsiedeln, embarked with their guides at the village of Brunnen. It was a heart-rending spectacle, to see fathers and mothers parting from their weeping little ones, and, driven by the pressure of want, to abandon them to the doubtful care of strangers.

The joy of having contributed to this good work was soon embittered to me. From all sides I received complaints of the laziness and immorality of the children; of their habits of beggary, uncleanliness, mischief, lying, and gluttony, and even of their being addicted to stealing and other vices. Few, even of the oldest, could read and write. Their religion consisted of a thoughtless and soul-

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French papers also published it, and termed it a "*beau morceau d'une noble et simple éloquence*," but from France, whose government and whose warlike ambition, had occasioned the boundless misery I have described, came not a farthing for its relief.

* They forwarded the names and number of the needy households in their villages; and Schindler regulated according to these reports the distribution of his provisions. I thankfully commemorate here the names of the men to whose zeal and disinterestedness I was so much indebted. They were Aloys Reding in Schwyz, Pastor Buesinger in Stanz, Müller in Altdorf, Meinrad Ochsner in Einsiedeln, and Meyer in Audermatt.

less performance of church ceremonials. What an idea would these complaints give those who heard them of the much-praised innocence, piety, and purity, of the mountain districts!

It is needless to say how deep an impression these painful experiences made upon me. My office resembled a treadmill, on which the criminal walks from morning till night, without ever getting a step the forwarder. It was not for myself I lamented, but for the human race. Had I not met with so many single examples of virtue and wisdom, I should have lost my faith in humanity.

The last winter but one of the eighteenth century, came and passed away, for me, in incessant wandering about, and in incessant correspondence with Helvetic, French, and foreign officials. The general repose of the country was only once broken, and then in a manner so characteristic of that time and people, as to deserve notice here. In Unterwalden ob dem Wald, the villages situated in obscure corners of remote valleys refused to contribute to the payment of those national debts, which had been contracted by the parishes along the main road, in consequence of military requisitions and quarterings, and which fell particularly heavily on the principal town of Sarnen. Impelled by the jealousy and animosity always prevailing between the Swiss villages and the towns, the most desperate of the contumacious resolved upon "chastising" Sarnen for its demands; that is, upon burning and plundering it. The country people actually assembled in large numbers, and well-armed, for this purpose, on a hill covered with rural dwellings, on the western side of Sarnen. The day of attack was already fixed upon, when I, then absent in Uri, was informed of the danger by messengers. I set off immediately, and late in the evening I arrived at Sarnen, accompanied by some chasseurs. The watch-fires of the insurgents were already kindled on the distant hills. I called out the local militia, summoned a company of infantry from Lucerne, and sent to acquaint the insurgents with my arrival, and willingness to hear, without delay, a statement of their grievances. When, however, the messengers sent to them were ill-treated, and one of them returned with bleeding wounds, to announce that the insurgents were resolved to march upon Sarnen that night, or the following morning, I saw the necessity of repairing myself to the camp of the insurgents, to hinder further mischief. I went, accompanied by a few French chasseurs. It was a bright moonlight night, by the time we had climbed the first range of hills, leading our horses by their bridles. To my astonishment, the bands of insurgents crowded round their watch-fires now fled suddenly before us, without waiting for us to come up, and dispersed through woods, forests, and mountain-paths, to seek their several homes. Superstitious fear had seized them, at the sight of gleaming weapons and armed men on those mountain heights, where they had never seen any thing of the kind before. It had seemed to them like a supernatural appearance The

insurrection was at an end. The ringleaders had fled; the rest begged for pardon; and the debts of the communities were paid without any difficulty.

## POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

At the beginning of the spring of the year 1800, I had tolerably well fulfilled the object of my mission in the Waldstätten; the legal authorities were restored to their right position, peace, order, and general security of life and property was restored. The greater part of the French army was withdrawn from Switzerland to carry on the war in Germany. I could now, therefore, give myself up to an ease and freedom from care, to which I had long been a stranger. While I awaited my dismissal from the Executive Directory, I busied myself in finishing various undertakings, and in distributing my last farewell gifts, among others, a thousand copies of Becker's excellent *Rath und Hulfs Buchlein.* The government had allowed me to give away these books as prizes to the most industrious children at the national schools, in the hope of thus scattering the seeds of a more liberal knowledge. Vain hope! All was frustrated by the priesthood, who, as soon as I left the Waldstätten, began to discover traces of heresy and irreligion in the work. They forced every family to give up the "impious book," and as Aloys Reding mournfully informed me, they undid every thing that had been done for the improvement of education and the people.

I spent the greater part of the spring with my dear friends, the Redings, in Schwyz; I again began to philosophise and scribble poetry; I visited, with Reding, the battle fields where he had fought victoriously at the head of his people against the French. I collected materials for a history of the mountain and forest cantons, I talked over with Reding my hopes for his country's future destiny, and discussed with him the means of obtaining for Switzerland a secure, worthy, and independent position among her powerful neighbours.

The freedom and independence of Switzerland, in this we were both agreed,—was to be hoped for neither from the strength and courage of her people, nor from the justice and integrity of her neighbours, but from the judicious balance of their wants and interests. The incorporation of Switzerland with France or Austria would expose the country to which it was united, to a mortal danger in time of war, and the insidious effects of a fermenting poison in time of peace. The amalgamation of Switzerland into a monarchy would establish the most miserable and insecure throne in the world, amidst violence and turbulence at home, and animosity and jealousy abroad. But we were also convinced that Switzerland required for her own internal security, as well as for the peace of her neighbours, a wisely arranged Confederate Union, neither an unnatural forced union, like

that brought about by French bayonets, nor one patched together by accident like that of former times. Both would be now totally unmaintainable; both would restrain the free development of social progress; both would fail to secure to neighbouring states the faithful neutrality of Switzerland, in case of wars among themselves. Reding and I were convinced that the free self-government of each canton, with the general supremacy of a strong central federal authority, alone could secure a peaceful and happy future for Switzerland. This conviction, from which Reding indeed afterwards somewhat drew back, was then as firmly fixed in me as it still is, in spite of all the changes in the national constitution, which have since taken place, without bringing it about. The irreconcilable party-spirit of the democrats and aristocrats, the so-called unitarians and federalists, have perpetually hindered Switzerland from becoming what she is so well adapted to be, the surest fortress of freedom, and the firm partition wall between the great powers of Europe. Yet I doubt not that the advance of civilisation will gradually bring about a more intimate union of the various Swiss nations, and a clearer unity into this confused federalism; just as certainly as the advance of civilisation will ultimately destroy the unity of the enormous British or Russian empires, and split them up into a number of separate states.

The first considerable blow received by the yet infantine constitution of the Helvetic Republic, was the abolition of the Executive Directory by the legislative council, and the appointment in its place of an Executive Committee, and a commission for the improvement of the fundamental laws of the state. This induced me to promulgate my own views, as to the best constitution for Switzerland. I was generally considered a decided unitarian, and had become no less through experience and knowledge of the people.

I shall, perhaps, most faithfully represent the political elements which at that time surrounded me, by fragments from some letters written by me to different friends or correspondents, which have since fallen again into my hands, or been printed by their receivers. Even before the above-mentioned change of government, I had expressed my opinions in an address to the Helvetic senate, on occasion of sending the first account of the voluntary taxes collected for the people of the Waldstätten. "One blessing," I wrote, "the people of the Waldstätten have never lost their undying love of freedom. Neither the bayonets of the French nor of the Russians have been able to destroy that spirit, any more than the blood-stained and unnatural constitution manufactured for them by the French, has been able to inspire them with confidence. Citizen senators, yours may it be, to save the unhappy countries of the Waldstätten. Bestow upon the people an improved constitution, full of simplicity, energy, and freedom, which will enable every Swiss to feel himself a Swiss, and you will have saved your country. Every day of delay is a day of loss."

I expressed myself more distinctly in private letters to influential

members of the senate. "The population of the formerly democratic cantons," I wrote to Senator Krauer of Lucerne, "desire peace above all things. What would be most welcome to them, would be a federal constitution, resembling that of the North American United States, whereby they would be left to appoint their own local government, and would decide their own laws by representative assemblies. Concerning the central government they would then care little, so long as it was strong enough to protect them, and honest enough to let them alone. Should a general peace call the French out of Switzerland before we have obtained a constitution approved of by the people, I foresee that the rising of one canton will draw after it that of all the rest, and the people will struggle to do for themselves, that which their legislators might now prevent much evil by doing for them."

To another member of the senate I wrote: "A new constitution can only be rendered durable either by partiality and confidence in its founder, such as the Spartans felt in Lycurgus, or by the powerful ties of custom, or the secure foundation of real and general conviction of its equity. Upon *custom* we must now no longer calculate in Helvetia; upon partiality to its rulers still less.

"But the safest foundation for every, and above all, for a Republican constitution, is to be found in that attachment of the people to its principles, which arises only from a conviction of their truth and justice. It will be said, the people is yet too ignorant, and we must legislate not for what it is, but for what it ought to be. But the truth is, we are required at present, above all things to legislate for the people as it really is. Such was the system of the great law-givers of antiquity, and they were more fortunate in their labours than we. Moses and Lycurgus, Solon and Numa, Peter and Frederick the Great, entered into the ideas and prejudices of those around them, and attained their object.

"Let the future constitution of Switzerland be as democratic as it can possibly be made, *consistently with the unity and strength of the whole*; and above all, whatever the people *can* do for themselves *let* them do."

## MARCH INTO ITALIAN SWITZERLAND.

New and extraordinary fortunes were now preparing for all parts of the world. Napoleon Bonaparte had reached Egypt, as if by miracle, and had returned thence as if by miracle; he had become the First Consul of the French Republic, and was preparing for the reconquest of Italy.

The Helvetic government appointed me Government Commissary in the Valais, that I might do for that canton, as far as possible, exactly what I had done for the Waldstätten; I was also to accompany the First Consul and his army across the St. Bernard's mountain. But I had already promised the Reding family to spend the summer

in happy leisure with them. I declined, therefore, the appointment, I cared little for the honour of passing a few days in official intercourse with the greatest general of the day. Some might have been attracted by the prospect of becoming acquainted with his voice and looks, or, at least, with his coat and hat; I would not have opened my window to do so. I enjoyed more the privilege of roaming with Aloys Reding through the beautiful valleys of Schwyz, or of singing to the accompaniment of his flute, or spending merry days with him, in the pleasant month of May, far away from the dreary tumult of the world, in his own solitary hermitage among the Rigi mountains. But the joys of that joyous time were hastening to an end.

One day an adjutant of General Moncey visited me to invite me to a conference with the latter at Lucerne. On my asking "Why?" I learnt that the Executive Committee had appointed me the Government Commissary for Italian Switzerland, and that I was to accompany the general, who was about to enter Lombardy with an army of 20,000 men. I hastened to Lucerne. I believed that the general must be in error, for I had received no summons of the kind from Berne, and I was by no means inclined to obey any such. Moncey, however, proved the correctness of his information by some letters which he showed me. He entreated me to accompany him on his march, and opposed my excuses with a vehement eloquence which made me waver. "Strange," said he, "that a Frenchman like me must entreat a *Swiss* to become the protector of his countrymen against the evils inseparable from the march of an army. I am about to set out for Italy. Your government has no time to appoint another in your place. Before they could possibly make a decision I shall be on the Milanese frontiers. I therefore entreat you to consent. In truth, it is not for the sake of *my* people that I entreat you; they can shift for themselves, and may get on as best they may. No; it is for your own fellow-citizens that I am anxious; I desire that they may have some authorized protector and guardian during the presence of a foreign army. Can you be more careless of the sufferings of your own country-people than I, a stranger?"

I thought of the unhappy and much-tormented Uri, and saw in the present summons one more opportunity, perhaps the last I should ever obtain, of rendering that country a service. I gave my consent; the general embraced me, and promised the strictest discipline and all possible forbearance towards those districts through which the army should pass. He did not break his word. Moncey, afterwards the Duke of Conegliano, was a man of uncommonly noble appearance, and of no less noble disposition. I felt myself truly honoured by his regard, and have ever retained the highest respect for him.

The day before my departure, I received from Berne the appointment which had been ready seven days before. My faithful pupil and secretary, young Deuz, and an intelligent young citizen of Schwyz, named Aufdermaur, with whom I had become acquainted at

Reding's house, accompanied me. The latter, born in Naples, and early accustomed to the tumult of a great town, was tormented by *ennui* in the delicious rural seclusion of his Swiss home, and followed me as a volunteer. His animation and good humour, although not unmixed with levity and frivolity, were agreeable to me. I also found him of great use on account of his military knowledge and his intimate acquaintance with the Italian language. We hastened to join the advanced guard, which was already crossing St. Gothard. Around us, in the mountains, murmured the thunder of distant *lawines*. The St. Gothard's road resembled a high wall of snow, and was in many places dangerous for man and beast. General Moncey awaited me in the parsonage at Airolo. I found him in despair. He did not dare delay an hour in marching for Italy, yet neither his ammunition nor his provisions had yet arrived. Both lay behind us, in the magazines on the other side of St. Gothard. The Helvetic government had promised him for their transport, 1500 horses, and he had as yet received only 212. There was no help for it, but to have the ammunition and provisions carried on human backs. He gave me 6000 livres, which, judiciously distributed among the country people on both sides of St. Gothard, procured their assistance for the transport; and long processions of men and women dragged the stores across the mountain. Bad roads, stormy weather, and continual showers, rendered the course of the army very slow. Personal exertions such as were then required of us all, I have never experienced before or since. Everywhere was want and discontent. The soldiers were forced by the want of common necessaries, to live at the cost of a land already miserably impoverished by Austrian and Russian extortion. They took all they could find, and left behind them hunger and despair. In vain Moncey, at my entreaty, placed guards along the road, that none might absent himself from the main body for the sake of plunder. The other generals were very negligent in enforcing his orders, and found it very difficult to obtain obedience for their own. Food, shoes, clothing, every thing was stolen, and thousands were rendered destitute. Every day the following provisions were required for 20,000 men; 21,600 rations of bread; 21,500 rations of rice; 1500 rations of hay, and twenty head of cattle. Very frequently 21,600 rations of wine, 16,000 rations of salt, and 3000 pairs of shoes were likewise required.

Sometimes I marched on several miles in advance, sometimes several miles back again, to afford protection and assistance. Incessantly surrounded and stormed by adjutants, generals, commissaries, magazine-controllers, complaining parish-elders, and country people, I spent day and night amid perpetual dispute and noise, amid endless threats and entreaties. The commanders of the troops accused me of disaffection and aristocratic hatred of the French, which is no uncommon feeling among the Swiss; and the more firmly Moncey continued his favour and support, the more they grumbled.

I may here mention one instance of Moncey's constant justice. On the thirtieth of May, he hastily dispatched a joyful note to me in his own hand to inform me of the first conquest he had made, which consisted in the capture of 600 sheep and sixty cows, which he believed to belong to the enemy. Very soon after came, however, the wailing possessors of these flocks and herds, which they now saw themselves about to lose for ever. As soon as the possessors proved themselves to be Swiss, Moncey immediately ordered the cattle to be restored to them.

The army slowly advanced, day by day. Except a light skirmish on the bridge of the Moesa, they met with no hostile resistance. I breathed more freely when I saw the last masses of the army disappear across the frontiers of Lombardy. I now stood alone on the shores of the Tessino, in a country totally strange to me. I was here, as in Waldstätten, to introduce order into the political chaos, and to re-form every thing according to the Helvetic laws. I knew neither the people nor the country; neither their manners, customs, wants, prejudices, or past history. Everywhere I saw the sad memorials of the devastating passages of French, Austrian, and Russian armies. Nor was there as yet any security against the repetition of the very same torments and miseries. The hope of peace, depended solely on the issue of the Italian battles of Bonaparte and Melas.

## FORMER EVENTS.

To understand and improve the present, which now surrounded me, it was necessary to become acquainted with the past from which it sprung. On that account I will hastily represent here the condition of the valleys of the Ticino before my arrival.

Let the reader imagine a nation morally brutallised and enslaved by its *Landvögte;* a nation hot-blooded but wanting in energy; fond of luxury but not of work; without perseverance or constancy; rash without courage; boastful yet servile; cunning yet imprudent; passionate in love and hatred; ostentatious in public, but sluttish in private. Imagine such a people when their old yoke was suddenly broken by the Swiss revolution. Instead of freedom, licentious anarchy was desired. The people split into parties. The great question was, whether to join the New Helvetic or the New Cisalpine Republic? The greater part of the population attracted by long habit, or impelled by hatred of the Lombardese, desired union with Switzerland. The pretended enthusiasts for freedom, privately supported by members of the Cisalpine Directory, clamoured for union with Cisalpinia. These called themselves "patriots," and their argument was: "Switzerland can give us only stones; Cisalpinia can give us bread and wine!"

Active measures were soon adopted. The "patriots," unable to make an impression by tracts and pamphlets, paid, clothed, and

armed some idle vagabonds from the Milanese territory, and attacked Lugano on the night of the 14th of February, 1798. The inhabitants of Lugano rose, and drove back the *Briganti*. There were killed and wounded on both sides. A still bloodier skirmish took place between the contending parties, at Mendrisio. The inhabitants, overpowered by the victorious patriots, were compelled by extortions, forced requisitions, and other acts of violence, to declare themselves in favour of the Cisalpine interest, until they were again delivered from the yoke of the patriots by the inhabitants of Lugano.

The people now addressed their complaints to General Berthier, who sent the General Chevalier to collect the real opinions of the people, and learn whether they were inclined to the Helvetic or Cisalpine Republic. Both to him and to General Brune, who was afterwards sent on the same errand, the answer of the majority of the people was: "We are Swiss, and Swiss we will remain." The Bailiwics on the Tessino were consequently incorporated with the Helvetic Republic, and formed two cantons, Lugano and Bellinzona. The vengeance of the victorious party now directed itself against the originators of the disturbances. The patriots saw that their cause was lost; they judiciously implored the protection of the Helvetic Republic, and received a general amnesty.

The people, disappointed in the hope of seeing the Cisalpine party punished, witnessed with silent wrath, their free return to the soil which they had reddened with the blood of its children. Fear of the patriots, and discontent against the government, rose yet higher, when revolutionary measures were adopted in Switzerland, a number of unwise regulations passed concerning military conscriptions, church processions, and other matters, when several popular magistrates were displaced, and their places filled with the hated patriots or their friends. The Cisalpine party, cunning and shrewd, now pretended zeal for freedom and Helvetia, and stigmatised their opponents as aristocrats and partisans of Austria. In Lugano, a military tribunal was established, with the power of executing within twenty-four hours those whom it condemned. This tribunal, whose members chiefly belonged to the hated "patriotic party," excited universal terror by its name and nature, but not yet by its conduct.

New disturbances began. The French, defeated in Italy, were in full retreat. The inhabitants of the valleys rose on every side. The arrival of a few fugitive Cisalpine soldiers at Lugano, occasioned universal preparations for defence. The governor, Cafra, forced by turbulent citizens and peasants, was obliged to order Major Stoppani to open the arsenal. Stoppani was immediately shot by the raging populace; the military of the Cisalpine party were disarmed and taken prisoners, and the houses of their leaders plundered. Many of the Cisalpine citizens fled; others were thrown into prison.

The appearance of a French half-brigade, which landed on the

shore of the Lugano lake in retreat, interrupted for a short time the excesses of the revengeful peasantry. Many of the Cisalpine party were released. But scarcely had the French soldiers disappeared, when the ringing of the alarm bells summoned the people to fresh disturbances. Armed peasants streamed in from all the mountains and valleys of the districts near Lugano, uttering shouts of vengeance against patriots, Jacobins, and Cisalpinians. Three of these, who had had the courage to remain behind, were dragged by the furious mob to the tree of liberty, and there shot with muskets, while a rascal from the Val d'Agno, who had been banished by a former *Landvogt*, sprang forth from the midst of the mob, and cleft with his axe the head of the young advocate, Papi.

Soon afterwards followed the invasion of the Austrian troops. Peace was once more restored; but now one district separated itself from another, until, from the frontiers of Lombardy to St. Gothard, the whole country was broken up into eight or nine little free states, which, unconnected with each other, governed themselves by self-elected rulers, and quarrelled incessantly with each other concerning tolls, turnpikes, &c. The Imperial Austrian Government Commissary, Count Cocastelli, satisfied himself with reimposing a tax discontinued by the Helvetic government, and allowed the people, in other matters, to govern themselves as they pleased.

Such was the condition in which I found this part of Switzerland on my arrival. Lovely as these valleys, this Italian sky, and the rich luxuriance of these southern landscapes must appear to a son of the North, it could not be easy for him to overlook in his admiration of these the corruption and degradation of every thing human around him, the result of a bad religion and a bad government. Let no one, however, attribute the guilt of this corruption to the glowing sky and climate. The soil of Italy bore once an iron-hearted Rome, before it became infected with the pestilential breath of sensuality, and bore only the plague-boils of despotism; the soil of Greece bore an Athens, a Sparta, and a Corinth, before it brought forth only slaves and tyrants.

## MISERY ON EVERY SIDE.

All the foregoing events, their origin and connexion, as well as the anarchy in which they had terminated, and the furious hostility of the contending parties were as little known to the Executive Committee at Berne as to me. As soon as I had announced in a proclamation, my principles and wishes, and the object of my arrival, the Helvetic plenipotentiary began to be regarded with very various hopes and fears. With anxious eagerness it was everywhere inquired, "To which political party does he belong?" The interests of both, however, were indifferent to me, and it was my duty to let them remain so. As I stood impartial amidst contending factions, I was soon annoyed, first by the importunate advice of all the factious

leaders, and afterwards by their mistrust and discontent. It was the noisy "patriots" who first became troublesome, and, strangely enough. I now laboured under the odium of being an aristocrat and a partisan of Austria. Some French generals first fastened these epithets upon me. Originating in their head-quarters and gossip-meetings, the calumnious report spread among the common soldiers, and was circulated by them among the people. The rumour was strengthened by the circumstance, that on my first arrival at Lugano, the municipality accidentally or purposely, lodged me in the house of the postmaster, Pietro Rossi, one of the most active chiefs of the aristocratic party. But what most of all seemed to excite the fury of the patriots was, that I would only protect them from persecution, and would not allow them to persecute in return.

My situation was, from the first, very uneasy in another respect. The Helvetic Executive Committee, which knew nothing whatever of persons and events in Italian Switzerland, except what my dispatches acquainted them with, required me to act strictly according to their particular orders in every thing. But amidst the perpetual change of circumstances, wants, and emergencies, I saw myself forced, either to expose myself to punishment, by acting without orders on my own responsibility, or to increase the general confusion and anarchy by strict obedience to injudicious orders. On this account I earnestly and repeatedly requested either dismissal or increase of powers. "When my country is threatened by danger," I wrote, "I feel it to be a duty and a necessity to do what I can to avert that danger. I cannot possibly foresee all the changes and emergencies of the future, and just as impossible is it always to await orders from Berne amidst the constant pressure of events. Perhaps, however, it may be easy for you to appoint a more skilful ruler in my place, whose energy of mind may master these various difficulties." When, however, neither dismissal nor increase of powers were sent me, I determined to assume the power I required at my own responsibility without further delay, and contented myself with sending faithful reports of my proceedings to Berne.

I had been commanded above all things, to bring about the speedy reorganisation of the two cantons. This order sufficed to show me the ignorance and incapacity of the Executive Committee. It was totally impossible to obey such an order, so long as the fate of Lombardy remained undecided, while quarterings, marchings, and encampments of large bodies of troops, the pressure of their support, the tumult of contending factions, and a thousand similar evils, kept the country in a constant ferment. The former magistrates and officials of the country refused to occupy their posts during such a universal insecurity of public affairs. They had become the victims of their zeal, had been left without remuneration by government, and were now obliged to think of saving the remainder of their shattered fortunes. I wished to appoint other capable men in their stead, but knew not where to look for such. I came, indeed, into contact with many useful persons, but they were

most of them pledged to one or the other party, and bound to prefer the interests of their political partisans to those of the state and people. The impartial and peace-loving were very few, and withdrew themselves more and more into the back-ground. I determined, however, to seek and find them.*

I formed a Government Commission of able and experienced men, and made these, with myself at their head, the temporary federal government of this confused knot of petty states. I thus gained time to examine more accurately the internal condition of the country, and prepare my future remedies. This plan of leaving untouched, for the present, the old and accustomed, and yet renewing the bond of union for the benefit of all, had a quieting effect on the mass of the people, and the confidence of the nation in my good will, opened a more favourable field of action to my activity.

I soon found that another and a mightier power than mine was at work in the field; that of the clergy. I had already learnt to know the extent of their influence in the forest cantons. The foundation of their greatness in Switzerland as in the other Catholic countries of Europe, has always been the spiritual bondage of rulers and subjects. Centuries have strengthened this foundation; it must require centuries to substitute for it any nobler basis. Wherever the State subsists within the Church, and the altar is higher than the temporal throne, the power of the State will belong to the priesthood, whose keys of life and death, full of mysterious terrors, will hang like the sword of Damocles over the heads of the people and their rulers. Wherever Church and state enjoy equality of rights, and there is a tolerable peace between them, the temporal government may be at least half the master of its people. Yet the perpetual struggle between states and churches proves how indefinite are the boundaries of their authority. The freedom of the ruler and the freedom of the people can only begin where liberty of conscience supplies the place of an established religion.

In spite of these heretical views of mine, I did not dare to throw the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of my rival, the Church. To gain over the people, it was necessary to conciliate the clergy. In former times, indeed, a *Landvogt* could make the whole shore of the Tessino tremble by lifting up his finger. His sergeants had, by custom, an authority equal to that of an army. But that mysterious and invisible "divinity" which was wont to "hedge" round great and little majesties, had vanished in the tempest of revolution. And since I, without money and without troops, had to restore an ignorant people from anarchy to order, without force, and yet without delay, a league with the clergy appeared to me a means not to be despised. The numerous priesthood were subject to the Archbishop Filippo Visconti, and to the Bishop of Como, Carlo Novelli. In vain I exerted myself to obtain the favour of these clerical princes.

* All these difficulties at last made an impression even on the Helvetic government, and compelled them to defer the reorganisation of the two cantons till the autumn.

Both the secular and monastic clergy were at that time distinguished, with a few remarkable exceptions, by a total want of education and refinement; they spent their time chiefly at public-houses, gaming-tables, and pleasure parties—a state of things which I have never observed in German Switzerland. They were satisfied with the mechanical performance of their church-services, the better among them occasionally giving the boys of their village instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The girls were generally left totally uneducated, instruction being considered useless and dangerous for them. The pastors were mostly very scantily remunerated; even the convents were poor. The poverty of the village clergy was increased by the circumstance, that when troops passed through the country, soldiers and officers were always anxious to quarter themselves upon them, hoping for better accommodation than in the squalid dwellings of the peasantry. When the pastors were unable to entertain their guests in the manner expected by them, explosions of anger frequently followed, which occasioned the destruction of every thing breakable and tearable in the house. One day, in broad daylight, a poor village pastor of Lumino came to implore my compassion and protection in a pitiable case of this kind. He had performed the journey in very bad weather, in a torn, flowered cotton dressing-gown, tattered trousers, and a round felt hat, borrowed from a peasant.

Although I did all in my power for the protection of the clergy, and in order to ward off the suspicion of heresy, was a punctual attendant at church, I could not conciliate them. In the environs of Lugano resistance to the Helvetic Republic was openly preached from the pulpit; and even during the presence of the French troops, prayers were put up in the churches, by episcopal order, for the blessing of the Lord of Hosts on the arms of Austria. This last act of defiance was, indeed, discontinued on my application to the bishop and archbishop. But though the lips were silenced, the prayers of the heart could not be countermanded by episcopal decrees.

I soon saw myself compelled to turn to account even the sins of the Helvetic government. The new legislators of Switzerland, all on fire for freedom and equality, had committed the injustice of abolishing tithes and church-rates, without appointing any substitute. The clergy had thus fallen into the lowest poverty and destitution. The Austrian Count Cocastelli, my predecessor, had repealed the law of abolition, and restored the clergy to their rights, but it was a very critical thing for me to do any thing which Count Cocastelli had done. Yet I determined to imitate his example, although the Executive Committee had given me no permission. I found some justification in the circumstance, that the Helvetic constitution had not been formally re-established in Italian Switzerland. The announcement of my intention to restore the laws of tithes, worked like a magic spell. Everywhere quiet was restored. The pastors in all the villages saw themselves out of danger, and prayed

every where for peace and order. What I had vainly endeavoured to accomplish for public order was now fulfilled by episcopal decrees, and I suddenly saw myself dignified by the title of "*Protettore della Religione Cattolica.*"

## PARTY WARFARE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

When the fate of Italy appeared for the present decided on the plains of Marengo, by the good fortune of Bonaparte, I determined to set myself boldly against the perpetual party warfare, productive of so much mischief in Italian Switzerland. I could not enforce reconciliation, but cessation from open disturbances of the public peace I could at least command. I declared loudly enough, but in vain, my detestation of the malice, injustice, and violence, of both factions; I was hated and feared by both parties, and accused by them, secretly and openly, of Helvetic, French, and Austrian partialities; the one party called me a revolutionist, and the other a secret agent of Austria, or a paid tool of England. At Milan, certain Swiss, hostile to me, and some French generals out of Moncey's corps, persuaded the young Cisalpine government to regard me as a sordid dependent of Austria. Discontented Luganese patriots printed there in French and Italian, a "*Compendio storico degli avvenimenti seguiti in Lugano, dall 'epoca della proclamazione della libertà, sino al presente,*" wherein I was represented as the protector "*Degli scelleraggini e degli orrori.*" On the other hand, the journals of the aristocratic party delighted to exhibit me as a "ranting Jacobin," who had seduced even the "honest mountaineers of Schwyz and Unterwalden." No less violent was the language of the well-known Haller, who termed me a "mere vagabond, a runaway Prussian, full of revolutionary fanaticism."

In the revolting strife with the fury and cunning of these factions, restless vigilance and promptitude of action could alone afford any chance of success. Fortunately each party betrayed to me the schemes of the other. I often received anonymous letters, threatening me with assassination; but to these I paid no attention. In spite of the warnings and entreaties of my faithful friends, Deuz and Aufdermaur, I never took a military escort with me on my journeys. He who betrays no fear, is himself feared by cowards.

As both parties continued to besiege me with their opposite complaints, and to demand indemnification for the losses they had sustained from the violence of the opposite faction, I proclaimed a renewed amnesty, from the Helvetic government, for all past political offences. The possibility of enforcing it on the banks of the Tessino was doubted, for here all kinds of social crimes, robbery, murder, and every species of violence, were mixed up with political offences. The tribunals and magistrates of the different little communities were also very unwilling to restore the sequestered estates of many

of the obnoxious "patriots," and to break off their trials, in which already a considerable pile of papers had been amassed. I ordered these papers to be brought to Lugano for my inspection; they filled several large chests. In order to cut the Gordian knot at once, I had them all packed up and sent away to Berne, where they were buried, I trust for ever, in the archives of the senate. Thus the thread of legal persecution was broken at once. The different families returned to their estates. But this did not satisfy the patriots. They demanded vengeance on their persecutors, the provisionary rulers. I answered that no government could ever be answerable to any other power than that from which it had received its own. But while I was thus taking under my protection the former authorities of the state, in spite of the past tyranny of which they had, no doubt, been guilty, they, on the other hand, resisted my orders, as to the repeal of the sequestrations; the magistrates at Mendrisio were the most obstinate in their resistance. My threats to displace them, if they resisted any longer, and their own fears of seeing their posts occupied by their enemies, soon drove them to obedience. The despotic tones and gestures of a feudal *Landvogt*, were very difficult for a good republican like me to assume; yet I found them necessary here. Those accustomed to the yoke of despotism, bow more willingly before it than before the majesty of justice.

I will give here one anecdote, characteristic of the time and people with whom I had to deal. One day, a lady of good family in Lugano demanded audience. I ordered her to be admitted. A slender, youthful figure entered the room, clothed in deep mourning, from head to foot, and enveloped in a long black veil. Through this woven darkness, I perceived a beautiful female face, about twenty years of age. Before I could address a word of welcome to the fair Queen of night, she threw herself at my feet, and, raising her clasped hands, cried with wild vehemence: "*Vendetta! Vendetta!*" It was long before I could induce her to explain her meaning with any degree of coherence. I then discovered that she was the sister of Papi, the advocate, who had been murdered by the notorious criminal, Curti, under the tree of liberty. This daring bandit had again shown himself on Swiss ground, attracted partly by the persuasions of his partisans, and partly by the report of my aristocratic tendencies. Never, however, has female beauty appeared so horrible to me, as that of this lovely young fury. I dismissed her, and requested her to send her male relatives to me.

To leave unpunished a murder like this, however, would have been to encourage every villain to do the same, in every hour of victorious anarchy. I ordered the commandant of the Helvetic company, Rüttiman, of Lucerne, to bring the murderer before me, alive or dead. One stormy night, that gallant officer surrounded with soldiers the house of Curti, in the Val d'Agno. In spite of the most undeniable traces of the man's presence, his wife swore, by God and all the saints, that he whom they sought had never re-

turned from Lombardy. The murderer had, meantime, concealed himself under the roof of the hut. Discovered there by one of the soldiers, he sprang down, and was about to fly, when he was betrayed by the lightning. Six musket-shots stretched him on the ground. He was badly wounded. His wife, with a sudden change of feeling, now lamented that he had not been killed, and actually refused her old linen for the binding of his wounds! The soldiers were obliged to tear up a bed cover for the purpose, whilst his Megara of a wife cried: "Let the carrion bleed to death! My own life is no longer safe for him!"

The criminal was brought before the tribunal. By way of ending this little history, I shall only remark, that the bandit recovered from his wounds, and that, after I left the Italian cantons, he escaped from prison, nobody knew how. He reached Italy in safety.

While I was rendering it difficult, or impossible, for the political fanatics to continue their mischievous activity in their native country, they continued their machinations with better success on Cisalpinian ground. Here the patriotic heroes represented themselves to the French commanders and Cisalpine authorities, as persecuted friends of the French and Cisalpine interest. They watched, with malicious vigilance, their fellow-citizens of the opposite party who crossed the Swiss frontiers, on trading or other business. They procured their arrest upon all kinds of pretences; or they accused them of having encouraged the peasants to resistance, during the passing of the French troops; or they extorted sums of money from them; or committed acts of violence against them, with the connivance of the police of Milan. I cannot stop here to relate more circumstantially their persecutions. I was fortunate enough to deliver many an innocent father and husband from the hands of the revengeful fanatics. I addressed letters to the French generals, Hullin, Bethecourt, and Soult, who afforded me generous assistance in my exertions; and upon my representing the state of the case to General Brune, the successor of Masséna in the supreme command of the Italian army, he promised to insure, and soon did in reality guarantee, the personal security of the Swiss upon Italian ground. When the malecontents saw their mischievous powers thus crippled, they began to stir up the French officers to demand indemnification for the loss of the baggage belonging to the 44th brigade, which had been betrayed to the Austrians the year before by some Luganese peasants. But this attempt, also, fell to the ground.

## FRENCH ALCHYMY.

Almost all the troubles with which the poor people of Tessino were visited, troubles which I must necessarily feel as my own, none went more to my heart than the remorseless cruelties prac-

tised towards these districts by French authorities, with the single object of extorting gold—especially whilst Masséna held the chief command.

The Swiss valleys along the Tessino are obliged, by their position, to receive from Italy the greatest part, or the whole, of their corn and salt.* From the first advance of the French over Mount St. Bernard and Mount Gothard towards Italy, the trade and the post connexion between Lombardy and Switzerland were broken up. Soon after the entry of the French into Milan, I applied to them by order of government, partly to effect the re-establishment of the interrupted trade, partly the restoration of the men, horses, and vehicles, lent to the First Consul and his lieutenant-general, for the transport of munition over the Alps. I was also commissioned to demand from Moncey payment of the money which he owed in Switzerland, for the purchase of cattle and other necessaries of life for his troops, and which he had promised to pay immediately after his entrance into Lombardy.†

I arrived in Milan four days after the battle of Marengo; a suspension of arms was agreed on, and the First Consul was lodged in the archducal palace. Every thing seemed promising. At my appearance, however, Moncey shrugged his shoulders with an air of concern. "The First Consul," said he, "has promised me large sums of money, but has not yet assigned them to me. I am at present subject to his absolute control, and dare do nothing on my own responsibility. Concerning the salt and corn trade, you must address yourself to the counsellor of state, Petiet, with whom I will forward your wishes to the best of my ability. Concerning the granting the means of transport, I strongly advise you to apply immediately to the First Consul. I had just intended to go to him, and will inform him of your arrival; I have no doubt that he will give you audience to-day. Or would you prefer allowing me to manage the matter with him? I would willingly do so, and assuredly would do my best in your cause."

After a moment's indecision, I considered that prudence demanded I should show a thorough confidence by consenting to the last proposal. "Well, general," said I, "you will redeem every promise which I received from you in Lucerne, and in the absence of which I should not have remained with you. You possess in the highest degree the esteem of the First Consul. The business is as much yours as mine, and you will certainly be able more easily to attain the object."

Immediately after this conversation, Moncey repaired to the First Consul; but the answer with which he returned, was very similar to that which a gay, aristocratic cavalier is accustomed to make to one of the *canaille*, when he is applied to for payment of his debts.

* At that time about 6000 malters (a malter—half a cord) of corn, maize, &c., were consumed there every month.

† The money amounted to 50,000 francs.

"I thought," returned Bonaparte, "that the release of the Swiss cantons from enemies, and the re-established communication with Italy, might well have overbalanced some sacrifices to the army. Say to the Helvetic Commissary,—'We have come tumbling down from the Alps like so many madmen (*pêle-mêle, comme les fous*), have been fighting, and will have to fight again; at present, we must think only of the enemy; by and by, we can settle with the Swiss.'"

In announcing this termination of the affair to the Executive Committee at Berne, I remarked, "Our connexion with France is such, that feeble as we are, we only aggravate the evil by anger, and make ourselves the more despicable by eternal complaints. They point to the exertions and sacrifices of Genoa and Holland—they feed us with flattering hopes; at last, however, they favour our interests only in so far as they are connected with those of France."

The most pressing necessity of the moment—the restoration of the imports of corn and salt into Switzerland—was completely satisfied, owing to Moncey's active assistance. The State-Counsellor Petiet complied with my wishes; Marliani, President of the Municipal Administration of Milan, freely and cordially co-operated with me. I appointed to the head of affairs an expert and active man, living in Milan, and hastened, but half-contented, back to Lugano.

But even this half-content was of short duration; for when the First Consul, on returning to Paris, gave the command of the Italian army to Masséna, he (Masséna) immediately restrained the importation of corn, and finally stopped it entirely. At length, after much negotiation, he granted it; but merely as a favour and in single instances, in the shape of import licences to be written by him alone; and then only under the restriction of a duty of five francs on every sack of corn or pulse. By and by he even raised this tax. Then, in order to increase the payment, and at the same time to prevent smuggling, he quartered French and Cisalpine troops in both the cantons, to which, while denying the means of subsistence, he yet made it a duty to maintain these forces. At last, indeed, when this ingeniously contrived famine reached its consummation, and the troops themselves began to suffer from hunger, this last grievance was redressed; but the four Helvetic companies,* under the command of Buttiman, received orders to prevent the importation of provisions from Lombardy. Thus native Swiss were forced to labour servilely to increase the misery and want of their fatherland, in order to sate a French hero's thirst for gold. Whilst the poor mountaineers sought eagerly for herbs and roots to prolong their melancholy life, there appeared from time to time upon the Lakes of Maggiore and Lugano, ships laden with corn, which French

* They were indeed destined for the service of the Republic, but were subject in their native land to the command of the French general.

commissaries sold at enormous prices to the starving people. For the sake of securing to these a good market, everywhere on the borders conveyances laden with grain were continually seized and detained under the emptiest pretences, however well provided they might be with perfect and regular import licences, already dearly paid for by the Swiss.

Enough of these blood-suckings of the renowned vampire of nations.

## STATES OF MIND.

Daily anxieties and cares, investigations, regulations, correspondences, sittings in the council, with many attempts and many failures, kept me in constant activity, but also in a state of unhealthy excitement.

I looked sometimes with compassion, sometimes with disgust, on the people about me, on their many follies and vices, their few virtues; the legal murders and acts of violence committed by the military heroes on the helpless community; the ravings of those intoxicated by the poison of party spirit; the pride of the priesthood in its garb of humility, pointing to heaven with one hand, and grasping all things on earth with the other; and the patient endurance of the mass of the people, afflicted with more plagues than ever were the Egyptians. Sometimes I almost fancied their salvation depended upon me, and could I have hoped to effect it, I should have been consoled for all. But, instead of this, every difficulty conquered seemed to cause ten others to spring up like the heads of the Lernean serpent before Hercules. Flattery from high and low, public testimonials of honour were but poor rewards; even repeated declarations of approbation from the Central Government afforded me no satisfaction.

It is said that virtue is its own reward. I believed this, and I was conscious of the purity of my intentions; yet I had no pleasure in my exertions, for in most cases I knew not myself whether I had acted virtuously or only from motives of expedience.

I was living in a country whose whole nature is poetry; but for me the hills, and groves, and lakes were divested of their magic colouring and fragrance. No mental power seemed active in me but the cold calculating understanding. Accustomed formerly to the sweets of kindly intercourse, my heart seemed now to wither within me, and I walked among indifferent persons as indifferent as themselves. The delightful intoxication of love which can clothe even desert places with the charms of Paradise, the attractions of female society, I was compelled to renounce. I seemed scarcely to know myself in this sad and sober life. Seldom indeed could I snatch one of those happy moments when, free from my vassalage to office, I could escape to live only to my own heart. I usually in these cases fled somewhere into the solitude of the green forest, or to the

shores of the Lake of Lugano, and reposed beneath the shade of the wild fig or chesnut-trees, or wandered along the heights of Bellinzona, by the ruins of its ancient castle. In these rambles I read, for the first time, Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall;" one of the few books which, like Tacitus, Shakspeare, and Walter Scott, I have read over and over again, and always found in them something new. I could not help shuddering, however, when I perceived how the long deceased monsters of those departed centuries, were again alive and moving about in these days, only clothed with other garments and other titles. The only way I could find to tranquillise myself, was to call to mind all the virtuous men I had ever known, or to think of my distant friends, a few lines from one of whom reaching me across the St. Gothard always made a holiday for me.

Scarcely, indeed, could a tender epistle from the hand of a beloved, have thrown me into a more agreeable agitation, and confusion of feeling, than was occasioned one day by the receipt of a letter from the venerable *Ober-Consistorial Rath,* Steinbart, my former teacher. I had had no communication with him since I had left Frankfort, where, as a student, I had looked up to him as a superior being. Although my face flushed with a mingled sensation of pride and modesty when I received his letter, it made, on reading, a rather painful impression which I could only get over by dwelling on his kind and friendly expressions.

Two distinct periods of my life, separated in reality by only five, but appearing fifty, years asunder—from the sharpness of their contrast, rose before me as I read. The man who had once appeared so great to me, seemed to dwindle to a smaller stature, and all that belong to those days, shrank and diminished like the scenes of our childhood, when we see them again for the first time after many years' absence. I seemed to myself no longer the same person. The student lad in Frankfort, decorated with the doctor's hat, yet groping in vain among his folios to find a way out of the dark labyrinth in which God, the world, and all things were involved, seemed a different individual from the man on the Lake Maggiore, in the exercise of constant habits of command, enabled to protect families from destruction, and to lend a helping hand to struggling communities.

"The public accounts of you give me great pleasure," he wrote, preserving the tone of fatherly admonition becoming the position of an academic teacher, "especially as you will now be able to confirm, from your own experience, what I have often told you in my lectures, of the advantages of practical occupation. From your own experience you will know how beneficially it acts in the purification of our theoretical and speculative knowledge, to be for a time thrown into the business of active life, and I imagine, therefore, that for the present any other residence would be more welcome to you than the university. I may, however, mention as a proof that I had not forgotten you, that when I read in the papers of the critical posi-

tion in which you were placed by the Austrians, I wrote to the *Ober-Consistorial Rath*, Teller, that as I was advancing in life, I should be glad to have a talented young man associated with me, to divide with me the duties of my office, and that I believed you would accept the appointment. Now, however, you have obtained a wider sphere of action, and my project has, therefore, come to nothing."

Towards the end of his letter he inquired, "What do you think of Fichte? In my opinion, whoever thinks he can understand Professor Fichte, does not understand himself. The critical philosophy endeavours to improve our sight, by anatomising the inward parts of the eye. But when we have taken from the eye the *humor vitreus*, *cristallinus retina*, &c., we can no longer see with each individual part."

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at the whole tone of the letter, and I had, certainly, no wish to mount again my abandoned hobby-horse of school philosophy; I was content for the present to leave the kingdom of the transcendental, like an untransparent sky, above my head, trusting that in a wider experience and deeper knowledge of things visible, I was in the best school for finding a path to that of the invisible.

## RETURN FROM ITALIAN SWITZERLAND.

Urged by the strongest desire to return to the other side of the Alps, I lost not a single day in completing the reorganisation of the public authorities. In the first week of August it was completed; the constitutional functionaries, installed with due solemnity, and Colonel Giuseppe Rusioni placed at the head of the government of Bellinzona, and the learned Battista of that of the canton of Lugano. The Executive Committee at Berne, had at length granted to me my often requested dismissal, although with some conditions that must necessarily prolong my residence in these cantons. Other events also occurred, which threatened serious consequences to the country, and made it impossible for me to leave it for some time.

Although General Brune had been appointed by the First Consul to succeed Masséna in the chief command, yet he continued with audacious cruelty to squeeze the last penny from the exhausted people. From all quarters, instead of the complaints that had hitherto reached me, I heard only the voice of despair. One day, at the fair of Lucerne, the long-suppressed rage of the people burst out into open tumult. One of the French commissaries had arrived with a cargo of corn, but for which he demanded such an exorbitant price, that, at length, the maddened populace forcibly seized the vessel and its contents, and shot the oppressor dead; although not till they had sent for a Capuchin friar to give him absolution for his sins.

The moment I heard of the tumult, I hastened thither to prevent further mischief; but during my absence, the French general of division, Gardanne, landed a body of troops at Lugano, and ordered them to seize seventy sacks of corn from the magazine there, and transport them into Lombardy.

I determined, however, to resist to the utmost this military despotism, and accordingly sent orders to the commanding officers of the Swiss troops quartered there, to defend the corn magazines, and resist force by force. "I am aware," I added, "that you are subject to the French army; but you need not forget that you are, before all else, a Swiss, and, as such, subject to the French for the protection, not for the destruction of your country. You cannot, under the French standard, levy war on your own country, without becoming a traitor. I will take on myself all the responsibility of the resistance."

As soon as this proceeding was known at Masséna's head-quarters, a brigadier-general was sent off to me, to bring me warnings and instructions. I desired him, in reply, to inform his general that I received instructions from my own government; that he might forbid the exportation of corn from the Cisalpine Republic, but that I would permit and protect its importation into Switzerland. If he would resort to violence, I recommended him to appear with a superior force, for that he would find in these mountains a new Vendée, as I would rouse the whole people to arms, to protect the laws of a country in alliance with France. "I could not," I added, "answer for the result; but that despair lent, even to a feeble nation, a strength not to be despised. In this case, he might answer to France for his violation of the treaty, his disregard of the acknowleged independence of Helvetia, and of the rights of nations. Europe would judge between them; but the First Consul would scarcely be willing to stain his renown by protecting the usurious covetousness of subordinate functionaries."

The brigadier-general travelled back with this answer, and I informed the two governors of the affair, with a recommendation to hold themselves prepared for what might follow. Day after day passed, however, and my declaration remained without reply from head-quarters, and the importation of corn, in the meantime, remained wholly undisturbed. It is likely that the change in the general-in-chief, which took place at this time, occasioned this unexpected calm. After consulting with the two governors, I determined to hasten to Berne, and personally acquaint the Executive Directory with the whole business; and, by a proclamation, I announced to the people my intended departure, the purpose of my journey, and my speedy return. The whole country was prepared to rise, and within three days I found myself again in Berne. Here I found, that only four weeks before, another revolutionary party movement had changed the members of the government, and its

name from Executive Committee to Executive Council. No one of the new functionaries knew much of the real position of the part of the country to which I wished to call their attention; but, to my great relief, they took a lively interest in my account of its perils. A council was immediately summoned, and I gave a faithful description before it of the tyranny of the French, of the despair of the people, and of their readiness for a general bloody insurrection. It was instantly resolved to send without delay to the First Consul, in Paris, an account of the dangerous position of affairs, and of the violation of the law of nations that had taken place, and I was myself deputed to make known to Reinhard, the French resident in Berne, the conduct of the French commanding officer.

Reinhard, who was by birth a German, and who knew how to unite German integrity with French skill in business, espoused my cause with great warmth. I drew up for him a short memorial of the difficulties of Italian Switzerland, which he presented to General Mathieu Dumas, who happened to be passing through Berne to Italy, on some business of the First Consul. I was introduced to him by Reinhard, and found in him a man of strict honour and acute intellect. The facts which I laid before him excited his most vehement indignation, and he did not conceal from me that similar complaints had reached the First Consul from other quarters, and that, in fact, they were the occasion of his present journey to Milan. He promised speedy redress for the grievances I complained of, and we agreed that I should accompany him across the Alps.

It happened, however, that on the very day on which I had made this arrangement, the Executive Council, who regarded my journey across the St. Gothard as quite unnecessary, appointed me to the governorship of the canton of Basle, where an insurrection was daily threatened. In vain I resisted; I found myself compelled to renounce the agreeable plan I had formed, that, after settling the business of the Italian canton, I should pass the winter in the family of Reding, in the enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, of the happiness of witnessing the recovery of the desolated forest cantons, and of the sprouting of many seeds which I had scattered in uncertain hope.

My longing for tranquillity, however, even the need which I really had of it, gave way before the perplexities of the government, the danger of Basle, and the feeling of duty towards a country that became dearer and dearer to me, the more I toiled, suffered, and sacrificed for her; as a mother often loves best the child that has cost her most care, and tears, and night-watchings.

## STORMY DAYS AT BASLE.

A hasty visit to my friends in Lucerne, Schwyz, and Stanz, was the only compensation I could allow myself for the loss of my expected winter pleasures, and fourteen days after my appointment I entered Basle. It was high time, as the country people were on the point of resorting to violence, and would no longer pay any obedience to the deputy-governor. As for myself, unacquainted as I was with the internal affairs, the parties, and the wants of this part of Switzerland, where every one I met was a stranger, I could find no opportunity of obtaining a clear insight into my new duties, amidst the constant fermentation of the public mind.

A few days after my arrival I ordered a meeting of deputies from all the discontented parishes, in the village of Gelterkind, whither I went to meet them. I wished to hear the complaints of the people from their own mouths, and thus retard, at any rate for a time, the bursting of the storm. Neither one nor the other proved a very easy task; for some vociferated against the tithes and land-tax, which had been just then re-established by law; others, against the conduct of the municipality, and of various officers and agents. Some cursed the new order of things, as just as bad as their former subjection to the town of Basle. To comply with all their demands would have been nothing less than to abolish all laws whatever. Neither instruction, nor entreaty, nor warning, had any effect upon these people. Their clownish stupidity and selfishness, their insolence and cunning, betrayed, at every word, that they were slaves from whose hands the fetters had just fallen. In fact, but very few years before, the state of these people had bordered on that of serfage.

I obtained from them, at length, a promise to abstain from any disorderly act during a certain period, in order to give me time to inquire into the accuracy of their statements; but a few days after, the tocsins of the Jura Valley announced a general insurrection. About 2000 armed peasants attacked the town of Liestal, and as I had given orders to avoid all hostilities with the people, some Helvetic troops stationed in the neighbourhood retired slowly before them. On the news of this event, I hastened to the scene of action, not altogether sorry to have the affair brought at once to a crisis, and, it was to be hoped, ended in one way or another.

It was evening when I arrived at Liestal, and, after hearing the account of what had taken place, I demanded of the insurgents that they should depute some of their number to treat with me. They made their appearance accordingly, expressed much regret, real or affected, at what had taken place, "but it was impossible to help it; no one knew in what place the insurrection had first broken out, but no one could now restore order. Many of the men were drunk."

I sent them back to their companions, and desired that they should go home and sleep off their intoxication, or expect the severest punishment. On the following day I would hold an inquiry. The insurgents, however, approached before the deputies could return to them, and some shots were even fired at the military. Colonel Dolder, who commanded the troops, demanded permission to charge them; but, firmly resolved not to begin my governorship of the canton by shedding the blood of the people, I refused it; and throwing myself on a horse, and accompanied by the colonel and four others, galloped off towards the shouting and tumultuous mob, ordering that the troops should be drawn up round the town. It was midnight, but bright moonlight. The insurgents had drawn themselves up near a bridge, in the expectation of being attacked; but as soon as they perceived me and my little escort, they pressed forward to hear me. I commanded silence, and then addressed them, pointing out the consequences of their folly, and showing them in the background of the insurrection, murder, the burning of their villages, and the march of French brigades into their country.

They promised obedience; but while some retired, others crowded forward. Every one wished to hear and speak to me himself. Swarms of peasants, most of them drunk, began to extend along the high road behind me, and Colonel Dolder, anxious for my safety, ordered them back. They answered by firing their muskets, and, in a moment, all was confusion; cries resounded from all sides; the peasants ran about as if dreading each other. My escort set off I knew not whither, and finding myself alone, I turned my horse, and got back to Liestal, with the bullets whistling about my ears. This warlike, moonlight scene; the awkwardness of the tipsy rioters; the running about, pell-mell, of the different bands; my escort of hussars galloping back into the town with all their might, bending down low on their saddles to avoid the shots, every one afraid of the other; the foolish issue of the whole business, like Gellert's fable of the two old women in the narrow street; made me laugh aloud in spite of myself, whilst, like the rest, I was scampering away as fast as I could.

This was the end of the insurrection. The very next day I received at Basle assurances of entire submission from most of the communities, soon after followed by the rest, when news came of the advance of French troops, under the command of General Montchoisi. The insurgents even delivered their arms at the arsenal at Basle, in accordance with a proclamation which I had had distributed in the insurrectionary districts. "You have despised my counsels, and neglected my warning," I wrote; "you have insulted your governors, and broken the laws, and degraded your clergy. The rebel is forsaken of God and man; but I will not yet forsake you. My heart bleeds for your misfortunes, and I will endeavour to help you as far as it lies in my power to do so."

These words seem to have gained their confidence, and I did not forget the promise contained in them. Some of the most culpable were brought to trial, and those who fired at me were condemned to death; but I obtained their pardon, declaring to the central government my opinion that the punishment of death was an act of criminal revenge on the part of society. I had gone voluntarily among the intoxicated herds of the insurgents, not to spill blood, but to spare it, and should I now see it flow on my account I would resign my office with disgust. My request was listened to, and the country remained quiet from that time.

The inhabitants of the ancient city of Basle received me among them with hospitable curiosity, the public authorities with much apparent courtesy; but from the midst of all their civilities and respectful expressions came an air of coldness that I could not fail to remark. I was the first stranger who, for hundreds of years, had held the chief place in their community; so that, without any fault of mine, my presence seemed an insult to many of the citizens, who possessed, in their own body, men quite as capable as myself. Rumour had also conveyed to them a most formidable notion of my revolutionary propensities: the worst of all recommendations, in a place that clung with pertinacious fidelity to every ancient custom, and even to the most absurd prejudice which time had sanctioned.

Here, as everywhere else in Switzerland, there were, however, not wanting various factious aristocrats and patriots, who maintained a hostile position opposite to each other; but their contests were carried on in no treacherous Italian spirit, and I had little occasion to trouble myself about them; merely listening to any information that either could give me, and endeavouring to keep apart those who were most quarrelsome.

My time would have passed quietly enough in my new government, had not the French general, Amey, who had a few companies in the town, favoured me with a repetition of the game of which I had had more than enough in the Italian cantons. He had placed a few of his soldiers near the gates of the town, with orders to stop any corn that might come from France, and carry it to the commandant. Informed of this proceeding by the complaints of the inhabitants, I ordered his soldiers to be arrested when they had made one of these seizures, and the corn set at liberty again; and thus there came about a collision between me and General Amey, with whom I had before lived on the most friendly terms; he justifying himself with the prohibition of the exportation of corn from France, I with the permission to import it into Switzerland. I suspected, however, and as the result proved not without reason, that his proceedings were not altogether disinterested. He threatened to bring more troops into Basle, I to rouse the country for the rights and laws of Switzerland. On the following morning I mustered the battalions of militia under his windows, and afterwards invited him to breakfast with me. "General," I said, laugh-

ing, as we clinked our glasses, " why should we quarrel? Let us refer the decision of this matter to higher authority. I will write to my government, and do you address yourself to your commander-in-chief, Moreau." He approved of my plan, but wished me to write to Moreau myself. This confirmed my suspicions, and when a few days later I showed him a paper purporting to be from the Helvetic government, empowering me to resist to the utmost, he immediately retracted all his demands.

## THE JOYS OF REST.

Since the time when, as a banished man, I quitted my peaceful abode at Reichenau, there had been but few days in which I could rejoice in a pure, tranquil, and unclouded sky. Now, in the city of Basle, I had again an opportunity of enjoying the blessings of industry and science, of established custom and domestic prosperity, of the harmonious movement of all classes within the limits of the laws, of a refined tone of intercourse, and the various pleasures prepared for us by the arts and luxuries of social life. From the half savage wildness of the forest cantons, and the barbarisms of Tessin, I had returned once more into the domains of civilisation, where all assumes a milder form, and man becomes more *humane*.

I knew, indeed, that here, as everywhere, civilisation is but a bridle upon brutality, and that the *mob*, whether of a high or low class, will always remain a mob; although in the former case it may have learnt the art of concealing from the world its ancient propensities. But one is not always sorry to have the veil of a pleasing delusion cast over a painful truth; and the mere external polish and decorum of civilised life, were a relief to me, after the scenes I had witnessed. Nay, even the artificial colouring cast over vice, offended me less than heretofore. It manifested at least a becoming shame, at exposing what approximates the human being to the nature of the brute. Some men of high cultivation of mind, and moderate political principles, united themselves to me in friendly intimacy, and some estimable families opened to me the interior of their domestic circles. Even the charms of a more tender attachment were not wanting to strew with brighter flowers this happy spring. Alas! it was not of long duration. From time to time, too, one old friend after another made his appearance, and new friendships wove themselves around me, which, like the first, will last my lifetime.

Most fortunately for me, also, the various political parties into which the city was divided, left me in tolerable tranquillity. The zealous *soi-disant* patriots found that they had in vain counted on powerful assistance from me, and the aristocrats feared me with just as little reason. It was my business to watch actions, not opinions, and I practised towards others the tolerance I desired

for myself. The praises or calumnies of factious persons affected me not at all. I stood like a sober man in the midst of intoxicated ones, a position to which I had long been accustomed. I respected public opinion, indeed, for it always contains a certain amount of truth. The conscience teaches what a man has to do; the opinion of the world, frequently the manner in which he shall bring it about, with a due reference to the position in which he is placed. Whoever attends only to his inward convictions, without allowing himself to consider external circumstances also, runs a risk, like every blind enthusiast, of committing most culpable actions with the best intentions. Whoever, on the other hand, has no other standard of right than the judgment of the world, may become the mere plaything of destiny, and the assassin of his inward peace. While he fancies himself the master of circumstances, they in reality master him, and he loses not only his expected profit, but himself into the bargain.

Faithful to these maxims, I contrived, although any thing but a stoic, to preserve tolerably my tranquillity of mind. I was no hero of virtue, but neither was I the slave of any passion; and I always rejoiced more to gain a victory over myself, than over others; for I knew it to be far more difficult. Many, no doubt, thought me ambitious of honour and place, but I was conscious of having never sought for any thing of the kind. As to profit, none ever came in my way. During my proconsulate, I had lived not only sparingly, but parsimoniously, and had often had recourse to my own scanty means, and served the state gratuitously. In the city of Basle, however, Diogenes in his tub would have learnt to think like a merchant; and I at length began to calculate what was due to me. It was, indeed, high time, for my little property was fast melting away, from the advances I had made for the public service; trifling, indeed, but considerable for me.

On the 6th of December, 1800, I wrote to the minister of the interior concerning my claims, adding: "I have never asked the Helvetic government for any salary as a recompense for my labour, and, as I had the honour to inform you during my stay at Berne, I wish only to be reimbursed for such sums as I distinctly recollect expending for the public service, that my loss may not be quite too great. I wish, indeed, for full payment of the arrears to my secretaries, that I may not be liable for them."

The poverty of the Helvetic exchequer was such as amply to excuse the government for allowing these arrears to remain. I received immediately the whole amount due to my secretaries, and, subsequently, in the year 1816, the remainder of my claim. I mention the correspondence merely as a proof that I had not acted selfishly in my various administrations. In Basle, I never drew the salary legally assigned to me.

The uniform mechanism in which my business now proceeded, and the thorough capability of the persons who filled the subordinate

and his devoted tool, suddenly dispersed the assembly with a military force, and chose other deputies of their own. All honest men, of course, declined having any thing to do with such an assembly, and Dolder threw himself into the arms of the federalists, who thus again obtained the advantage, and chose, on account of his high reputation, my friend Aloys Reding, for the first Landammann—the most upright of men indeed, but by no means fitted by mental qualifications, knowledge, or experience, for such a position. In his acceptance of the office he was assuredly influenced by no motive of ambition, but solely by the hope of serving his country.

Every one soon perceived the intentions of the party now in power, to steer back to the old cantonal sovereignty, and recover, if possible, all the privileges of their families and estates. No clear-sighted friend of his country could put a hand to such a work as this, and accordingly, many of the governors and other officers, appointed by the Executive Directory, gave in their resignations, and I among the number. Most of them were immediately accepted, but Reding implored me not to desert him at this decisive moment. I could not, however, change my opinion of the necessity of this step, or, without forfeiting my self-respect, consent to become the instrument of those whose well-meaning short-sightedness, or whose obstinate selfishness, would plunge a brave and honest people once more into the mire of ignorance and slavish subjection. I recommended an upright and well-qualified man for my successor, he was appointed, and I retired again into private life, choosing Berne for a residence, that I might be able, during the winter, to enjoy the society of Reding and many other friends. In the spring, I designed to return to the Grisons, whence four years ago, I had been, against my will, dashed into the tumultuous waves of civil discord. The fine corps of the Basle Chasseurs escorted my travelling carriage to the boundaries of the canton, where, with much emotion, I thanked them for their attention, and bade them farewell. The city of Basle, where, after several years of hardship and vicissitude, I had regained my former tranquillity of mind, had become extremely dear to me. I had enjoyed there much kindness, which was paid to myself and not to my station, and I was conscious that no one, at all events, had any cause to wish me harm.

I amused myself on the road with forming plans for the future; sometimes of re-establishing the school at Reichenau, sometimes of purchasing a modest farm, where, in deep retirement, I might devote myself to literature and science, and perhaps to the society of a dear companion, with such a sweet innocent face as I had noticed one day at a window in riding through the city of Basle; and, which, although I did not then know the name which belonged to it, I had never forgotten. Occasionally the thought occurred of returning into public life, under certain conditions, for the habit of active employment, in a wide sphere, had now become a sort of necessity to me. It gave me more pain to renounce this, than to exchange a high

that it will no longer hold together; and every party was now rousing itself to obtain a victory for its own ideal of the happiest of all republics. The aristocrats determined to strike a decisive stroke for the renewal of their privileges; the patriots were on the watch to frustrate all their efforts. Both sought to strengthen themselves by appeals to the people. The people, far from desiring the return of the old order of things, yet any thing but in love with the new, required only rest and tranquillity, which, nevertheless, they were ready at any moment to disturb; and they listened eagerly to any one who would promise the realisation of golden dreams, yet really trusted neither one nor the other.

Now began the discussions concerning the new constitution. Federalists and anti-federalists, stood in battle array opposite to each other. I pitied both, for they were exhausting their strength in vain efforts: their union and reconciliation was at that time as impossible as a lasting victory to either one or the other party. France, relying on her warlike superiority to the other powers, showed little inclination to release the Helvetic Republic from her guardianship, and silently maintained her resolution to have the last word.

"Should Switzerland be restored to her old constitution by an arbitrary decision of the First Consul," I wrote, among other matters, to the ambassador, Reinhard, at Berne, "it is not difficult to see that the preponderance of talent among the anti-federalists, with the growing intelligence of the people, will weaken the influence of the towns, and prepare the way for new changes. A revolution like ours and the French, cannot be abolished by a stroke of the pen even of a Bonaparte. Much has been said of political and material interests, but here an invisible spiritual war has broken out. The days will come in which France will again revolutionise the neighbouring states. Whatever constitution Switzerland may obtain, it will certainly not give universal satisfaction, but would it not be well, rather to listen to the wishes of the more cultivated part of the nation, than to the mere cry of the ignorant populace, or the selfishness of the town and village patricians?"

The project for the new constitution was at length made known, on the 29th of May, 1801. A meeting was appointed of deputies from all the cantons, who were to assemble at Berne and to examine and establish it *for ever*. Its foundation was that of unity, with the right of each canton to self-administration under a central government, and the deputies, chosen by the people, proved to be, numerically, friendly to this plan.

When the federalists, contrary to expectation, saw themselves overpowered, they angrily left the hall, and their opponents continued their labours, and at length, after much contention, brought their work to a conclusion. Their toil was fruitless; scarcely five days after, the political house of cards was blown away again, Verninac, the new French ambassador, and one Dolder, an artful man,

and distinguished place for the obscurity of private life, or to lose the flattering expressions, and outward demonstrations of respect which had attended, not my person, but my office. It gave me little concern that sentinels no longer presented arms at my approach, that no one flew to execute my bidding, or that the honour and the privileges I had hitherto enjoyed, were now the portion of others.

I believe that from such secret thoughts and dreams as these, the inner man is often most truly known.

## A CONVERSATION.

In Berne I soon found a convenient winter residence, a circle of intimate friends, and a larger one of agreeable acquaintances. One of my first visits was of course paid to Aloys Reding. Seven years only had passed, what eventful ones, since, full of youthful presumption, we had formed together our first league and covenant in this very city of Berne. How changed was our position with respect to each other, since I had summoned him back, a persecuted and banished man to his desolate hearth, and now when I saluted him as Landammann of Switzerland. Bearded grenadiers were keeping watch before his gate; the broad staircase was covered with persons passing up and down, and officers in the antechamber announced my approach to the chief of the Republic: I was admitted. The apartment was crowded with ministers, senators, and officers, from the midst of whom Reding advanced to meet me. We embraced each other with more emotion than perhaps was consistent with the etiquette of the place.

Reding was, to a great extent, the slave of his position, and of circumstances. As I had expected, the most opposite opinions prevailed respecting him, and, as I had not expected, very few were in his favour. Some regarded him as a mere tool of the aristocracy, others as a man who, by freedom, meant only the privileges of his own canton. Even the *çi-devant* patricians of Berne expressed themselves in an unfriendly manner towards him, because he had not surrounded himself with some of their number. I knew him for a truly honourable man, and the faithful friend of his country, but I had often occasion to defend him from the most passionate accusations.

One evening he wrote me a note, begging me to come to him, and saying he had given orders to have himself denied to every one else, that we might be quite private, and that he had an important affair to discuss with me. I went. The conversation turned upon the present state of Switzerland, and I did not conceal from him the prevailing opinion of the Berne people with regard to him, urging him at once to adopt some bold and decided course.

He smiled, though with an air of vexation, and said: "If they think I am going to be nothing more than a police officer, they will

find they have made a great mistake. I will have order in the country, and independence of the French. The Unity-men shall keep the peace, or they may take the consequences; we are ready for them at any moment, ready to measure ourselves with them, man to man. I can trust the nation, and it ought to trust me. I know what it wishes, and I wish it too."

"Oh, dear friend," I answered, "the nation, it appears to me, does not itself know what it wishes. A majority is, indeed, dissatisfied with the present disorderly state of affairs, but just as little does it desire the restoration of the old confederacy. It may be that it desires freedom under a constitution which, as yet, it does not well understand."

"But which I can well guess," exclaimed he. "It would need only a nod—a voice heard across their mountains, and it would be as in Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. Every valley, with its environs, forming a community for itself, with its own institutions, its own authorities, and Switzerland would soon have its forty or fifty cantons. All the country-people would hold up both hands for such a state of things as this. But this is out of the question. Let us, however, only be once secured against France, the rest will come of itself, and the cities and their subjects may settle matters together how they like."

"Cities? Subjects?" cried I, in astonishment. "Is all, then, to be as it was before? The cities, as of old, on soft feather beds, their vassals in the country upon straw? Both under the protection of the Magnates, their born lords and masters? Dear Reding, have you, then, quite forgotten our dreams of the future destiny of our country, in which every canton was to be a free state, with free administration of its internal affairs, but with a limited sovereignty, over which the diet should exercise a due control? Do not believe that, in our political wilderness, the country people look back to the brick-burnings of Egypt, with the same longing as their lords to the flesh-pots. I could almost envy you a position in the state, which enables you to do so much for the realisation of our glorious dreams."

"Yes, dreams indeed," said Reding, smiling. "Did you stand where I do (and how willingly would I see you in my place), and did you see with your own eyes, things, not as they should be, but as they are, you would indeed call them dreams! I have been forced into this office, for which I am not adapted; but now that I am here, I must do as well as I can. In God's name, first of all let us have peace and order. You, dear Zschokke, must stand by me. We know each other, and you must not remain inactive. You shall go as ambassador from Switzerland to the Congress of Amiens; Diesbach to Vienna, and I myself will go to Paris. I will have an answer from the First Consul, and know how we stand with him. We must not let La Valais go. What do you think? Speak openly."

After a little delay—for I was rather embarrassed by so many

questions—I answered: "For what concerns myself, I have determined, once for all, to withdraw from this unblessed party warfare. I thank you for your confidence, but I will in no case go to Amiens. What should I do there, where the great powers are trafficking in nations, and where Switzerland goes for nothing. And what will you get by going to Paris? An answer from the First Consul? That you will get, and probably a different one every day. He will fain make out of Switzerland a French fortress, as a defence against Southern Germany, and from whose bastions he could command the Cisalpine Republic. For this reason he is willing that we should be split up into federalist fragments; it will, in that case, be all the easier for him to remain our commandant."

We could not agree at all; and after a long dispute, ended, as usual, in each party remaining more firmly fixed than ever in his own conviction. I cared little about this, but I could not help being pained by observing, that after this conversation, Reding became, if not colder, certainly more reserved towards me than before. We maintained the same manner in our intercourse with each other; but the open-hearted frankness of former days was gone. He is not the first of my friends, and will probably not be the last, who shall throw me off, because I cannot adopt their political creed, or speak otherwise than as I think. He soon undertook the journey to Paris, in order to obtain from the First Consul the decisive declaration; but before he returned, I read in the public papers of Berne, Bonaparte's well-known letter to Reding. The proud chief of the French republic addressed the Landammann of Switzerland in much the same dictatorial tone as Julius Cæsar did the Helvetian Divitiacus, but with the addition of a personal insult, of which Cæsar's magnanimity was incapable.

As I perceived the decline of Reding's friendship for me, I diminished the frequency of my visits to him, and it is probable that the persons surrounding him, contributed not a little to widen the breach between us, as I passed in their eyes for a political sinner, whose influence it was desirable to thwart. I was even exposed to the annoyance of being watched by the secret police of Berne, and having spies placed to observe who went in and out of my house. The discovery of this *espionnage* was made quite accidentally when some friends had been passing a pleasant evening with me, and on going away perceived a disguised policeman standing near the door. Professor Iralles, Colonel Grafenried, and others who were natives of Berne, recognised him as the same whom they had seen on their arrival, and teased the poor fellow so unmercifully that at last he confessed he was sent there by the *Herr Director* of police, who wanted to know who had dined with me. The worthy director had given himself on my account very unnecessary trouble, for the melancholy politics of the day had no longer any attraction for me. My attention was very differently occupied.

## RETURNING PEACE OF MIND.

Among the many agreeable persons whose intercourse rendered this winter so delightful, two young men of my own age were frequently with me. They seemed to live and breathe only for literature and literary glory, for poetry and art. One was Ludwig Wieland, the son of the poet, full of humour and sarcastic wit, and endowed with a gift of irresistible drollery, but the other, Heinrich von Kleist had an enthusiastic character with which I felt more congeniality. Both found in me a kind of Vandal, who knew nothing of the new poetical school that had sprung up in Germany. Goethe was their idol, and the pedestals below were occupied by Schlegel and Tieck, of whom I scarcely knew more than the names. I committed a most deadly sin in their eyes when I confessed, that though I regarded with admiration the great talents and versatility of Goethe, I could not but feel a warmer affection for Schiller, whose inspired songs, proceeding from the depths of a truly German heart, went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and did not merely strike on the cultivated ear. Wieland would not even acknowledge that his father, the poet of Oberon, was a poet at all. These opinions gave rise, of course, to many amusing disputes. Sometimes, we communicated to each other poetical compositions of our own, and these of course were abundant sources of amusement. One day, when Kleist read to us his tragedy, "The Family of Schroffenstein," the shouts of laughter with which it was greeted, by both the audience and the poet himself, made it impossible to reach the murder scene which formed the conclusion. We met like Virgil's shepherds, for poetical contests. In my apartment hung a French print called "La Cruche Cassée," in the figures of which I thought I could recognise a pair of lovers, a scolding mother, &c. This was to serve Wieland for the subject of a satire, Kleist for a comedy, and myself for a tale. Kleist's "Zerbrochener Krug," carried off the prize. Kleist passed a beautiful summer on the banks of the Lake of Thun,* with his sister, whom he was to accompany to Genoa, and in the autumn he left Switzerland.

Amidst this entire freedom from political or official cares and duties; in the unrestrained enjoyment of literature and social intercourse, more serious thoughts were not wanting. On looking back upon the strange and romantic combination of events, which had

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* In one of the letters, dated from Thun, soon after our separation, I recollect, among other things, he said, "If you should give me the pleasure of a visit, take notice of a house on which is the following inscription:—

| | *Literally:* |
|---|---|
| „Ich komme, ich weiß nicht von wo; | "I am, I know not what; |
| Ich bin, ich weiß nicht was; | I come, I know not whence; |
| Ich fahre, ich weiß nicht wohin. | I go, I know not whither. |
| Mich wundert daß ich so frohlich bin." | I wonder I can feel so happy." |

forced me into a career so foreign to my wishes, I had at least the satisfaction of reflecting that I had remained true to my principles; that I had always kept my eyes fixed on those guiding stars, the true, the holy, the beautiful, and in the most trying circumstances I had never lost my self-command. Why, thought I, should I fear for the future, since the past had changed nothing in me but here and there my views of external things.

The contradiction of the ideal and the real was, indeed, by no means reconciled in my mind, but it disturbed me less than before. I became conscious that I was the contemporary of a civilised barbarism, that moral evil, and hence the sufferings of families and nations did not proceed from the natural wickedness of man, but from his errors, bad habits, and the mistakes of his understanding; that the most faultless was not without sin, the most sinful possessed some redeeming points. That the good in the world, on the whole, must have more than balanced the evil, or the world could not have continued to exist; that most of the errors, and even of the crimes of the people, may be traced to the injurious influence of their laws and institutions.

Gradually I found myself approaching the edge of that old abyss of doubt of which I had for some years past endeavoured to keep clear. But what a change did I discover here! The abyss seemed only to have existed in my imagination. The God whose existence and overruling providence I had found it impossible to demonstrate; the God in whom I had believed, rather from a certain unconquerable longing of the heart, than from a conviction of the understanding; to whom I had prayed in the fervour of childish emotion, although the prayer was often disturbed by a painful whisper, "If, indeed, he exist," the Almighty Father was no longer to me a mere belief, but a living certainty. Not, indeed, the God of the catechism, with human faults and virtues, with attributes and perfections of human invention, often contradictory, nor yet the nature or absolute reason of philosophers. As the shoreless all of the universe is, as it were, the visible veil of the nature existing in it, so Nature herself appeared to me as the veil of God, by which he reveals himself to us; and, should I dare compare the highest with the humblest of his creatures, I would say that his relation to the universe seemed the same as that of the human soul to the body, which, without being identical with it, it everywhere pervades and controls.

In nature, as in our own souls, the infinite, the absolute bears sway, this is the stamp of divinity on both; the world of the senses, is nature's manifestation of itself in opposition to us. Not an infinite and absolute, therefore, but a finite succession of changes, not herself, but the manifestation of herself, as our thoughts and actions are not our minds themselves, but the manifestation of our minds. The absolute ideal of the true, the holy, the beautiful, as in themselves infinite, cannot be clothed in external forms; but the eter-

nally true is broken into individual truths; the holy becomes virtue, the beautiful is broken into various beauties.

The spirit of the savage, as well as of the sage, strives after these ideals, for his nature is akin to them; they unite him with the divine. They may be darkened and clouded by his sensual nature, but they cannot be wholly annihilated. From them springs the progress of humanity; the striving after perfection in the knowledge of truth; the attainment of the good and the beautiful. But the delusions of the senses, a too narrow experience, and the power of habit, often make it hard for us to recognise the truth; and we too often in its stead embrace and worship error. Truth, as well as virtue, must be struggled for in this world; and the mind is strengthened in the struggle. Thence there arises in civilised or barbarous nations, or in savage tribes, the universal desire for freedom, for the liberation of the original rights of man from the fetters drawn too closely around them by the institutions of society; but they have to struggle with selfishness and self-delusion on the one side, and ignorance, animal eagerness for enjoyment, and cowardly indolence both on that of the rulers and the ruled. But forward ever, through caprice and conventional restraint, through error and oppression, the ideal of a rational freedom forces for itself an ever widening way.

These views strengthened me for new efforts in the good cause. I found, indeed, that the great majority of the present population of the whole earth, lies deep in the mire of animalism; and that those nations who boast of the highest culture, with all their arts, sciences, social order, and refined manners, lie far, indeed, beneath the mark of a true humanity, in harmony with nature and reason. This, then, is the office of the real priests of God, whether found on thrones, or in council chambers, in pulpits or professors' chairs, or merely at writing-tables: to render more truly humane the human race around them. Whether for their reward thorns shall grow for them on earth, or palms in heaven, need concern them little. I, at least, no longer felt myself troubled with thoughts of what might be my fate after death. I had a living certainty of the providence of God, and that tranquillised me concerning all the rest.

It was at this time I wrote the "Yearning after the Invisible," which expressed the joyful state of my feelings. I often smiled at the strange proofs of the immortality of the soul, which philosophers had discovered, and thought that pure, disinterested virtue would be an impossibility to us, if we possessed any absolutely irrefragable proof, any indubitable certainty on this point. I thought, like Petrus Pomponatus, an independent thinker of the sixteenth century, who, I may say *en passant*, was one of my old favourites, "A virtue which should depend on the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward in eternity, could be at best but a half virtue, or, perhaps, only a kind of mercantile speculation."

This was, then, the state of my convictions at this time, and from them proceeded the purest inward peace. I looked almost mournfully upon my former spiritual condition, and repented many things which in those days of doubt and of despair, I had thought of, spoken, and written. It was not unknown to me that I had not alone been unfortunate, but that many an one was silently consuming his life amidst similar sufferings. How gladly would I have imparted my present peace to those thus sorrowing in secret.

## ALAMONTADE.

A dream which, though I am not subject to childish superstition, I could hardly help regarding as more than accidental; for in fact no such thing as blind chance can ever mingle in the divinely woven web of fate, led me to the thought of offering to such secret sufferers as I have alluded to, the balsam that had healed my own inward wounds. I will briefly relate it, for it is worth just as much or as little as many things that happen to us in life, and to me it is more vividly present, and more interesting than much of my real experience. I found myself, in imagination, walking on a sandy desolate sea-shore, where I met a fine young man, who wore the wretched costume and the fetters of a galley-slave. On his pale and somewhat emaciated countenance, lay an expression of silent patient suffering; but when he spoke, a whole heaven seemed to smile upon me, and I felt drawn towards him as if by enchantment. My conversation with him was the most vivid communication of soul with soul, and every word displayed uncommon mental culture, and a sublimity of character strangely contrasting with his degraded condition.

His name was Alamontade, and he had been condemned to the galleys, without a trial, for having endeavoured to protect the lives and the abodes of innocent men from tyrannical fury. Torn thus from all the joys of social life, from the graces and refinements of opulence, and plunged into the bitterest privations, amidst the coarsest miscreants, who boasted of their cruelty and their brutish vices; all that was dearest and holiest on earth, friends and fatherland, and tenderly beloved relatives, lost to him for ever; shunned and pointed at by the scorn of the world; slowly wasting away under the sufferings and hardships to which he was exposed, and looking for release only from death, this young sufferer still loved his fellow-creatures, still held fast his faith in the infinite goodness of God, still maintained unbroken his heroic courage. Filled with mournful admiration, I sank at the feet of this saint, when the rattling of chains was heard, announcing the approach of his companions, and he was compelled to leave me to mingle in their ranks.

I awoke in a state of the most lively emotion, and the same

morning sketched the tale "Alamontade the Galley-Slave," which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several languages. It was not merely to preserve the memory of a beautiful dream that I was induced to put this into writing, but by the hope of strengthening myself and others, by such a representation of virtuous heroism in circumstances of hopeless misery; for not seldom had I asked myself whether I should preserve unchanged my present religious convictions amidst all possible vicissitudes of fortune, on the heights of prosperity, or in the gloomy depths of sorrow. I had tried to imagine what would be the state of my mind in circumstances of severe trial, of poverty and sickness, imprisonment and disgrace, and the privation of all sympathy from my fellow-men.

In "Alamontade" I wished to express my views of the worth of earthly existence, and of things divine, as well as of the power of a firm and unalterable faith, through all the variations of fortune. Nay, further, I even hoped to point the way to tranquillity to those who were trembling in the agonising doubt of all that was highest and most sacred, and who vainly sought to find consolation in the doctrines and promises of a church in which they no longer put their trust. I clothed these things in the light form of a tale, because a dry philosophical treatise would probably have fallen into few hands beyond the limits of the schools, and merely have afforded a reviewer an opportunity of trying the sharpness of his critical dissecting-knife for the benefit of some learned journal.

The number of sufferers of this description is greater than might be supposed, for I subsequently received letters from many quite unknown persons in Germany and France, who were good enough to think they owed me some thanks; and, although I had little claim on their gratitude, it afforded me heartfelt pleasure to find that the seed I had scattered had fallen on such congenial soil.

The responsibility of all the torments occasioned by religious doubts should fall, not on those who endure them, but on such as having taken on themselves the office of communicating truth in schools and churches, merely give out, in a cold and formal manner, what they have received into the memory as truth, without having ever sought for it, or who cling to whatever they have received in connexion with truth, as if it were matter of equal certainty. I do not wish to cast any reproach on such as can rest satisfied in such a faith. It is well for them; but they should not give way to unchristian wrath towards the unhappy wanderers in error, or "deal damnation round" on all who differ from them.

Wherever doubt exists, there is already half-illumination; an uncertain twilight, discovering objects before invisible in the darkness, on which have now fallen the first beams from the newly-awakened spirit. Let no one cry out against this doubtful half-illumination; it is a necessity of our nature, of divine appointment, spreading itself over the valleys, when the mountain peaks are already rejoicing in the full light of day. Before the rising of the sun of

Christianity, Greece and Rome were involved in the darkness of paganism; and when its morning rays glittered above the horizon, the best-known regions of the earth still slumbered in the faint and feeble twilight of a half-illumination; a mixture of the new Christian and old heathen faith. The history of a nation's development is that of the individual; his sleep changes into confused dreams, before he becomes awakened to perfect consciousness. Who is able to bring back, by enchantment, the ancient night, when the advancing day shines brighter and brighter? No one among the children of men! But let every one trust in the wonderful order of the natural and spiritual worlds; to the power and wisdom of his Creator, more than to his own. "Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed;" but, also, blessed are those who know because they have seen.

## THE YEARS OF MANHOOD.

It was the spring of the year 1802, and I began to long for the retirement from all the tumult of the world which I had once enjoyed at Reichenau. I had, however, no wish to return to the Grisons; for there the two contending parties, conquerors and conquered, were overwhelmed by the common calamities occasioned by the wars between French, Austrians, and Russians, whilst each attributed its misfortunes to the other. I could hardly expect there to meet with a cheerful face, and I therefore preferred going to a pretty part of the canton of Aargau, where I could live unknown, and far from the fruitless wranglings of political factions. Yet, once more, at parting, I besought the excellent Reding to assemble the most honest and enlightened men of the various parties, and endeavour, by mutual concessions, to reconcile their differences, and restore peace and confidence in the interior of the country. I acknowledged the task difficult; he considered it impossible. He fancied he could maintain himself securely on the wishes of the Swiss people, of whom he knew almost nothing.

With melancholy anticipations I left him, and, soon after, the city of Berne. Kleist and Wieland, the two young poets, accompanied me on my pedestrian journey to Aarau. We chose a circuitous road, and found new sources of enjoyment at every step; discovering bowers of paradise and desert wildernesses, goddesses and monsters, where older or more prosaic eyes would have seen nothing to remark at all, and hovering about, like butterflies, over the meadows, attracted by every flower, and detained by none.

In Aarau I had the good fortune to possess a venerable friend, the former senator, Rudolf Meyer, the worthy man who, at his own expense, sent painters and geometricians to travel over Switzerland for years together, to prepare the first atlas of this mountain country that was ever made. Father Meyer, as he was called, had also the

merit of the establishment of the High School in his native city, and of the improved culture of the vine in Aargau. The series of oil paintings of Swiss costumes by the gifted Reichard, which are shown to all travellers, were also done at his cost. With the kind assistance of their friends and his wife I found an abode, the Castle of Biberstein, which was standing empty, and was scarcely a German mile from Aarau. This castle formerly belonged to the knights of St. John, and, subsequently, to the Landvogts of Berne, and was seated at the foot of the Jura mountain, which rears one of its lofty summits, the Gysala, near 3000 feet high above castle and village. Here, in the deepest retirement, I resolved to await the end of all political disturbances. Here I would study the physical sciences: chemistry, geology, botany, and Heaven knows what besides, poetising and philosophising, and, in short, be the freest and happiest of mortals. I had the upper story of the castle fitted up for the accommodation of myself, my servant, and a faithful poodle, and left the rest to the *Schaffner*, with his numerous family, who, besides the stewardship of the estates, undertook to provide for the necessities of my little household. There was also a garden, and, moreover, on a rocky eminence, projecting over the river Aar, a pleasant summer-house, with an extensive prospect over the beautiful valley, with its villages, castles, farms, and swelling hills, as far as the craggy silver edge of the glaciers on the distant horizon, which gave the highest attraction to my Patmos.

The *highest*, perhaps, I should not say, for there was yet another charm, that transformed my ancient castle into a fairy palace. Scarce a mile from Biberstein arose a solitary hill, crowned by the church and the parsonage of two wide-spreading villages, and there dwelt the venerable pastor, Rusperli, with his amiable family. The most amiable of all was said to be a sweet girl of sixteen, named Annie. Good marriages, it is said, are made in heaven, and I stand firm in this article of faith, for Annie possessed the identical seraph's head that had charmed me before, but passed away as in a dream, and been forgotten.

One day in Basle, whilst I was riding through the streets with my chasseurs (citizens' sons, from the best families in the town), I noticed a group of ladies at a window, who were pressing forward, curious, perhaps, to see the new young governor. He, on his part, was no less curious to see them; and looking up, while returning their salutation, beheld a lovely youthful face, worthy to belong to those winged forms which hover round the Madonnas of Raffaelle. Willingly, had etiquette permitted it, would I have made a halt under the window, a proceeding which, doubtless, would have been just as agreeable to my warlike escort as to myself. As we rode on, the fair one was mentioned among us; it was said she must be a stranger in Basle, and the pleasure of the moment, like many others, was forgotten.

It happened, however, that a few days after my arrival at Aarau,

I went to a concert, and there, as my eye ran over the parterre of assembled beauties, my attention was arrested by one half-opened rose, a flower of Eden. "Who is she?" I inquired of a neighbour. "The daughter of the pastor of Kirchberg," was the answer, and a faint recollection came across my mind of a clergyman who had once visited me in Basle. Of course it immediately occurred to me as a most urgent duty to return his visit as soon as possible.

I saw then the "flower of Eden" again, in her dwelling more earthly, but not less beautiful, as in unadorned domestic simplicity she fluttered about, engaged in her little household duties. It was not till some time after that I learned the face was the same I had seen in Basle, although a vague recollection had occasionally crossed my mind. I left the parsonage with an unquiet heart. "A dangerous neighbourhood this," thought I, "for the successor of the knights of St. John." I did not dream that Annie thought so too, as she looked up at Biberstein from the church hill.

Solitary and undisturbed, I now revelled in all the treasures of science, reading and writing, or wandering through forest and over mountain, collecting plants, minerals, and insects. Somehow or other, I made no hand of the philosophy, for all things, within and without me, seemed to turn to poetry. I set the beautiful song of Salis to music, and sang with great fervour, at the piano:

> "When, oh Fate, when wilt thou grant me,
> This my last, my fondest wish."

The *last* it could not, indeed, be considered, but certainly the fondest, and a pardonable one for a young man, who had not now a single soul he could call his own, on the wide earth's surface. I was half ashamed, too, of this intoxication of mind, that left me scarcely capable of attending to any thing else, and perhaps blinded me to the little humours and caprices of the fair Annie, if she had such, which is possible, for even angels, when they dwell beneath the sky, have their little humours. I had usually found that a night's sleep was sufficient to restore my self-control in fits of this kind; but in this instance, when it continued day after day, I began to be alarmed. It was time to look about me. I resolved to visit the parsonage, merely as a good neighbour, once or twice a week, and, when there, to keep a strict watch on my behaviour. I kept my resolution, and did not betray myself by word or look, more especially when I perceived, even before the innocent creature herself, that Annie's inclinations corresponded with my own. She or no one I determined should be the companion of my life, but not of a life that might drag her down with me into danger and ruin. How could I make the little saint a sharer in all the revolutionary storms which might still await me, or disturb her peace of mind by expectations that might never be realised.

## NEW STORMS.

Shock now followed shock of the long political earthquake, shaking the republic to its foundations, and rendering insecure the peace, the rights, and the property of every house.

Since the First Consul of France had sent his haughty message to the Landammann of Switzerland, the confidence of the people and of the various factions had been turned from him, and his enemies seized an opportunity, by a sudden movement, to eject him and his adherents in the Senate from the guidance of public affairs.*

In Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Uri, the little pastoral cantons, in which, for ages, the great families and the priests had kept the consciences and guided the actions of the multitude, preparations were secretly made for civil war. At the same time, and for the same purpose, the most resolute of the former patricians associated themselves together, with a view to make one more effort for the recovery of their ancient privileges. In the city of Thun was formed a secret committee of Bernese, whose object was to raise a general insurrection against the Helvetic government, immediately on the withdrawal of the French troops.

In silence the First Consul had watched the fermentation of all these passions, until the time had arrived when he knew a glance of his eye would be sufficient, to plunge the country into the unfathomable disorder in which it might be easily sacrificed to the interests of France and the renown of his name. This time had now come. He gave the order; the brigades of the French Republic evacuated Switzerland; the rage of the various factions broke loose, the flames of civil war spread over the country; the Helvetic government fled from Berne to Lausanne, and Aloys Reding, again triumphant, called a general assembly in the canton of Schwyz; but his triumph was of short duration.

One day a mob of the insurgent people passed through Biberstein. I remained quietly sitting before the door of a cottage, among the spectators, and saw the motley group pass by. It was composed of the very lowest classes of the people, shouting, bawling, and mostly half tipsy—women and children among them, with sacks and baskets destined to be filled with the plunder of the rich. Here was no enthusiasm for freedom or fatherland—but only the love of licence—a restless desire of change, and a secret lust for booty money and the means of intoxication. These were the true levers that set this mass in motion. As I neither liked to remain an inactive spectator of these disorders, nor to become an object of sus-

* In too great confidence in the stability of his government, Reding and many of the senators had retired to their homes to pass the Easter. During his absence a revolution was got up with the accustomed facility (17th of April, 1802), and the Landammann and his party excluded from their offices. In vain he protested, and even sent his protest to the First Consul, no answer was vouchsafed him.

picion to the aristocrats, I determined to employ these fine autumn days in an excursion into the Black forest mountains, in company with a friend from Berne, Captain Gruner, recommending Biberstein in the meantime to the protection of Reding.

We resolved, during this ramble, to turn our backs upon politics. I enriched myself by the acquisition of new friends and new knowledge, obtained in visiting the mines, foundries, &c., in the company of one so well skilled in all those matters as my companion. We also made some flying visits to the hospitable Mühlhausen Thann, and the valley of St. Amarin.

Before I returned to the shores of the Aar, the word of power from the mighty First Consul—the Cæsar of Paris—had commanded tranquillity; the Assembly of Schwyz had vanished, the Helvetic government was again holding its sittings at Berne, and the whole country was overrun by French troops.

The chiefs of the unlucky counter-revolution, among whom was Reding, were prisoners in the rock-built castle of Aarburg, where they had to pass a long and melancholy winter; whilst, by the order of Bonaparte, deputies from all the different parties had gone to Paris, to express the wishes of their constituents concerning the future constitution of Helvetia—subject, of course, to the decision of the ruler of France and Italy.

Scarcely, indeed, has any native of Switzerland ever formed so clear and accurate an estimate of its position and real wants, than was exhibited by the First Consul in his declaration. His act of mediation, granting neither unconditional unity, nor unconditional independence to the various cantons, but to every individual Swiss, equal freedom and equal rights, will always remain a monument of just and timely wisdom. Under his powerful Ægis, order and tranquillity was once more established; no independence of France was, indeed, to be thought of, but after a time the troops were again withdrawn.

This was the end of the Helvetic Republic and the central government. Each of the nineteen cantons now began to arrange its affairs according to the provisions of the new constitution, while I remained a whole year in quiet in my knightly castle. The great legislative council one day, however, surprised me by the present of the citizenship of the state, and the lesser executive by appointing me to be a member of the Board of Forests and Mines, the whole conduct of which department, was subsequently intrusted to me.

Wearied with the political career, I willingly entered the administrative, and hoped once more to be of some service to the young state.

## THE FORESTER.

The pleasure of wandering in the green woods, and the frequent observations I had made of the abuse and waste that took place in them, had, during my journeys in the Alps, and my various mis-

sions into the Forest Cantons and Italian Switzerland, early called my attention to the general neglect of forestry in this country. The Alpine pastures were gradually diminishing in value from the loss of the shade that had been afforded by trees; the mountains stripped of their woods, their protecting mantle against wind and storm, were fast losing their covering of vegetable soil, and exposing the naked rock. The governments usually eager enough to increase their revenues, suffered a tenth, nay, sometimes even a sixth or a fifth of their forest-lands to become a wilderness, and the farmer, in his turn, left his woods to take care of themselves, whilst he watched with jealous vigilance every foot of his other possessions, and sought to increase its value to the utmost.

These observations had often led me, whilst I was at Biberstein, to think I might be of some service in this department. The science of forestry, as practised in the plains of Germany, was, indeed, not applicable to Switzerland, and I had, therefore, to seek for a system more adapted to the country.

My repeated excursions into the Alps, examinations of the forests, and botanical studies, had, however, gained for me the reputation of being deeply skilled in woodcraft, and I was rather amused at being applied to by General Ney, (then Plenipotentiary for France in Switzerland,) not only to furnish a collection of seeds and cuttings of the finer Alpine plants for the wife of the First Consul, but even to form a plan for the improvement, by plantations, of the sandy plains in the department of Les Landes. I hardly knew whether to laugh or to be angry at what seemed a jest on the multifarious occupation of such a Jack-of-all-trades as I had become.

My excuses availed me little. General Ney sent his aide-de-camp, Vogt, to me at Biberstein, in order, as he said, to overcome the scruples of my modesty; and I, therefore, sent to Paris some seeds and living plants, with directions for their treatment. As to the Landes, I recommended the means employed by the Dutch in similar cases, and urged the propriety of sending to the district in question, men really well acquainted with the subject. Having thus done what I could to comply with the demands made on me, I gained so much reputation, that I afterwards often found myself called in, by the neighbouring communities, to give advice in the maladies of trees, or to say what was to be done when the axe had driven from their mountains the last vestige of a tree sick or well. It was this, I believe, that led to the very unexpected honour I received from the government of Aargau of being appointed to the head of the forest department.

In the meanwhile, I did my best to earn the character I had gained; I travelled through all the forest districts, projected a forest law, wrote an elementary book on the subject for the use of the subordinate officers and communities, which I had printed and distributed gratuitously, and, in the course of a few years, I had the satisfaction of bringing this branch of the public administration into

order, and rendering it productive to the canton. At first, the forests scarcely yielded to the canton more than was required for fuel and building purposes; but by degrees the revenue afforded by them rose as high as 50,000 francs, without having reached its maximum.

Aargau was also the first of the cantons in which the forests were regularly measured, charted, and divided into districts subject to proper regulations, and where various injurious privileges were abolished. The example was subsequently followed in the other cantons, and I had great pleasure in affording assistance for the purpose.

In speaking of this branch of my occupation, I am reminded that I owe to it the more intimate acquaintance of the excellent Karl von Bonstette, who visited me on his return from Rome, and brought me seeds and plants from Italy. We quickly became friends, and remained so for the rest of our lives. He expressed great astonishment at my secluded mode of life. "If you remain in this ruined old castle," said he, "you will grow as wild as the wolves and foxes of your forests. I shall carry you off to Geneva, and plant you in a circle of learned men, accomplished women, and distinguished strangers from all parts of the world. It is a sin to leave you to wear away your life among these boors." He was quite in earnest, and soon after wrote to propose to me, to accompany the celebrated Madame de Staël on her travels, under whatever conditions I pleased to name. Probably, he had given the renowned authoress a description of me more accordant with his warm friendship than with the strict truth; but I declined the proposal, perhaps somewhat too abruptly. I had been accustomed to a wide and independent sphere of action, and had little inclination to become, under whatever flattering title, a kind of head servant to a rich, vain woman, even though a woman of genius, who lived only for the flatteries of saloons, or the glitter of literary fame. Perhaps, however, I did Necker's daughter injustice, and certainly I was wrong to feel offended with the well-meaning and friendly Bonstette.

My connexion with mining operations, brought me the acquaintance of many persons with whom I was much interested. The operations themselves were unimportant, for the interior of the Jura is mostly poor in metals, but an alabaster quarry which I discovered brought me into a friendly correspondence with the venerable Prince Primate, Karl von Dalberg, and my search after salt and coal to the acquaintance of a young Rhabdomantin of twenty years old, who was sent to me by the well-known geologist, Dr. Ebel of Zurich. In almost every canton of Switzerland are found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gift of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals, or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvellous talent to the proof. One of these was the Abbot of the Convent of St. Urban in the canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science; and another a young woman who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and

her companion with me through several districts entirely unknown to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation, have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity. To detail circumstantially every experiment I made, to satisfy myself on the point, would take up too much space at present, but I think it right to mention some of the causes which have led me occasionally to vary from others in my views of Nature and of God.

## MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

In order to compare the geological formation, the atmospheric phenomena, and the vegetation of the Alps with that of the Pyrenees, I formed a plan for a tour in those mountains, to which the learned Ramond of Paris showed some inclination to accompany me. The notion, however, was soon given up, for I had no longer the power of freely disposing of myself. The Flora of the church hill had more attraction for me than the Flora of Mont Perdu, and instead of the tour in the Pyrenees, I arranged with Annie a wedding tour, in which I had nearly gone to Heaven in a chariot of thunder and lightning.

One evening, after a hot summer's day, I was sitting at a table in my bedroom with a book before me, when suddenly the light of the candle was extinguished, and in its place appeared a ball of fire which darted down from the iron of the window shutter, and remained visible for some seconds. It soon became evident that the lightning, attracted by the high metallic ornaments of the roof, had struck the building, rending not only the wainscot, but even the thick wall of the castle, and shattering the two windows, so that the floor and furniture were covered by splinters of glass. As for me, although the fiery visitant had left its marks on my neck and on my side, I neither felt any shock, nor heard any very loud report, and in fact was so little disturbed, that I had leisure to observe with curiosity and admiration the splendour of the fire-ball. Cautiously feeling my way through the darkness that succeeded, I left the chamber, but I believe my composure was rather to be ascribed to the rapidity of the phenomenon, than to any particular presence of mind. Fortunately, the house was not set on fire, but several persons were struck down in the hall. In the course of two hours, however, before the arrival of the surgeon whom I sent for from Aarau, I succeeded in restoring them by the use of the means customary in such cases. It was neither the first, nor the last time in my life, that the lightning did me the honour of a visit.

This occurrence threw the family at the parsonage into far greater

consternation than it had occasioned me, and in her agitation Anna betrayed the secret, that her life hung upon mine.

I now set about fitting up the wing of the castle I inhabited with more attention to the comfort and convenience of housekeeping than before, and in the succeeding winter celebrated my wedding in the most simple, patriarchal manner. No idle, ostentatious display marred the beauty and heartfelt devotion of this happy day; the bride as well as myself remained in an every-day costume, and the venerable pastor, Rusperli, pronounced with deep emotion the blessing on my union with his daughter, at the same altar where he had bestowed on her the first Christian rite. Such had I ever wished my wedding should be.

Our efforts to keep our happiness undiluted by congratulations and formalities did not, however, succeed completely; for, during our simple and joyous banquet, a young peasant entered, bearing a monstrous letter containing a poetical salutation, with which the amiable poet Hebel surprised me from the distant Karlsruhe.

The chief interest of a romance usually consists in the efforts of two lovers to meet; in real life, a happy marriage is the most beautiful romance. The monotony of the day becomes illuminated with a magic colouring, in which the commonest things assume a higher significance. That an unfortunate marriage is a hell upon earth, I can easily believe, for I am sure a happy one is a heaven. In order to guard against mischances, however, I concluded, on the first opportunity, a marriage treaty with my young wife, of more value than most of those which treat of dowers or widow's jointures. We agreed to live only for each other, to have no secrets, to trust in God, and to trust fully no one else. Simple and plain in our exterior, we would be careful to preserve the moderate competence which would render us independent of men, while it gave us the means of helping them. Without renouncing social pleasures, we would avoid those mere devices of idleness and *ennui*, which sometimes bear the name, luxurious dinners or fine evening parties, on which time and money are thrown away, and often the interior peace of a house sacrificed, whilst neither time nor money, nor even thought, can be spared for any work of utility or benevolence. A course of life so rigidly worked out might seem strange to many, but we did not concern ourselves about the opinions of the world.

Thus did I establish my little republic, of which love was the law, within my four walls, whilst the great world, outside our windows, became only a spectacle, amusing or instructive, warning or encouraging. In order to exercise the young and inexperienced housewife in the duties of her new position, as mistress of a family, I had the hard-heartedness to surround her with them even in the honeymoon, by complying with the request of a friend, in allowing four young *literati* from Germany, who wished to prepare a work on physical science, with my assistance, to take up their abode in the castle.

Enough, however, on the subject of our domestic life. The important trifles of a happy home, are uninteresting to every one beyond its circle, or, at best, only serve as food for idle curiosity. Even the history of the world passes in silence over happy times, whilst it becomes loud only in lamentation over periods of disaster. Of these we, in our little world, had none; and although occasional clouds would pass across our Paradise, they only served, by their shadows, to heighten the effect of the sunshine. The evils under which we suffer are mostly of our own creation; the blessings we enjoy we owe to God alone. On me he bestowed the hitherto unimagined joys of a father. When I beheld my first-born son, the whole future assumed a new aspect. The first smile, the first word, the first step of a child is prophetic. Why are such joys as these wanting to millions of mortals, who, instead of a fore-court of Heaven, see in this world only a vale of tears. How much misery have not I witnessed in palace and cottage. The vast majority of mankind is yet far from true humanity; they still worship false gods under the forms of brutes.

## THE POPULAR TEACHER.

From this time forward, the stream of my life, which, near its source, had to force its way, foaming and struggling over a rocky bed, flowed on in a calm and tranquil course. There are no more striking adventures, or wonderful vicissitudes, and I may, therefore, comprise the history of a long series of years in a very brief space. I was no longer a young man, and with the deep experience of life, through which I had attained to manhood, I had gained also a nobler and more extensive sphere of action.

One day, about a year after my marriage, the worthy Rudolf Meyer, from Aarau, came to visit me in Biberstein. "What do you say to this act of mediation of Bonaparte's?" said he. "Is it any thing more than a bridge which he has thrown across the abyss of the revolution, to lead us back insensibly to the old stupidity and slavery of the people, to the tyranny of the patricians and the priesthood, and to the disunion and impotence of our country, instead of to freedom and strength, through the increased enlightenment and improved morals of the nation? Why are you sitting thus idly, with your hands before you? Come out once more with your 'Swiss Messenger,' as you did in Lucerne; teach the people the worth of freedom, of which they yet know nothing. Let them once but be aware of the treasure they have in their hands, and they will not be so readily induced, by ambition or cunning, to let go of it."

We spoke much on this subject. The venerable patriot was not only in the right in his general views, but even in the part he had assigned me. In Aarau there was already a little printing-press; but I had long wished for the establishment of an extensive book-

seller's in the neighbourhood, in order to keep up my acquaintance with the newest literature; and the means for this end soon presented themselves through a Mr. Remigius Sauerländer, an upright young man, the partner of a house in Basle, who now agreed to meet my wishes, and establish himself in Aarau. In 1804, he began the publication of my "Swiss Messenger," which appeared in weekly numbers, and continued without interruption for thirty years.

It was written in a simple, but picturesque style, carefully adapted to the mode of thought prevalent among the people, speaking the truth in vigorous language, and applying the lash to folly, but carefully avoiding personality. It rapidly acquired an extensive popularity, and into all countries where the German language was spoken, and, indeed, even into Italy, France, and America, wherever Swiss were to be found. Numerous contributions which I received from men of various classes, and still more various opinions, magistrates, clergymen, mechanics, and literary men, I generally inserted, after remodelling them to suit my own views.

I found the occupation more an amusement than a task; I seemed to have found my true vocation. I would gladly leave to the king his sceptre, to the general his sword, to the merchant his ships, to the artist his pencil and chisel, and his laurels into the bargain. I would seek with the pen and the printing-press, a wider sphere of action than was ever bestowed by any office, and means more powerful than any other for forwarding the good cause of human improvement. I know, indeed, no purer ambition than that of associating ourselves for such a purpose as this with the noblest of our race, the true heroes of humanity, the legitimate princes of the spiritual world, who operate on it as surely as the laws of nature on the world of sense. The Alexanders, Cæsars, and Attilas, have vanished with all their works, and their names live chiefly in schoolbooks. Is it worth while to have lived their lives for such a reward as this?

I had given to the "Messenger" a sort of character mark of a true-hearted gossip, who, nevertheless, knew more than he said, and seemed to blurt out the truth without knowing it, but who loved a sly joke on the follies of the high and the low. During his thirty years' peregrinations, I let him, in a manner, grow up with his readers—speak with more rigid accuracy, form his judgments with a more manly decision, so that he came at last to be a plain, honest countryman, of sound and excellent understanding, who, in the consciousness of republican freedom, does not shrink in the presence of any man from speaking his mind in a becoming manner.

By and by, however, those who were at bottom no great friends to the instruction of the people, especially in political matters, began to spy a snake in the grass, and to suspect that the honest "Swiss Messenger" had in him something dangerous. The patricians and the clergy began benevolently to warn their inferiors and flocks to

beware of him; and in 1814, the "year of restoration," when the spiritual and temporal shepherds of the people were everywhere seeking to drive them back into the folds, from the free pastures where they had been wandering, they began in Switzerland to make open war on the "Messenger," to call him a wolf in sheep's clothing, and to bombard him with pamphlets and vituperative articles. In many a school, from many a confessional, and many a pulpit, the "seducer of the people" was denounced with fervent indignation. The "Messenger," however, troubled himself very little about these attacks, and very seldom attempted to defend himself; indeed, he had little need to do so, for the people continued, in spite of all warnings, to open their doors to him as to an old acquaintance. In many of the cantons, as in Berne, Lucerne, Freyburg, and others, the paper was prohibited, and its clandestine introduction charged with a severe penalty. A proposal was also made to suppress it by a decree of the diet; but since the members, as usual, could not agree among themselves, the poor "Messenger" escaped for the present, although there were many in the government of Aarau who would gladly have seen its destruction. They contrived, subsequently, to throw round him the fetters of the censorship; but he contrived, nevertheless, to raise such a comical clatter with them, as soon became intolerable in their ears.

A history of the life of the "Swiss Messenger" would be by no means uninteresting, as it would serve to throw much light on the progress of morals, and the social development of Switzerland, during the period of his wanderings. To the various accusations of heresy, political or ecclesiastical, I paid little attention, preserving a prudent silence, or relying on the power of truth and right to defend itself. Such errors as I was conscious of, I had no wish to defend, and against mere personal calumny I would attempt no defence. My official and domestic life, in eight or ten cantons, lay open to the eyes of all men; and the continued friendship and esteem of many men who were venerated throughout the country, proved to me that I ran, after all, very little risk from such puny arrows. This language, perhaps, may sound a little proud, but truth often assumes a proud aspect.

My ambition was to carry light into the poorest huts, where no book, no newspaper ever penetrates, but where, at the utmost, once a year a penny almanac finds its way. I resolved, therefore, myself to become, for this end, an almanac-maker; and in order not to shock the countryman, by running counter too much to his darling prejudices, the "Swiss Messenger's Almanac" contained prophecies about the weather, astrological predictions concerning children born under certain signs, proper times for bleeding, and similar nonsense. By degrees, however, I contrived to change these foolish rules into really useful directions, and to sweep away some of the rubbish which had been, "by permission of the authorities," heaped up under every straw roof. People read it, and laughed at the jokes;

and what pleased me still more, the other almanac-makers, either out of trade rivalry or a better motive, soon began to labour for the enlightenment of the common people, as they had formerly done to keep them in ignorance, and to endeavour to fight the "Messenger" with his own weapons. After three or four years, I gave over my almanac, well pleased, into other hands. The road to improvement was begun.

It may seem that all this makes a rather superfluous episode in the representation of my inward life; but it is not possible to represent the inward truly, without showing its connexion with the outward life, or the secret religious movements of the mind, without their influence upon the actions. It was those dark, half-conscious feelings of childhood, the passionate enthusiasm of youth, which now, armed by the experience of the man, urged me on to war with the corruption and barbarism of the time. For this purpose I had become an almanac-maker, and if I might have found a more agreeable occupation in higher walks of science and literature, I could not have been summoned to any by a higher sense of duty. For the rich, the prosperous, the cultivated, a hundred pens are ready in every state; but it is but seldom that a Franklin, a Pestalozzi, a Becker, or a Hebel, arises to take pity on the poor and the neglected.

Every act is to be regarded as a religious one which raises man above the mere animal, and that brings him nearer to the Divine nature. For this reason I did not disdain to scatter the seeds of a better knowledge of domestic and rural economy, of improvements in the breeding of cattle, and similar employments. Is not a disinterested effort to improve the condition of the people also religion? Is it not religion to redeem the soul from the fetters of ignorance and prejudice? Why else did the Saviour of the world bring down from Heaven the light of truth and holiness, and reveal it to all, to priests and kings, to publicans and sinners; that light, before whose all-transforming power, Pharisees and Sadducees grew pale, and Neros and Diocletians trembled on their thrones. They tremble before it still, on thrones, in pulpits, and council chairs; or they cry out that it is but darkness, because it dazzles their eyes. Is it not religion to seek to recover for the oppressed and ill-treated mass of mankind, the rights of which they have been defrauded?

Let my words be wrested to a false meaning, or my convictions be treated as the mere delusions of my boyhood. These delusions have carried me through the mournful scenes of a troubled time; and now that I am become a gray old man, I look to them to soften and brighten my dying hour. They have often inspired me with fresh courage when my heart had begun to fail; they have roused me to renewed exertion, when I might have slumbered in the soft lap of material convenience and luxury; and, if I have ever run any risk of wandering into the path of error, they have been the protecting angels which have led me back to truth.

I was now seven-and-thirty years old, and advancing, consequently, towards the sober maturity of forty. My outward circumstances were prosperous, my temper cheerful; neither repenting the past, nor fearing the future. I was happy in the tender affection of wife and children, and, perhaps, still more so in the reconciliation of my inward and outward worlds. My judgment was fertilised by a rich experience, my imagination no longer impetuous and ungovernable, and the Æolian harp of the feelings did not now, as formerly, respond to the lightest breath that swept across it. I had at length discovered that the precious jewel I had sought so long, was not to be found among theological or philosophical disputants; for, instead of the olive-branch of spiritual peace, they had brought me the poisonous thorn of doubt.

Since the commencement of my life of almost cloistral solitude in Biberstein, I had especially devoted myself to scientific inquiries into the phenomena of nature and of the destinies of nations; but, behind this phenomena, I sought always for a cause higher than themselves, and in this holy temple, soiled by no dust of daily life, blackened by no smoke from the altar, I attained to a better knowledge of these mysterious movements, or, if I may say so, to a philosophy which led me to her twin sister, religion; not, perhaps, the religion of Athanasius or Arius, of Luther or of Zwinglius, of Calvin or Zinzendorf, but of Christ, and which he alone has revealed to the human race. Philosophy is the ardent longing of the mind after the knowledge of the unconditional, that is of the divine. Religion is a striving after self-sanctification in the divine love. And can a knowledge of what is divine subsist apart from the love of it?

Formerly, I had felt a sort of painful compassion in the contemplation of what was positive in the religion of many nations; but now I felt for it a veneration far better founded. In the crowd of apparently differing religions, I could not fail to see that, in every age, and every part of the world, one religion must be true; namely, the revelation written by the hand of God himself, in the heart even of the child and of the savage, which, from the first vague, obscure consciousness of the eternal and invisible, is destined to unfold itself at length in the glorious light of knowledge. It is the custom to speak of this natural religion with a kind of contempt, as a sort of heathenism; but it precedes, nevertheless, all positive religions, and is the root and stem of every faith, which, indeed, without it, could never have existed.

The founder of every system of religion, Moses, Confucius, or Mahomet, has endeavoured, according to the measure of his own knowledge, to free this religion of nature from the crude and childish conceptions of the mass of the people, and, according to the wants of his age, to cloth it in a nobler form. The germ of the re-

ligion even of Jesus is to be found in this revelation in the hearts of men; but he has unfolded it in such purity and perfection as no other, since the world began, has done or will do.

And if we separate from the poor figurative language of the East, from the Israelitish prejudices and Mosaic conceptions of his time, which he so patiently suffered, what the Saviour of the world taught as essential, the eternal truth which is to deliver us from the bonds of darkness, freed from the additions and corruptions of fanaticism, or ignorance, or worldly wisdom, the religion of Christ, even in its positive part, remains the one true religion, adapted to every climate, to every form of government, and every stage of moral and social culture.

The positive is for us mortals the indispensable veil thrown around the supersensual. The spirit of the wisest thinker on earth cannot maintain itself long on the heights of the infinite and the unconditional, on which the one becomes fused into the all, and the all into one. His mortal part draws him down again to the dust of earth, from the infinite to the finite and limited. He would gladly rise into the starry realms of heaven; but, as for his existence in this world, he needs a corporeal frame to connect him with it; so he has need to clothe the pure ideas of religion in a sensuous form. I also found myself returning again and again to the forms in which Jesus has clothed for us the eternal truth. Intelligible to the simplest capacity, yet elevating to the highest, I found them in perfect harmony with reason; capable of affording satisfaction to the whole mind; containing the ultimate results of speculative philosophy, clothed in the most beautiful form of humanity. There the Highest of all beings is also the Father of all; Nature is the language in which he addresses us, Destiny his loving, guiding hand. There the people of every nation under heaven, the disciples of every faith, are members of the vast family of God. The vast universe is our Father's house, and in our Father's house "are many mansions." In the life of Jesus we see an example of the divine perfection to which humanity can attain; and, in our voluntary self-devotion to the pure and holy, we see the dignity of human nature, and its everlasting destination.

That which in youth and boyhood had been often very difficult to me had now become easier; namely, to forgive the mass of mankind for being more powerfully affected by sensuous than by spiritual influences, and requiring therefore outward ceremonies as props for their religious emotions. To me, indeed, the lesson of Jesus, "When thou prayest go into thy closet," appeared sufficient and complete. But the spectacle of a multitude bowed in solemn adoration, whether in the barns of the "Baptists," or the minsters and cathedrals of "established churches," was always powerfully affecting to me; and I willingly forgot, in the presence of such a spectacle, that with most the props and crutches of faith passed still for faith itself, and the self-complacency excited by the performance of empty

ceremonies was regarded as the inward blessedness of genuine piety.

Melancholy and discontent became, however, sometimes involuntarily my feelings, when I beheld the simplicity and clearness which mark the divine revelations of Jesus, obscured and almost stifled under a dead load of formulas, or else so darkened by the wordy rubbish of pedantic and quarrelsome theologians, that a ponderous system of human folly, such as the world's Redeemer never taught, or knew, or permitted, assumed the place of all which is highest and holiest in human wisdom. The word of salvation was to have united the nations into one vast family of God; but theological fanaticism had split them into hostile sects and churches, who turned the religion of love into the religion of hatred. The masses in the Christian community who were unpractised or unsuccessful in free investigation, were compelled to satisfy the moral hunger of the devout soul with mere hollow formulas and ceremonies; and endeavoured in their simplicity to smooth the road for the spirit's entrance into the world of spirits, by church ceremonies, forms, and ordinances.

And yet—and yet—witness the slow, sure progress of the centuries that lie behind us—the light from above brightens silently upon us! The divine self-revelation of the All-holiest within us dies not and cannot die. If a better guide in the labyrinth of religious doubt be wanting, each has still his own inward consciousness to guide him, and becomes, according to the nature of his mind, his opinions, and surrounding circumstances, either a renouncer of all positive and formal religion, or a mystic enthusiast, proselyte, or sect-founder.

Absorbed by these and similar thoughts, I sat one evening in the year 1807, alone in my study. Before me lay a heap of newspapers, which had put me out of humour. It was a time of great and general suffering in Europe, and the bewildered nations, panting for consolation, sought it everywhere in a sudden revival of outward piety; in masses, processions, pilgrimages, sermons, and prayer-meetings. Never, as it seemed to me, had the multitudes of the oppressed, thirsted more ardently after that strength and peace of soul which religion alone affords, and never, therefore, had they seemed better prepared for return to the inner Holy of Holies of a genuine spiritual Christianity. "Why," I exclaimed to myself, "why does no voice, mighty as one inspired, proclaim that call which would now be so blessed to many?" And then the thought arose: "Why dost *thou* not venture if others will not speak?" The question startled me, as if it had come from another instead of myself. That no might as of inspiration was at *my* command, I knew indeed well enough; yet I was powerfully attracted by the thought of a new sphere of wide, and I hoped, beneficent activity. I knew the nation and its needs. Many a word of mine on other topics and occasions had been heard and had borne good fruit. But now the task was the re-awakening of religious vitality in the public mind; the develop-

ment of a real, from the husk of a formal, Christianity. It might be mine to restore the simplicity, the resignation, the lofty mindedness of primitive Christianity to many a now desolate heart. Had not my "Alamontade" been already the healing balsam of more than one secret sufferer? The misery of innumerable families during these days of terror, might perhaps lend a force to my words, such as I could never give them.

In the silent conflict of thought I weighed the difficulties of my undertaking. It was not easy to become, in the households both of the poor and the rich, the friend and consoler alike of the doubting and the believing; to satisfy both the inquirer and the believer by force of reasoning and warmth of eloquence. But if a true and active yearning after self-reformation and self-sanctification was to be extensively awakened among various nations, then neither the life and labours of the Redeemer of a redemption-needing world, nor the immediate revelations of God to the individual conscience, nor the secret movements of the soul within itself, must be neglected as sources of religious light. Yet in order not to kindle the jealous hostility of opposite sects and churches, it was necessary either quite to pass over or to touch very lightly the party-doctrines of each. Nor was this all. The prejudices of the multitude, and the professional jealousy of the clergy, might easily defeat my attempt, in spite of the disinterestedness of my intentions. I already heard in imagination the cry: "Out upon his pure intentions! Money's the object; he scribbles for money of course! A mere layman, a worldly politician, profane playwright and novelist, a *philosophe*, an indifferentist, intermeddling in spiritual concerns!"

From the time of the shoemaker Jakob Bohme, indeed, to that of the court-councillor Jung Stilling, many a layman had ventured to address the people on religious subjects. But these had mostly belonged to the number of those enthusiastic pietists who addressed themselves solely to a small exclusive circle of admirers or proselytes. Yet this reflection did not discourage me. I thought of Christ. What did the Jewish priesthood of his time say to the efforts of the carpenter's son of Nazareth?

Were it not better, however, to conceal my name from the world, in this undertaking? I aimed not at a literary success, but at a moral conquest. What mattered the glory or ignominy conferred by the prejudices of our present civilised barbarism? A plain and important duty was before me, and petty obstacles vanished into the background. I resolved to communicate the religious ideas which had been the result of my experience since childhood, to the families of Switzerland in a weekly Sunday paper. The next day, as we were walking together, I disclosed my wishes to my friend, Remigius Sauerländer the well-known bookseller of Aarau. The paper was to appear at the lowest price which would pay for printing and publishing, in order that its possible benefit might be open to all; but the name of the writer was to remain the strictest secret.

Sauerländer promised this, and well he kept his word. Neither the London bookseller, Woodfall, with the letters of "Junius," nor Ballantyne of Edinburgh with the "Waverley Novels," ever preserved more faithfully the secrets intrusted to them.

In the beginning of the year 1808 appeared, therefore, every week a sheet entitled "Hours of Devotion, for the Advancement of True Christianity and Domestic Piety." I continued these papers uninterruptedly for eight years. It was very gradually that they made their way across the frontiers of Switzerland. But when at the close of the eight years, the publisher issued them together as a complete work, I discovered with agreeable astonishment that they had already penetrated to very distant places. Many letters from foreign readers, received by the publisher and transmitted by him to the unknown author, showed me that I had not entirely failed in those objects to which I had devoted the morning hours of six long winters—to me truly holy hours.

In Germany the buzz of literary gossip was now busy concerning the author. I was very much embarrassed when intimate friends who were familiar with my religious views and principles, or who recognised peculiarities in my manner of writing, threw out various hints and entrapping remarks; or, when on my travels in Germany, curious idlers questioned me directly on the subject. In these cases, as I would neither confess the truth nor tell a lie, I generally escaped by means of answers as evasive as those of an ancient oracle. As soon as the work had been spread through various Christian churches and countries by means of new editions, reprints, selections, imitations, and translations, other voices began to raise themselves concerning it. Among the Protestants many found it not sufficiently orthodox; there was too much common sense in it. The pious theologian, Dr. Tholuck of Berlin, thought himself obliged, so late as 1840, to publish his own improved "Hours of Devotion" for those Christians "who would not be contented with a rationalistic view of the Gospel." Among the Catholics it was frequently condemned from the pulpit. Here and there it was prohibited, and anathematised as the work of Satan. In 1819 appeared three volumes entitled "The Hours of Devotion, the Work of Satan," full of furious invective, in which I could discover nothing of the Christian spirit. Somewhat less violent was the work printed at Münich entitled: "The Catastrophe of Germany, or the Certain Destruction of the Christian Religion and Social Order by means of the Work called Hours of Devotion." Yet social order and the Christian religion appear fortunately as yet not quite annihilated in Germany. Pope Pius VII. put my work in his catalogue *librorum prohibitorum*. The good Weiler of Münich, however, set to work and prepared a select edition unexceptionable to the most scrupulous Catholic. The learned Professor Tschirner ventured upon the public vindication of the "Hours of Devotion." I beheld in silence the various adventures of the seed

I had cast forth. Priestly vituperations, however, devoid alike of reason and charity, only heightened the joyful consciousness of not having deserved them.

So long as intolerant religious zeal directed its attacks either by name or by significant hints and inuendoes, against myself, I cared nothing about the matter. But when the enemies of my book, misled by fancied marks and coincidences, directed their furious hostility against other innocent men—men far more conspicuous and important than myself—then I was often tempted from a sense of justice to step forward and raise the veil of anonymous authorship.

That foolish hubbub has now died away, and public curiosity, also, has died away with it. A full generation lies between the beginning of that undertaking, and the present day; yet I have never seen cause to repent of my work. It is now, not only quite harmless for my intended object, but a positive and urgent duty, in this evening of my days and close upon the borders of the grave, to terminate, at last, a tedious mystery, which might occasion errors injurious to the reputations of many worthy men.

## A FREEMASON'S LODGE.

Among my most intimate friends had been for many years the Grand Ducal Privy Councillor Joseph Von Ittner, of Baden. His name was dear both to the Germans and the Swiss, and he himself was, as the Scriptures express it, "a man after God's own heart." When I visited Freiburg in the year 1819, I made the journey in company with several gentlemen from Aarau who were about to be initiated into the masonic degree of master, at the Freiburg Lodge. On the way we conversed much of freemasonry; for they knew me for one of the initiated. At Freiburg I was compelled, in spite of much resistance, to be present at the solemn initiation of my fellow-travellers; although, since leaving Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, I had never been inside a lodge, and had totally forgotten all the usual customs and ceremonies.

In order to become better acquainted with one another after this, we resolved on our return to Aarau to spend an evening every week in social intercourse together. We there conversed on politics and literature, foreign and domestic, and sometimes also on freemasonry. I did not attempt to deny that the latter tendencies and pursuits of most masonic societies seemed to me to have little, either agreeable or edifying in them. Some were engaged in the pursuit of alchemy; others were absorbed in mystical theology; others in charlatanry of different kinds. All imagined mysterious powers in their ancient symbols and empty formulas; and I did not deny that in the high meaning which I attributed to the institution of freemasonry; I was, perhaps, doing the same thing. I placed this institution between those of Church and State, as a connecting link between

the two. This theory excited the astonishment, though not the anger of my friends. Although they themselves regarded the mystic society as a venerable and holy means for the promotion of brotherly kindness among men, yet they knew that the institution was generally regarded with hostile eyes by the guardians of altars and thrones.

I endeavoured to explain myself. We children of men are on earth already members of two worlds, the outer or material, and the inner or spiritual. In the outer world we dwell together with equal rights and equal duties, but with unequal gifts and powers. This is the natural and original relation of mankind. By our equality of rights and duties we are rendered brethren; by our inequality of gifts and powers, useful and indispensable to each other. And this necessity of association founded families, hordes, tribes, and states. But under the influence of various climates, customs, interests, and passions, the original relations of mankind are either gradually obliterated, or so distorted as to stand at last in opposition both to nature and reason. Families, tribes, and states are hostile to each other, acknowledging no longer their mutual brotherhood; the relation of brother is exchanged for that of master and slave.

In the supernal world, or in the character of spirits, no longer confined to the sphere of the finite and the temporary, we recognise, indeed, the truth of our universal equality and brotherhood; we feel ourselves children of the same great Father, in his boundless and wonderful mansion of the universe. This original relation of all men to God and eternity, is the foundation of religion; it is the truth divinely revealed within us, and unveiled by Jesus. It is eternally in accordance with nature and reason; for the laws of nature and reason are the laws of God. But as the social, so, also, the religious relation has become distorted in a thousand ways, and has been made contrary both to nature and reason. There have arisen various religions, various churches in every religion, various sects in every church, and bigotry and spiritual pride have usurped the names of piety and zeal.

The restoration of the original social and spiritual relations of men, that is to say, to brotherhood in rights, hopes, and duties, without regard to differences in race, country, or creed; the reformation of that holy bond which social and religious passions and prejudices had severed so long; this were an object, I said, worthy the efforts of the wise and the good. The masons of the middle ages, and afterwards the members of other guilds, as they went from town to town practising their trades, and met and conversed with each other, learned to regard each other as brothers, as world-citizens, without regard to difference of language and country. Probably this was the germ of the future institution of freemasonry, as is seen in the present form of the lodges. There the mason's hut appears as the symbol of the world, into which the holy light streams from the East; and every inmate of which, severed elsewhere from

the rest, by origin, country, rank, property, and creed, is there the brother and equal of all. Wherever, in ancient or modern times, a few men united, though but for moments, and in a narrow circle in striving towards a restoration of the original relations of mankind, and towards a realisation of the ideal—there was manifested the secret and beautiful meaning of freemasonry.

The lodge with all its symbols, is only the *form* of the masonic thoughts; the state is only the form of the social union; the church, of the religious principle. These forms, as belonging to the sensuous world, may vary; but the original thought, the spiritual essence of each, are alone the *absolute* and the *real*.

The church is an institution for the embodiment of the idea of our filial relation to God, and our fraternal relation to each other. Prince and beggar, without distinction of social rank, which cannot exist in the world of spirits, prostrate themselves in common adoration before the Universal Father; they hear in common the call to self-sanctification, and receive in common the consecration for eternity. All, in relation to God, acknowledge themselves brothers and sisters. But outside the church, the inequalities of social life again assert their dominion. These, which were forgotten only within the walls of the temple, the mosque, and the synagogue, vanish likewise within the masonic lodge. Thus church and lodge are closely related; only that in the lodge the distinction of creeds is also forgotten, and is not permitted to sever the brothers.

The state is a means to society for the more rapid and easier development of its faculties, by the right of every man to strive towards such a development, and by his right to a security from hindrance in so doing, while he avoids the hindering of others. The state is an institution for the general use, for the common benefit of all its citizens; for the leading of them forwards towards the perfection of human existence. Such, too, is the duty and object of the masonic lodges; they would cut and polish the rough stone of human civilisation, to build with it the temple of universal harmony.

Whilst church and state, although both necessary institutions for the good of mankind, are frequently found in direct hostility to each other, through the errors, passions, or blindness of their guardians, Freemasonry places itself as a reconciler between them, meeting with its divine or purely spiritual side the religious element in all, and with its earthly or temporal side, the social or political element. Yet it casts from it every thing *merely* political, every thing originating in the laws and constitutions of particular nations, because it has to do only with the original relations of men. In the same way it casts from it every thing merely theological, because it regards only the original relations of man to God and eternity, without distinction of creed or church.

In this spirit lived, and do still live, thousands of excellent men, genuine freemasons, whether they ever saw the inside of a lodge or not; whilst thousands who *have* seen it, remain as far as ever from

becoming genuine masons, just as in various nations thousands of pious souls have lived in the spirit of Jesus, without ever having visited a Christian temple, whilst thousands of Christians, zealous *in* church and *for* the church, would never be owned as disciples by their Divine Master. For, as many take appearances for realities, the means for the end, and church rites for religion, so many among us mistake the ceremonies of the lodge for freemasonry.

Such were the thoughts and views which I expressed to my friends, and, at their request, afterwards communicated in writing. It is a matter of course that this view will not quite please the strict church principles of some, and that the pious sensibility of many an orthodox reader will be shocked to find the author of the "Hours of Devotion," at the same time the member of a masonic lodge. But not a word of vindication here. It is more worthy of an independent man to seek the true and the holy on every road, without regard to suspicion or calumny, than to follow the great herd through life, under the banners of prejudice.

A few years afterwards we became the founders of a lodge "to brotherly constancy," at Aarau. The Directory of Freemasonry, at Basle, consecrated the new lodge. The unmeaning trickery of the so-called "three degrees of John," was set aside, and for the empty formalities of the usual ritual was substituted one more impressive and full of meaning.

## SOCIETY FOR NATIONAL CULTURE.

But before this, in the year 1810, I rejoiced in the formation of another union, of more immediate and effective benefit to the community.

During the hush of peace which Napoleon's mediation had bestowed upon Switzerland, and while she remained safely sheltered beneath his imperial sceptre, there was stirring in all the cantons a freshness and life in the efforts towards reform, which had been unknown for centuries. The talisman of freedom did wonders; now first the people at large learnt to know and love it. With unfettered hands, the people now rebuilt what had been destroyed in the days of social discord, and laid the foundations of a welfare, such as had never been enjoyed so universally. Schools were established or improved, workshops and manufactories arose in towns and villages, agriculture and the breeding of cattle were more extensively pursued. The Pestalozzis, Fellenbergs, and Wehrlis led the van with their teaching and example; nor was my faithful friend, the gray-haired Baptist von Tscharner of Chur, behind the others.

He projected a reanimation of an agricultural society in the Grisons, and sent me his plan for the undertaking. Its peculiarity was that a single individual of the many members scattered throughout all the valleys of the highlands, should be enabled by his volun-

sary exertion to set the whole chain in movement. The thought seemed to me practicable, and also that it might be advantageous to Aargau. The little territories and communities, out of which it had been scarcely ten years patched together, were in contact, but not yet grown into a whole. A common spirit was wanting, and with it so much that is praiseworthy and life-giving to the state. A union of the most patriotic burgers in the several parts of the territory was desirable, not only for the advancement of agriculture but for the furtherance of science, industry, and every branch of national culture.

In one of our evening meetings I imparted Tscharner's projects and my thoughts on its applicability to a greater extent for our infant free state to my masonic friends. The matter found sympathy, was discussed, underwent alteration and correction, and was without delay carried into execution.

Thus originated the "Society for National Cultivation" in the canton of Aargau (1810). Insignificant in the beginning, its members soon became numerous, and it was finally divided into five classes: for Trade and Industry, National History, Natural Philosophy, Science of Education, and Agriculture. Very soon able men, in their respective pursuits, joined these classes in the remaining circles of the country, who afterwards, when their numbers became sufficient, formed separate unions, though keeping up a constant communication with the parent society. Once only in the year the members of all the circles assembled for general discussion and personal acquaintance. These unions, true to their noble object, still remain in useful operation. To them Aargau is indebted for more than one good work; the foundation of benefit societies, savings' banks, &c., female schools of industry, handicraft schools, and many others, of which I shall make particular mention only of one, because the want of it was really felt in Switzerland, as it may be still in many other places where the school system is as deficient as it was formerly in many Swiss cantons.

This was a kind of higher educational institution under the name of "Aarau Social Instruction Society;" it was meant for young men who, either by their own fault or that of others, had left the Gymnasium not sufficiently prepared in scientific studies for the university, or, without reference to these, wished to acquire knowledge indispensable to every man desirous of becoming useful to the state in public offices. Instruction in the various branches of scientific study, and in ancient and modern languages, was gratuitously afforded by men who associated themselves voluntarily from half year to half year for the purpose of giving lectures in their favourite pursuit. This institution was diligently attended by young men from the farthest parts of Switzerland, and well may those youths, now ripened men, look back with silent gratitude on that time when their spirit was first awakened to itself! The greater part, deservedly loved and respected, now fill various offices secular and ecclesiastical, Catholic and Protestant. How could a course of instruction be otherwise than

rich in fruit, which the pupils followed in the consciousness of its utility, and the teachers directed out of love for imparting knowledge?*

What is most precious to a people must always spring from the people. They best know and feel *what* they want, although they may not always know the best way of acquiring it. Governments deserve praise when they favour what is in itself praiseworthy, or when they do not seek to obstruct it. They have business enough on their hands to keep the wheels of the state machine in working order for the common benefit; when they meddle with the detail, or with individual exertion, the action is injurious to countless domestic interests, and lays the foundation, unconsciously perhaps, for fatal legal tyranny.

## THE RESTORATION PERIOD.

Whilst the Dictator of Western Europe stained its soil, from the Tagus to the Moskwa, with the blood of a hundred battles; dashed in pieces old thrones and created new; dismembered states and plundered nations; Switzerland, under his protection, was slowly recovering from its long sickness, and beginning to rejoice in progress. It is true she, too, felt, at times, the weight of the imperial sceptre of iron, under which other nations lay prostrate;† yet he spared her more than he did his own France. He knew the value of this bulwark against Germany and Lombardy, as well as the little value or the danger of its possession. Switzerland is, I repeat, not unconquerable, but untameable. To incorporate her with other states, is to throw Greek fire into their interior, which no blood will quench, and which will again flame up from the ashes of a century, wherever it encounters inflammable matter. The grievances of the time were endured, and men looked to the fortune of war, or the disappearance of the Dictator from the political stage for their alleviation. He vanished, but the expected good came not. The allied European army passed the Pyrenees and the Rhine. The cantons guarded their northern frontier, and declared themselves neutral. The emperors of Russia and Austria were inclined to acknowledge it; not so their own aristocracy. Some of its members held treasonable deliberations in Waldshut; they attenuated the already scanty military cordon from Basle to Schaffhausen; they even withdrew a part; they induced the Prince of Schwartzenberg to choose the way through Switzerland to France, and openly exulted when he appeared. Be their names shrouded in eternal

* This institution subsisted till the year 1830, when the new political disturbances put an end to its ten years' existence.

† For example, the military capitulation by virtue of which Switzerland was to furnish 18,000 men to the imperial army—at the cost of France it is true; the prohibition of intercourse with England and her colonies, and the army of French custom-house officers, and Cisalpine soldiery in Tessin to prevent smuggling.

darkness. The passage of the Austrian troops over Switzerland was marked by the despair of families, and pestilential disorders. The people looked on in silent wrath; their former guardians with secret pleasure.

In trembling eagerness, the former magnates of the land, the noble corporations, &c., seized the opportunity, amid the blessings of the priesthood, to make the past the present, the present the past. Berne began the overturn of the existing order; the government was counter-revolutionised, and other cantons followed the example. The Napoleon institutions were destroyed; it was announced to be the will of the Allied Powers that the work of restoration should take place all over the world. The Swiss people looked on the Austrian bayonets, and were silent.

Like the emigrant noblesse of France, the old heads of the cantons held the period from 1798 to 1815 as a blank page in history, and the rights and freedom of the people as a spoliation of the nobles and the Church. They forgot that in ten years their former subjects had learnt much; that it was too late to say with the emigrants, "Il faut que le peuple soit abruti, pour être gouvernable" forgot that the very foundations of their former supremacy, the exclusive possession of wealth and intellectual culture were destroyed by the freedom of the school of commerce and the press. Berne haughtily demanded, as her ancient property, Waat and Aargau. They showed in answer 20,000 bayonets. The murmurs of stifled wrath were heard in other quarters. Nothing but the dread of foreign intervention kept the greater part of the nation in check.

After two years' struggle and disturbance the victorious party succeeded in establishing a federative contract, which guaranteed the existence of twenty-two sovereign states, and 114 cloisters; but, slight and feeble in construction, closely resembling the former one, which had so accelerated the ruin of the old federation. Without having received full powers to that effect, the men in the direction of affairs in the different cantons, imposed on the people new laws essentially aristocratic in principle, although artfully disguised in democratic gauds; and held it not even worth the trouble of an inquiry how far the people were content with their proceedings. They only required obedience.

In our beautiful Aargau, as in the other republics, the husk of the new constitution held the germ of aristocracy. The duration of office was extended to twelve years, which was nearly giving it for life. The government, or Lesser Council, had powers conferred on it, in some respects greater than those of princes in constitutional monarchies. The tribunals were *not* independent, not even the legislative body or "Greater Council." Every thing was adjusted to wean the people from taking part in the national business, and place the whole weight and influence of the state in the hands of a few.

I also was chosen a member of the great council of legislators.* The subsequent period annihilated in Switzerland, as in the whole of Western Europe, much dawning improvement. I consoled myself with the reflection, that from every wrong a greater right must grow; that there is an ebb and flood tide in the wide ocean of mutable opinion, and in the social condition springing therefrom; and that awakened humanity never retrogrades, but to bound forward with redoubled vigour.

Many of my friends were disheartened; even the noble-minded Ittner. He called the Restoration, with its results, a lapse into the old state of political sin, a universal misfortune to European humanity, "a gigantic tragedy."† "Most certainly," I said, in writing to console him, "the tragedy is not yet at the catastrophe. According to rule, it must have five acts. From the convocation of the States-General to the death of Louis XVI., was the first act; the Robespierre and republican delirium to Bonaparte's return from Egypt, the second; Napoleon's imperial rule to the invasion of France, was the third act; the general ferment of Germany, Spain, France, Italy, and Switzerland, by the collision of the maxims of the eleventh and nineteenth centuries, will form the fourth. The fifth will open in Elysium, where we, under the shadow of the eternal tree of life, shall smile at human follies; there, where Cato himself will smile; the wrath of Tacitus be stirred no more; where Isaiah will no longer thunder, and we shall say with Christ: "In God is blessedness without end." And another time: "Let us not quarrel with the doings of the world. Even these mad confusions have their elevating side. He who is disposed to torment himself at the present, must, in reading the history of the world since Cain and Abel, down to the Swiss declaration of eternal neutrality (the eternity lasted fourteen days), cry the eyes out of his head. I myself can now read of a battle, in which 30,000 men have fallen, with great edification. *Apropos* of battles! I shall shortly serve you up a regular feast of hacking and hewing, in red morocco and gold. The bookbinder is hard at work at the frame of my pictures."

The last words refer to the history of the Bavarian people, the first volume of which had just appeared in print. My long and minute researches in reference to this very history, had contributed not a little to tranquillise me with regard to the present. Everywhere in the life, weal, and woe of nations, I had traced the finger of God. A few years after the writing of that letter, I wrote the result of my observations, a kind of political confession of faith; it is still my faith, and as such I here repeat it.

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* In the year 1814.

† This extract, as well as the following one, was printed by Counsellor Henry Schreiber, in the fourth volume of the works of Jos. von Ittner, from the papers of the latter. I make use of them, because they offer a faithful picture of my then habits of thought and views.

"As the human race over the whole surface of the earth, rejoices in the like gift of reason," I wrote, "so truly must that which is agreeable to reason finally pervade all temporal and spiritual orders among all people, and purify them from all unclean environments of barbarous superstition, or self-interested absolutism. For it is not republics, not monarchies, that stand in opposition to the well-being of humanity; but whatever, under either form, shows itself hostile to the good and just. But the divinity of our nature will not allow itself to be for ever imprisoned within the beast's hide, in which false or foolish arrogance would fain disguise it. That it will not, the history of past ages, the destiny of our own, are undeniable pledges. To give light and right their due place, friend and foe, free-will and necessity, fortune and misfortune, vice and virtue, all must, in all time co-operate, although they know it not. Whoever believes in God, will never lament the attempted oppression of the just and true, but the delusion of the oppressor, who ventures on all possible evil to bring about the impossible. The oppressor is always a partisan, on whatever side he stand, who, out of love of heaven, becomes a criminal, out of love of freedom, a tyrant, and in his zeal for public order and happiness, shows himself their pitiless destroyer."

I beheld with admiration the career of Napoleon, the greatest general and statesman of the age; but in his course of triumphs, I saw, not what the hero saw, but extended propagation of what is divine over the dust and ruins of old idolatries. The hand of the warrior grasps the iron plough; but the hand of Providence casts the seed into the gaping furrows. And if a shudder seize the observer at the sight of the growing empire of the world, let the past 6000 years console him, wherein not that empire, but the divine one of the true and beautiful, fixes in ever growing splendour, its everlasting seat. When the sun is once risen, it will be day; the cloud may play over the face of heaven, but cannot quench the eternal light.

## THREE JOURNEYS THROUGH BAVARIA.

I have mentioned my history of Bavaria. I had laboured for ten years together in love and zeal at this monography of a German race. Johannes Müller of Berlin, Ittner, and other friends had often urged me in their letters to employ myself on some work that might carry down my name to posterity. The good Müller thought much of this same posterity, the life-wise Ittner little, and I not at all. The desire for the immortality of a name betrays longing, perhaps, but also doubt of the eternal existence of the spirit. To deserve the esteem of the estimable among my contemporaries was not, however, a matter of indifference to me. Schlichtgroll, the Director of the Academy of Münich, with whom I had long maintained an active correspondence, called on me to work at an abstract of the history of

Bavaria, to add to the memoirs of the Academy. This led me further than I had intended, and finally, to a regular research into the whole life course of that ancient people. I had, besides, a pleasure in observing the land which under the King Maximilian Joseph and his able minister, Von Montgelas, had just begun to burst from its middle age bark into a lustier growth. I loved the land where dwelt not only Schlichtgroll, but the far-aiming privy-councillor, Joseph von Utzschneider, the genial Scherer, the royal librarian, and other of my German friends. In order to make the history as complete as possible, I sent copies of the first book to the most distinguished historical writers of Bavaria, and made three several journeys through the country. I traversed it from the Lech to the Tan; from the Alps to the Danube, that I might know the stage well whereon the drama I was about to attempt writing, had been acted. I still remember those days with pleasure, and will not refrain from relating somewhat concerning them.

During my first journey (in 1813) I embraced in Münich my esteemed Schlichtgroll, with whom I had not until then any personal acquaintance, although in our letters we had exchanged the brotherly *thee and thou*. He seemed not a little surprised at first when I saluted him at once (without naming myself), and without any empty courtesies, as *thou*, and then looked at him in pleased silence. No other reproach could be made to this excellent man than that he was too kind and good, and scarcely so well suited to this world as to that which is to be a thousand years hence. I also saw the noble Utzschneider who had already visited me in the castle of Biberstein; a man often misunderstood, but in my eyes the noblest citizen in Bavaria at that time: compared with his admirable public-spirited activity, I felt almost ashamed of my busy do-nothingness.

Among other celebrities I saw the Minister Montgelas, who, as I was well pleased to hear, wished to speak with me. Schlichtgroll accompanied me; but it was not exactly agreeable to me to be received at a public audience where twenty visiters or supplicants, planted in a respectful semicircle, were entertained with coffee and liqueurs. On the other hand, it seemed not particularly agreeable to him when it came to my turn to be spoken to, and in answer to the question how I liked Bavaria, with much that pleased him, I also mentioned some things whereon I had better have been silent. Somewhat piqued, Count von Montgelas declined furnishing me with a statement of the Bavarian finances, which had been printed some years before, then suppressed, and was at that time under seal in the state archives. At first he had spoken in a low tone, but this refusal was suddenly given in so loud a tone, and with such ministerial *grandezza*, that all eyes were turned on the great man and myself. To civilities of this kind I had no other reply to make but a silent bow, and to turn my back on his excellency and his coffee.

"The minister," said I, in calming Schlichtgroll's terrors at my

disrespectful behaviour, "forgets that I am none of his subordinates, but a free man and a foreigner.*

Three years later (in 1815) I made my second journey through the Tyrol and over Vienna, where the singer of the *Schirin*, the treasure-seeker in the recesses of the East, the amiable Joseph von Hammer, and the as amiable family of Gerold, made a complete conquest of me. My particular object of search in the Vienna archives was the hitherto undiscoverable Nympenburg commission,† but neither was it to be found here. After traversing highways and byways, and visiting many convents and battle-fields of Bavaria, I went again to Münich, and again called on friends and enemies, among them the Minister Montgelas.

This time his excellency received me in his cabinet, and more obligingly. I learnt to esteem this distinguished man highly, different as our opinions were on some points. I was much surprised at one question which an old Herr von Salis had put to me years before, in the city of Chur. We were speaking of schools, and of the education of the people especially, when the clear-headed statesman cried out: "But how far would you go with the education of the masses? Will it not be found dangerous at last? Where are we to place the limits?" Such an outbreak I had little expected from the great reformer of Bavaria. "I beseech your excellency," I replied, "to address that question not to me, but to God. Had such limits been established for reasons of state, a thousand years ago, your beautiful Bavaria would be to-day what it was in the time of St. Severin, rather than what it has become in yours!"

The King Maximilian Joseph, a name that will never be forgotten by the Bavarians, did me the favour to send for me to Nympenburg. If some gentlemen in glittering uniform had not been standing in stiff reverence in the room, I should scarcely have believed I was approaching a monarch; I should have taken him rather for one of the noblest-minded private citizens of Bavaria. In his unrestrained expression of love for his country and his people breathed the truest kingliness: I could well understand the filial enthusiasm of his subjects for the nation's father. The next day he sent me, by Herr von Ringel, a gold snuff-box, with his initials in diamonds. I refused to accept it and felt somewhat mortified at the offer. The esteem of a prince himself so estimable I certainly wished to obtain, but such gifts

* This did not prevent me from sending the minister a copy of the first part of my history when it was published. Directly after there appeared at Munich some terribly bitter "remarks" (in print) on my book. They were distributed gratuitously in the Chamber of Archives. The "remarks" were the production of the able imperial archive registrar, Heinrich von Lang, and written at the particular request of the Minister Montgelas, as Lang himself told me when I visited him on my third visit to Bavaria. He was then in disgrace at court; at least, he had been dismissed. After that visit Lang remained on the best terms with me, and we continued in correspondence till his death.

† I obtained at last a dedication copy out of the royal archives at Paris, by the mediation of M. François Guizot, which, after making use of, I sent to the Münich Archive Office.

as princes usually bestow, caused me nothing but humiliation. The exhortations of Schlichtgroll and Von Ringel induced me, however, finally to keep it, lest my disinterestedness, or wounded pride, might seem offensive to the kind-hearted monarch. Queen Caroline afterwards sent me a diamond ring with her initials. The Minister von Zentner, subsequently offered me the post of resident member of the Münich Academy, which I declined, notwithstanding the permission granted to reside three-fourths of the year in Switzerland. Schlichtgroll, who at first was urgent with me to accept the offer, afterwards approved of my refusal. "After the first few hours had passed," he wrote to me in his letter of the 27th of June, 1818, "the conviction forced itself on me also that you must maintain your present free and lofty position, and not be compelled to pass even some months here under the conditions imposed, advantageous as they are. There is something Providence-like in your undertaking, as a foreigner, to write the history of this people from whom, or their princes, you expect nothing, and seek nothing."

"No, much as I loved Münich," I wrote, on this occasion, to one of my truest Swiss friends,* Heinrich von Orell, of Zurich, "Munich, where dwell so many who are dear to me, and which offers so many scientific enjoyments; I may not, and cannot quit Switzerland; I am bound to her for ever; and, therefore, I could not accept the honourable offer made to me. I should like right well to visit Münich at times, but not settle there; I should pine in home-sickness. I live not for money, but for the fatherland, and am content with what little I possess. And even if that fatherland show me a sour face now and then, it bears me no ill-will at bottom. I think, dear friend, to hold an academical sitting here in my own house, in autumn, and my Nettley (Orell's wife), when she is pouting with me, shall read me a lecture that will please me better than the most learned harangue on his majesty's birth-day."

Four years after this time, Prince Wrede sent by command of the king, Major von Völderndorf, to offer me letters of naturalisation, orders, patents of nobility, or something, I hardly know what, of that sort. I declined them all, yet not without being touched by so much unmerited kindness. What, as a republican, were opposed to my principles, would, as citizen of a monarchy, have been desirable, inasmuch as they would have placed me on a level with others. Baron von Völderndorf, who, since that time, remained on a friendly footing with me, understood and approved my motives; and I have to thank him, that my apparent prudery was not taken amiss in the slightest degree.†

* Member of the chief court in Zürich, and whose services are great in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

† Baron von Völdendorf and Waradein, afterwards colonel and member of the military commission of the German Diet at Frankfort, is the author of a valuable history of the Bavarian campaigns in the time of Napoleon. He gratified me with a visit of some days, every time he came into Switzerland, to visit his father-in-law, Governor von Zastrow, in Neufchatel.

When I state these things (and I do so with a certain unwillingness) I do not relate them out of vanity—it would be vanity of the kind on which the philosopher of Sinope valued himself in his tub; but I owe it to the royal family of Bavaria, to honour and acknowledge the liberal manner in which they sought to reward the trifling merit of the historian. About the same time, a profusion of abusive writings, mostly the work of the secular or regular clergy, were dispersed throughout Switzerland, and Bavaria itself, in which I was held up in the coarsest terms, as seeking, like "certain others" (probably North Germans, at that time detested in Bavaria), to insinuate myself into lucrative posts. Before I completed my history, I made a third journey into that country. I loved the land, its honest, kindly-natured people, and its royal house. I had so incorporated myself with their national history, that I had full right to call it my spiritual bride. In passing through Münich, on my return, I found some unexpected changes. The Minister von Montgelas had shortly before been dismissed. By certain persons, the fallen statesman was now weighed in a very different balance. Malicious hatred, or triumphant envy, now opened their throats, and many who had crawled before, now stood on tiptoe to mock. This was precisely what moved me to pay him one of my first visits. This time he received me as a friend. He was at breakfast in his library, and reading the last new libel against himself when I entered. He offered it to me with a smile. I had seen it that morning, at the house of Ministerial-counsellor von Hormayr. Montgelas, always worthy of respect, for his clearsightedness, knowledge of the world, and largeness of view, seemed doubly so to me now, through his unaffected, calm magnanimity. He appeared much more surprised than grieved at what had passed. He told me, that the evening before his dismissal, the king had treated him with his wonted consideration; accompanied him some steps on his taking leave, and then, the day following, signified to him his removal from office. I heard and learnt here much of court intrigue. As Montgelas was more frank with me, so was I towards him. He seemed to attach some value to the just tribute of praise I paid to his services, perhaps because I had had the courage not to show so much complaisance for all his views as so many others had done. We felt more sympathy for each other than formerly, and whenever he afterwards came to visit his son, a promising youth at Fellenberg's Institution at Hofwyl, he never forgot my house.

One other circumstance, connected with this journey, I must mention. I drove one day with Utzschneider to one of his estates, formerly a Benedictine cloister, where he showed me his plantations, tobacco manufactory, glass houses, and the works for draining swamps. In conversation with the overlooker of the glass-works, I forgot every thing else. The experiments and ideas of this man respecting the elasticity of bodies, the splitting of rays, and diffusion of the colours of light, ideas for the most part new, filled me with

astonishment, the more so, that the doubts I hesitatingly advanced were immediately set at rest by experiments. In Münich I had never heard this extraordinary man mentioned; no one knew him. It was the naturalist Frauenhofer. I entreated him to make known his discoveries. He said modestly they were only "chips that had fallen in the course of his labours for the improvement of philosophical instruments." "But these chips," I exclaimed, "are, perhaps, as important to science as your glasses, or more so." He smiled, but remained incredulous. In Münich I spoke with enthusiasm of this man who would have been an ornament to the Academy and to the society of many academicians. There, too, I was met by a smile of incredulity. In the meantime, on the proposal of the celebrated Sömmering and Schlichtgroll, an excursion was made to visit the wonderful man of the Benedictine cloister. When I afterwards heard of the reception of Frauenhof in the Academy, and in the transactions of that body read one of his "chips," "On the Purpose of the Refraction and diffusive Capacity of Colours," I rejoiced not a little in my triumph over the incredulous laughers.

## BLUMENHALDE.

During my rambles in South Germany, a wish that Nanny and I had long cherished to settle ourselves for life in the country, was unexpectedly fulfilled.

Many a winter evening had we pleased ourselves with our air-built castles, in making and rejecting plans for our pretty villa, but our limited means had hitherto prevented their execution, when a golden shower took me quite by surprise. Sums of money which I had given up for lost, since the revolution, were paid, and even the arrears of income due to me from my Basle Stadtholdership were not forgotten in the liquidation of the Helvetic public debts. Immediately I went to work. The snuff-box and ring I kept as memorials of the royal donors, but the diamonds I changed into limestone without the aid of chemistry. Thus, I might say, I lived in a house of diamonds.

On the left bank of the Aar, on a sunny elevation, at the foot of Mount Jura, and opposite the town, I built after my own plan a modest, but convenient country-house. There I hoped to pass my old age *in otio cum dignitate, musis et amicis.*

"My Tusculum in Blumenhalde," I wrote to Ittner, "is prettier than I thought it would be; and as it is built partly in the Italian style, it makes no disagreeable impression from a distance. The flat roofs of the somewhat advancing side buildings, or wings, give it, when seen among the trees, the appearance of a temple. I am encircling it with spacious gardens hedged in with fifty different kinds of roses. Behind the house, where a broad balcony uniting the roofs of equal level on either side, is supported on lofty pillars, and forms

a shady walk, a crystal fountain sparkles from the mountain wall. The basin is now being carved in Solothurn; I gave the design from a vignette in Gesner's "Idylls." Your magister-room is ready, with an enchanting view over the valley of the Aar. Before you is the town and the river; to the left, the high mountain road, and the rocky summits of the Gysulaflue. Does not all this make you long to take up your abode here? And then there is my great Frauenhof telescope, a present from Utzschneider, with a 230 magnifying power. Only let me know when you are coming, and you shall see in the moon the beauties of our satellite, surrounded by their beaux sauntering through the ring-valleys."

To heighten the value of my country dwelling, General Rapp, one of Napoleon's companions in arms, announced himself to me as my future neighbour. Having the fear of Louis XVIII.'s, disfavour before him, he had purchased the castle of Wildenstein on the left bank of the Aar. A man of battles and yet of the rarest gentleness of disposition. When in conversation with him, I showed the impression of the well-known stone of Rosetta with the inscription in three languages; the remembrance of the joys and sorrows of Egypt, brought the tears into his eyes. The genial Count Benzel Sternau and his charming wife, were also promised us for neighbours. They were about to purchase the castle of Biberstein, my former abode, with all the lands appertaining; but in those agreeable expectations we were disappointed. The general regained the favour of his sovereign and returned to Paris; and the count afterwards gave the preference to an estate on the Lake of Zürich.

There was, however, no want of agreeable society in my new retirement, either that of some select families and individuals in the city, or old friends and acquaintances of the Union, who never forgot me when they passed, or in visits from travellers allured by the love of wandering into Switzerland, or blown hither by the wind of destiny. I never failed to receive such visiters with all due honour, having learned from experience how gladly in travelling we make use of such opportunities to fill up vacant moments, in order to acquire information, or enrich the harvest of remembrance. I therefore submitted to my fate with resignation. If this kind of virtue became burdensome at times, it was rewarded at others by making the acquaintance of remarkable persons, or by the opportunities it yielded for the exercise of a singular kind of prophetic gift which I called my "inward sight," but which has ever been enigmatical to me. I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess!

It is well known that the judgment we not seldom form at the first glance of persons hitherto unknown, is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with

strangers, is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom, or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse rather to the art of physiognomy. Now for my own case.

It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear, the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I on my part was no less astonished that my dreamy pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person I regularly expected to hear the answer: "It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte* where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young

* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whiteened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c., &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!

I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *in no wise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have, any connexion? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident?* Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had several times given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me. I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision, of which I cannot say it was ever of the slightest service; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father.

How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom.

## VISITS FROM FOREIGNERS.

The before-mentioned visits of travellers to my hermitage were not without value to me; they were sometimes instructive, sometimes diverting. Without overstepping the narrow limits of my little territory, I saw in a succession of years a succession of interesting persons and characters pass in review before me, who, without any effort of mine, extended my views of the world and of life. I still love, in my hours of leisure, to wander through that living gallery of Germans and Britons, French, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Americans, and Russians, who glided by me like the figures in a magic lantern. Men who, like the Minister von Wangenheim, Count Capo d'Istria, Dr. Bowring, General von Pfuel, State-councillor Nebenius, and others, have taken an active part in the public life of their time, are not so easily forgotten.

Unhappy Capo d'Istria! I nearly foretold him his melancholy fate, as he was advancing to meet it in Greece, in 1827. He seemed to me too mild and benevolent for his appointed task; more fitted to move as an able diplomatist within the atmosphere of a court, than called to humanise a people debased and rendered savage by centuries of slavery. Among barbarians, none but a large-souled barbarian can successfully act. "I fear," said I to him, "that you are treading a dangerous path. You wish to bridle and control a nation, which neither in freedom nor in slavery as been accustomed to submit to *the law*. You should wear on your right hand an iron, and on your left a silken, glove." He shook his head smilingly, spoke with enthusiasm of his country people, and summoned me to procure him a colony of Swiss agriculturists, to give them the example of a better method of cultivation and cattle breeding.

The murder of this man, whom I had learned to love, shocked me extremely; yet scarcely so much so as the harsh judgment pronounced on him by the justly esteemed German *savant*, Thiersch. According to the latter, "Capo d'Istria was a cowardly despot, feeble in legislation and administration, ungrateful, unwise, a hinderance in the path of industry, science, and art; hostile to the advancement of the people, a scoffer at national morality, a favourer of traitors and of corrupted priests, who betrayed to him the secrets of the confessional." A fearful picture! Nor were its features softened by the after admission, that "Capo d'Istria had not naturally a bad heart; but that it had been perverted by ambition, and the wickedness of those about him." Was it then possible that the good Capo d'Istria, he who seemed to have so little in common with an artful

tyrant, should have been suddenly metamorphosed into a moral monster? Did M. Eynard of Geneva, the familiar friend of years; did the courts which had sent him to Greece, know nothing of his disposition, his powers?*

My thoughts still dwell with pleasure on the many agreeable hours afforded me from time to time by the presence of learned men, artists and poets, in my solitude; the sage Jacobi, the naturalists, Charles Gimbernat from Spain, De Lortet of Lyons, D'Hombre Firmas of Languedoc, Marklin of West Bothnia; or Stephen Schütz of Weimar, Professor Gans of Berlin, Schacht of Darmstadt, the humorist Börne, Heinrich Malten of Mayence, Joseph of Lassberg, the German-hearted friend of old German song, and the Parisian antiquary, Raoul Rochette; who, it is true, subsequently, judged my poor house, or rather me, somewhat over hastily, and afterwards repented of his judgment.†

Wieland the poet, whose childlike simplicity of character is reflected in all his songs, and Heinrich Laube and his amiable wife, on their return from Algiers, were also my guests, with many others.

With many of these the first slight intercourse was sufficient to form a friendship, and to cherish our connexion, even when at a distance from one another. How gladly I attached myself to such men as the subtle and penetrating Jochman von Riga, and Baron Aunin, of Coblentz; or to Count Tullio Dandolo, of Venice; the noble-hearted Prince Frederick Otto Herman von Hohenzollern Hechingen; the free and strong-minded Emile Hoffmann, of Darmstadt; Countess Anastasia de Circourt, esteemed a second Corinna; and, lastly, the man of truth and justice, Von Rotteck. Whilst I write these names, among which that of the German Fénélon, J. H. von Wessenberg, ought not to be forgotten, I begin to wonder at my own happy stars. Through these sweet remembrances I gained a certain self-respect, which acted frequently as a guardian angel to my better principles.

Not a few whom political opinions or acts had driven from their homes to seek an asylum in Switzerland, were to be found under my roof, and they were often persons remarkable for their talents or

* As late as the year 1841, State-councillor Iwanowitsch Gretsch, whose merit in Russian literature is so acknowledged, spoke of Capo d'Istria with respect, and said that he was still remembered with honour in Petersburg, both as a man and a statesman, by all who had known him intimately.

† Paul Usteri had severely criticised a work, I forget which, of Raoul Rochette. The mortified author mistook me for the critic. He visited me on his journey through Switzerland, whilst I had other company staying with me. I did not then know him even by name; yet in his "Voyage en Suisse," he told his readers, how confounded I had been at his appearance; how I inhabited a villa of which no patrician of Berne need have been ashamed, and that only the hospitality he had enjoyed in my house imposed silence on him as to *how* I had become rich in the revolution. When he afterwards learnt his absurd mistake, he not only wrote to ask my pardon; but in the second edition of the "Voyage," left out the whole chapter on Aarau, and made me, without my desiring it, the *amende honorable* in the preface to his "History of the Swiss Revolution."

their destiny. Among these unwilling wanderers from Greece, Poland, Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, the Greek fugitives more particularly excited my sympathy, and that of the Swiss universally. I got up a subscription for the support of these persecuted men, and of the struggle against their barbarian oppressor.* The Spanish revolution brought to me the learned Don Vincente Cavanillas, brother of the well-known naturalist. As Alcalde of Barcelona, his refusal to give up the city to the French, had occasioned a quarrel with Mina, and he had been subjected to arbitrary imprisonment by the latter, and had abandoned his unhappy country for ever.

I was fortunate enough to procure him a secure asylum, as I had done two years before for General Dermoncourt and his companions. The general, a frank, honest soldier (the same I conjecture who afterwards discovered and took prisoner the Duchess of Berri at Nantes) had been involved in the conspiracy of Belfort, to which Lafayette was also no stranger. After the disturbances in Naples and Piedmont, many sharers in them came to me, recommended by friends. Many of these carried with them to England, whither nearly all finally repaired, my esteem for their enlightened views and way of thinking. Among all the fugitives from these various nations, none seemed to me so fatally at war with the world and themselves as the Germans. For ever in chase of some state or cosmopolite *ideal*, or of some hope of vengeance; nowhere content; passing judgment on all through self-ignorance; ungrateful to Switzerland, which had opened her arms to them, many sought to disturb her peace also, or scatter firebrands into neighbouring countries. I say *many;* but some among them I learnt to value as worthy of a happier fate, such as Siebenpfeifer, Venedey, and others, men of ability and vigour, who had been driven from the career best fitted for them by the errors of youthful enthusiasm.

Of all these exiles, the saddest impression was left on me by the dethroned King of Sweden, Gustav Adolf IV., who lived for a time, during the year 1821, in Aarau, under the name of Colonel Gustavson. Without grace or dignity, stiff and perpendicular in gesture and demeanour, his exterior appeared the incarnation of an unbending spirit, which would not easily admit the union of a second thought to the first that he had seized on, or that had seized on him. Whenever he visited me, he claimed my assistance for his admittance into the Aargau service. It was in vain I explained to him the impracticability of his plan, advised him to purchase a pleasant country seat, and, mindful of his royal descent, devote himself to the quiet cultivation of his fields and flower-beds, like Diocletian at Salona, or King Joseph in America, after the loss of the Spanish crown; or to write the remarkable events of his day, like

* By means of my friend Emile Hoffmann of Darmstadt, I disposed of this money in the purchase of arms which were sent to Mavrocordato. The thanks of the latter were made known to the givers through the "Schweizerboten."

Napoleon at St. Helena. "For the first, I want inclination, for the second ability," was his answer. "I have had very insufficient instruction; at first I had good German masters, and from them I learnt well, and with pleasure. My father dismissed them. He wanted to make me a thorough Swede, and gave me Swedish teachers. They were not fit persons, and did me great injury." The dethroned Queen of Holland, Hortensia, whose son, Louis Napoleon, visited me several times, appeared to me a far more attractive person. The Duchess of St. Leu was, perhaps, somewhat theatrical in her demeanour, but still charming, and showed herself, in conversation, as rich in heart as in mind; and when Napoleon was mentioned, she spoke like one inspired. A rare woman! well worthy to be a queen, and yet always unhappy as one! On her wedding day, in the full bloom of youthful beauty, glittering in diamonds, she gave, with secret tears, her hand to an unloved consort; lost her throne without a tear, but her native land with deep pain; and afterwards with yet deeper, in her banishment, her promising children, and sank at last, bowed down by sorrow to her grave. Prince Louis Napoleon greatly won upon me by his character and talents. But, like his mother, a great and daring thought could easily inflame him to self-forgetfulness. I saw him for the last time in October, 1836, as he returned from the military school of the Confederation at Thun. He promised to pass the next day with me; I received instead, a note from him, with the information that he had had letters which obliged him to return immediately. He was hastening to meet his misfortunes. Some weeks later he was a state prisoner, for his share in the rising of Strasburg.

## EFFORTS IN AUTHORSHIP.

In gentle alternation of light and shade, the years rolled on. A scarcely supportable weight of public employments, with which I was charged by degrees, gave me abundant opportunities of discharging the debt of gratitude I owed to the free state I had adopted as my country.*

And yet my sphere of operations was limited to the narrow circle of one small Swiss canton. I would rather have been active for all Helvetia, for the whole age! How many wishes, projects, ideas, were fermenting in my mind! Not a long life, but a life full of action, is a great one; if sacrificed to the general good, it is a blessed one!

* Only one of these (that of Forest and Mine Inspector), which yielded the moderate salary of 1200 francs, was a *paid office*; the rest, agreeably to the custom of the country, were filled gratuitously. I was at the same time a member of the Grand Legislative Council; of the Evangelical Church Synod, of the District School Council, of the National School Committee; Inspector of some country schools, a Commissioner of the Public State Library, Suppliant of the High Court of Justice for the Canton, besides taking part in the direction of the Aarau School of Industry, and acting for many years as President of the Society for National Improvement.

For this object the Giver of Life had given me no instrument but the pen. But the desk of the author is a pulpit round which an audience of invisible thousands congregates; and unknown youthful multitudes plant his words in the field of life. I undertook the editorship of a scientific periodical: "Miscellany for the latest Geographical Discoveries." It appeared from the year 1807 till 1813; and the continuation under the name of "Contributions to the History of our own Time," from 1817 to 1823. I am greatly indebted to this undertaking for an extensive correspondence with many distinguished philosophers and statesmen, native and foreign, whose letters, in contributing to my own improvement, heightened, it will, perhaps, be admitted, the value of the work. With all these employments, I also instructed my children in school knowledge, in ancient and modern languages; and several young men from the different cantons in theoretical and practical forestry. But amid all, the favourite study of my youth remained that of my manhood—the solution of the perplexed world-enigma. This seemed to me at once the most necessary and the noblest want of my soul. To this, all my other scientific studies were but means and instruments. The demon of *ennui* but seldom attacked me! He who knows how to put his minutes out to interest, will find abundance of time for all things, if not capacity for all.

If wearied by serious labour, the fairy kingdom of fancy was open to me, like dreams to the slumberer worn out by the toils of the day. There I gathered the flowers of an ideal world, and wove them into wreaths and garlands; I wrote little poems, fables, and longer stories. Content of mind brought back to me the Muses, who alone, in my joyless youth, had reconciled me with the real world. They came to me uncalled, and vanished at their pleasure. I wanted the power to conjure or to banish them. The works of fiction produced in such hours, days, or weeks, had no value for me beyond the pleasure of production. They were generally thrown aside and forgotten; but some pieces were occasionally read aloud in the winter evening, for the amusement of the family. To accomplish any thing really good of this kind, I had neither wish, time, perseverance, nor capacity. He to whose lyre after ages will not listen with rapture, would waste his life in thrumming at the strings. From Germany I received frequent invitations to contribute to periodicals, almanacs, collections of novels, criticisms, and the like; but I could seldom, and then only from personal friendship for the askers, overcome the secret aversion I felt to the ordinary literary doings in Germany, as they had been described to me by German authors and savans. The severest judgment on them had been pronounced by Börne: "You see," said he to me one day, "we have, in fact, no public life in Germany, as you have in Switzerland. The best heads amongst us make one for themselves, at least on paper. We have pretty near a million of authors and authoresses. Whoever wishes to make himself noted, whoever seeks

advancement in employments, writes. Whoever is in want of money, takes service with the booksellers, and writes! In our republic of letters, freedom and equality reign. One treads on the heels of the other, elbows his way forwards, giving and receiving punches in the ribs, right and left. As in all republics, one faction morally slays the other, until at last they are overtaken, in their turn, by a natural death; that is to say, other modes, other tastes, and perfect oblivion on the part of the public. Not to be trodden on and crushed in the *mêlée* of knights of the pen, an author is compelled to attach himself to this or that literary coterie. Here he is puffed up, because he helps to puff up others. These are the tricks of the trade, and they must be known! I am sorry for the German nation! She came a giant child from the lap of nature—more so than either the British or the French; but they keep the great baby bound hand and foot in swaddling clothes, so that she will never have the use of her limbs."

Börne's satirical sentence, may or may not be just: for me the highest dignity of authorship consists in the impulse given to a higher humanity; in awakening a sense of the true, the noble, and the just, in the minds of our contemporaries. Even the fictions destined for lighter amusement should have this purpose in view, and therefore have I veiled my experiences and objects in such forms, as the physician gilds or sugars his pills. Mere play of wit, and the frolics and gambols of the fancy, however much of so-called poetic sublimity or depth they may possess, never contented me, nor do they content me now. Whatever does not elevate the mind in one way or the other, bears not the true impress of the beautiful, is only a kind of mental rope-dancing such as we may actually look on in the market-place; at first, perhaps, with pleasure and admiration, but we end by turning away with indifference or disgust. The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul!

The greater part of my little pictures appeared from time to time, in the periodical called "Erheiterungen,"* to the publication of which I had the more readily allowed myself to be persuaded, because it brought together far brighter talents than mine. I must confess that I could not but wonder that the sports of my leisure, should meet with so friendly a reception in Germany, and that stories that cost me so little trouble, should excite more attention than other works on which I had bestowed greater care and labour; they were even translated into foreign languages. It happened to me as to Captain Rouget de Lille, with his "Marseillaise†

* This periodical appeared since 1811. I did not contribute more than one or two tales yearly, but it was all the more abundantly supplied by Ittner, Kotzebue, K. Grass, Hanz, and others.

† He wrote, as Touchard La Fosse relates in his "Souvenirs d'un demi Siècle," at the request of Dietrich, the Mayor of Strasburg, text and music in one night, for a festival to be given the following day to a corps of volunteers about to join the army.

Hymn," which he considered as his most insignificant work; yet it found of all, the widest acceptance in the world.

The educated classes are supplied even to repletion, with useful and useless entertainment of this kind. For them roses and lilies, grow in profusion in the muses' garden; for the uneducated, scarce a few wild flowers. Art seeks money and fame, and therefore troubles herself little about the poor, that is the *majority* in every nation, which has neither one nor the other to bestow. I, caring little for the honours of art, felt always, as I still feel, more sympathy for the forgotten, than for the cherished portions of a people. I undertook to write a whole series of instructive short narratives for the poor man; the plan was easier laid down than executed; nevertheless, I did write a certain number. Of this nature, for example, was " The Village of Goldmakers," more especially adapted for the Swiss countrymen however. I was much pleased to hear that it had found its way into France, Italy, and even into Russia, and yet more so that travelling ballad and book-pedlars had smuggled it into the cottages of the villagers where it found a place of honour among " Till Eulenspiegel," " The Fair Melusina," " The Horned Siegfried," and other immortal works " printed this year." Similar laurels awaited, a story of a more tragic cast, " The Brandy-pest." I had before ventured on a bolder flight, in my " History of Switzerland for the Swiss Nation." I call it bold, because I soon discovered I had over-estimated my powers. I would have called it in again, had not men whose judgment I highly valued (among them Paul Usteri) invigorated me with their praises.*

" Will you not," asked the gifted and noble-hearted Ulrich Hegner of Winterthur in one of his letters, " will you not in your history try to put an end to that most vain and foolish idolatry of old Swiss nationality, that now again deafens and sickens us from every throat? Honour to our forefathers! Yes, but if every nation were to raise the childish and senseless outcry of ours, what is to become of modern history? Müller, with his extravagant preference for old names and renowned races, has done mischief. What the high-hearted has said the narrow-hearted stammer after, and while they are constantly lashing themselves into admiring wonder of old heathen times, they are losing all vigour and capacity for the present. For vigour consists not in fantastic imaginations."

My real object was to give within a narrow compass, a picture of the destinies of Switzerland, so simple, and comprehensive, that the individual life of the many small loosely-connected states, might seem to blend into one single life; and at the same time to render it attractive enough to please the eye of the inexperienced Alpine-

* I published it by chapters in the pages of the " Schwiezerboten," that it might find its way weekly through the streets and alleys, and be read and reflected on with attention, and also that it might receive corrections and improvements from other quarters before the whole were completed, which actually took place.

dweller, by the play of colour and form, while the penetrating glance of the thoughtful statesman, might pierce to the higher significance of the occurrences therein detailed. True it was the peasant had learned and sung of William Tell and Winkelried and of old battles for freedom, but *how* in the course of centuries that freedom had been lost and forgotten, was prudently concealed from him. Even most of the senators, *Landammanns*, burgomasters, and other official personages, although they had had Johannes Müller and Leonhard Meister, among them, knew not the complex web of events, nor the causes of prosperity and the decay of their native land.

The unveiling of the old splendours of Switzerland, and the day of guilt and shame that followed, was not without effect. Councillors and senators, who prided themselves on their greater insight, could not notice without shame, peasants better informed respecting their common country than they themselves were. From some cantons I received written inquiries from the authorities concerning former rights of property fallen into disuse; from others, commissioners appeared in person. In the interior of Appenzell the account of the judicial murder of the Landammann Joseph Suter, committed half a century before, excited some uneasiness. The authorities found themselves under the necessity of applying to the government of Aargau to inquire of me who had contributed the chapter containing the "gross falsehood" with relation to Suter's death. So ignorant of historical writing were then the rulers of Switzerland.*

But when at last the scattered fragments were published as a whole, when the little book found general acceptance in towns and villages, schools and senatorial chambers, and even in foreign lands, this proof that a universally felt want among the people, had been in some measure supplied, consoled me in a degree for the deficiencies of the work; for the ill-will of the new-born aristocracy of 1814;

* Some persons may doubt the truth of so *näive* a question. I here subjoin the written application to the government of Aargau of the 22nd of May: "The new and old councillors have, in their session of the 25th, read with unpleasant surprise the account of the death of Landammann Suter, in Appenzell Innerhoden, contained in the 'History of Switzerland for the Swiss People,' by Heinrich Zschokke, and it is hereby resolved: That the Government of Aargau be requested, as friends and members of the federation, to require and demand of the said Heinrich Zschokke from whom he obtained the facts asserted to be true, and printed as such, and herewith to give us due information of the same.

"We do by no means pledge ourselves not to proceed further in consequence of this resolution, as on the one hand the narrative as there given is grossly false, and on the other calculated to disturb public tranquillity.

"Convinced that the government of Aargau, as members of the federation, will do all that is in their power to the maintenance of peace and order among other members of the same federation, we doubt not that the said Heinrich Zschokke will be called on, pursuant to our request, to declare from whom he received the information contained in Chapter LV. of his history, relative to Landammann Suter.

"Not only do we offer reciprocal succour in similar cases, agreeably to our duty as members of the federation, but we will receive with thanks the result of the inquiry demanded."

and even for the censure of the authorities of Aargau which was not only sharpened to despotism but at times carried to the ridiculous.*

## POWER OF CALUMNY.

An orphan child, rejected of man and thrown back upon myself, developed amid the storms of life; sustained alone by an ideal of high humanity, as once I stood opposed to the giddy throng of my contemporaries, so stood I now, guarding from view the inmost recesses of my soul; outwardly, complying with the masquerading of the world. Among civilised people, the art of deceiving is the summit of all life-wisdom. Although I yielded in appearance to the fashions of the day, I neither held myself bound, nor even justified in aiding the progress of popular stupidity, instead of popular enlightenment; of empty traditional faith, instead of faith of conviction, or in lightening the bonds of feudal barbarism around the people, instead of labouring for their redemption. There are among us many noble-hearted men, who might become really great men, but they have not courage to show their nobleness.

I lived withal in peace and friendship with every body, and helped when it lay in my power, to enforce obedience to the lawful authorities; demeaned myself irreproachably in public and domestic life; never revenged an injury even when the opportunity presented itself, and yet I fell into evil report. Political bigotry called me a revolutionary disturber, the enemy of religion and social order. I was preached against from the pulpit, rendered an object of suspicion in public journals and papers of the day, and at last no shame was felt at any kind of falsehood. My name was even registered in the black book of some foreign courts, as that of a dangerous demagogue. The painter and poet Grass wrote me word of this from Rome. From Paris, Professor Cousin, after his release from arrest in Berlin, warned me, Paul Usteri, and Fellenberg, not to make any pleasure excursion into Germany without some diplomatic mission; in Berlin, he had been questioned respecting his connexion with us. This and other information of the same kind excited in me an amusing surprise, but certainly no anger. "I should like to know," I wrote in a letter to a friend, "what Don Quixote has had the ultra folly to trouble himself about me in the 'Austrian Observer' and Parisian papers, as I hear has been done. I was told yesterday, that the *drapeau blanc* had elevated me to the leadership of a secret democratic society; I

* The book was published in 1822, therefore, which ought not to be forgotten, under the Restoration. Sauerlander had not courage enough before he sent it to the bookseller's, to publish the "Conclusion" in the "Schwiezerboten." In Berne, the public announcement of the book was prohibited. The stringency of the "censure" in Aargau was the direct result of my chapter "On a Great Event of our Fatherland," and subsequently, complaints were made by several cantons of this supposed infringement of the federal compact.

make no answer to calumniators. My public and private life is answer enough.

The virtuous Abbé St. Pierre, whom Rousseau called "la raison parlante et organisante," was obliged to be content to pass for an absurd dreamer and half fool, because he desired to have a European Diet for the diminution of pensions in aid of the public burdens, the shortening of law-suits, public discussion of the laws, and denounced duels as crimes, and wars of succession, or on account of princely marriages, &c., as revolting subject murder. And yet, these very ideas are now daily regaining strength and solidity. An error may live for centuries, but truth and reason endure for ever. It was, however, a heartfelt grief to me, that innocent persons should have their friendship for me imputed to them as a *sin*, and really find it a misfortune. I will here cite a few examples which can wound none who read these pages; even from Spain the curse of party hatred found an echo, perhaps first carried there by Swiss to Swiss resident in the country.

A young man of the name of Antonio Oller, the son of a considerable family in Valencia, had lived five years in my house and with my children for his education. During this time, he had been carefully instructed by the Catholic priest in Aarau, M. Bok, in the faith of his forefathers. When he came to me, he knew little of Christ, but he could speak of the saints and the Virgin because he had learned their names in his prayers. In 1820, he returned to his home, a youth of twenty, sound in morals and full of knowledge. His first letter breathed nothing but gratitude and joy at finding himself once more in the arms of his parents and friends; his second, was one long deep sigh. His revered father had lain for several weeks in the prison of the Inquisition in Barcelona, for having intrusted his son to the care of a "detestable heretic." The youth himself escaped with an ignominious penance, to learn weekly a certain number of prayers, and repeat them publicly, either for the edification or warning of the orthodox believers.

Much harder was the fate of the excellent Colonel Voitel of Solothurn. His name is not unknown in Germany, since he has introduced the Pestalozzian method of instruction into Spain, where he himself presided over a school for the children of the soldiers of his own regiment. Summoned afterwards to Madrid, he taught there at the royal cost, and with the assistance of our mutual friend Andreas Schriveller, a hundred pupils and the Infant Don Francisco de Paula. This fact, and that he was actively supported by the Archbishop of Tarragona himself, are sufficient proofs of his general worthiness. He had fought in several battles against Napoleon with distinction; in the fight at Molins del Rey he had preserved the life and freedom of General Caldaput, at the cost of becoming himself a prisoner to the French—as such he had lived in Switzerland; when he returned to Spain his personal enemy Castanos made him his aide-de-camp, till King Ferdinand VII., with the help of France, bestowed on that unhappy land the blessings of a restoration, and

raised the well-known Conde d'Espagna to the governorship of Catalonia. At the command of this count, Voitel was one day torn from the arms of his family and thrown into a damp tower of the rock-fortress of Mount Jouy, after his papers and a portrait of me which hung over his writing-table had been seized. For thirteen months he saw no human being except his gaoler, and was only once brought to a hearing. In this examination he had been asked whether he was a friend of mine, in habits of correspondence with me, and whether he were a freemason? He was then by the arbitrary sentence of his judge condemned to the galleys for ten years and a day, and without being suffered to take leave of wife or child he was shipped off in company with priests, learned men, and common criminals for Ceuta in Africa.*

Such cruelty, and for such a cause, would have been incredible to me, if I had not heard it from his inconsolable wife, and afterwards from that of my unhappy friend himself. According to his sentence, which was communicated to him for the *first time* after he had recovered his freedom, his crime consisted in being "The friend and confidant of Heinrich Zschokke, with whom and other revolutionists of Switzerland, he maintained a dangerous correspondence."

Our letters, carefully eschewing politics, had relation only to family affairs, or the transmission of shells, plants, fossils, &c., the produce of Spain and the Mediterranean for my little cabinet of natural history. With unbroken courage, Voitel announced to me from Ceuta his hard fate, under the signature "Alamontade."† I will not de-

* In the year 1829.

† It may be permitted me here to give a letter, which I have still in my possession. It bears date Ceuta, March 7, 1831 :

"May fate, dear friend, bring this letter to your hands, find you all happy, and impart to you my gratitude for your true and active friendship, and brotherly help in time of need. If this reach your hands you will hear all in detail. My wife has sent me word, that she has sent a petition to the Junta, and attempted to obtain the mediation of the government here. If it be granted as I hope, I should wish application to be made, not to my former friend, General Wimpffen, but direct to the minister, Gonzales Salmon ; no good would result from Wimpffen's intervention, because he is in constant dread of compromising himself. The best thing for me would be a recommendation to the French Ambassador at Madrid. Perhaps this might be had by means of the Junta, or by Marshal Moncey, if you request it of him. I do not yet know the crime of which I am accused; but I wish that my indictment may be laid before the chief minister of war and examined. I am not conscious of any crime, and the unheard-of sufferings I have endured, and still endure, are only the consequences of a general system of persecution, or of a false accusation, which could not maintain itself a moment before any impartial judge. I have lost all that man could take from me, but the best, the imperishable still remains—the internal pure consciousness that I have not deserved my fate, unshaken courage, and firm trust in God, that He will not let me sink in the storm, and love and friendship in my necessity. Of these I hope to remain worthy, be my lot what it may. The heaviest weight on my heart in my misfortunes is the fate of my family, yet the Father who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, will have compassion on oppressed innocence. Let the end of this be what it will, my family must leave that unblessed land. I recommend them to thee and my other faithful friends ; this is my last request. When you write to Schmeller greet him cordially from me. May Providence guard my native land in the storm of events ; that is my warmest wish."

scribe my horror at the news, my enduring anguish, nor the pressing supplications from myself and others, to persons high in influence in France. After six weeks' detention in Ceuta, he was set free through the mediation of Queen Christina, and not only declared innocent, but reinstated in his former rank. With mingled pain and pleasure, we embraced each other again in Blumenhalde, in June, 1831. Of all the evil suffered from the hostile passions of men, this was to me the bitterest!

## THE JOYS OF SORROW.

From all that I have hitherto related of good and evil days, many may draw the conclusion, that I am after all one of fortune's favourites, and might well philosophise, and see every thing *couleur de rose*, because, some imaginary torments of the imagination excepted, I have seldom or never met with a misfortune. What is usually called misfortune and evil has fallen to my share also, but I do not so esteem it. I have had, like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit, I rose again, and bore my appointed burden without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self-reliance which I yet retained in the season of the passions.

There is—of this I am, and have long been thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black threads that run through the many-coloured web of life even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself in his self-pampering, in his over-estimation of pompous nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have every thing its own way, and at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He weeps, and complains, and despairs, because God does not *obey him*. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God as every external good. I too, like other men, have suffered from the most bare-faced ingratitude; but I suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived myself in them. I bore misconstruction and persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, and how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth;* such losses never embittered a single day;

* For example, I celebrated my birth-day of the year 1816, by the renunciation of all claim I possessed on a sum of 17,691 francs which I had lent in order to avert the ruin of two worthy families.

they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that "divine sorrow" which illumines the soul!

"See," I wrote on the death of my second son to my friend Orell of Zürich, and these words may best explain my then temper of mind. "See; I, who, with a pure and disinterested heart have laboured for the good of my country and the world, and have been misunderstood and calumniated for that very cause, who am ready to offer any sacrifice for truth and justice, who never sought for praise, or wealth, or honours, because I knew their worthlessness, and looked upon them at the best but as means for something better—I have no pleasure, no happiness on earth but in my wife and children—and this one narrow circle is broken!

"But so be it! It is God's will! I must not cling to any thing on earth. I submit in silence and adoration to the will of my Father. I weep—all my sweet domestic habits are violated, but my soul is calm. My spirit clings to the great Father of the universe—it is well with me. My dead are not divided from me. Death is something grand and solemn like all that comes to us from God. The death of my children hallows me; purifies my feelings and my thoughts, and in tearing away all earthly delusions brings me nearer to the divinity! Ever since Guido's departure, my heart has been weaning itself from the joys and glories of this life—now Herman, too, has gone home, and it is become yet more a stranger to them. Do not attempt to console me. We weep, for we are children of the dust; but we have spiritual peace, for we know to whom we, and all dear to us belong."

Thus I, too, have known what are called the ills of life; my path has not always been strewed with roses.

But the steady exercise of religious self-control, a quick and living realisation of the eternally true bring alleviation to the anguish-stricken soul; give to the spirit stronger dominion over the flesh; temper the insolence of joy and the gloom of sorrow to equanimity; and change the thoughtfulness of levity to that well-balanced temper which can look on the favour or the frowns of fortune as on a cloud-picture that appears but to vanish.

At a subsequent period (here, as elsewhere, I pay little attention to strict chronological order in my narration), the hand of fate lay heavily on me. Accustomed, as I had always been in prosperity, never to lose sight of the darker, nor in adversity of the lighter side of the picture, even sickness itself, when it overtook me, was not without its charm. The severest malady I ever suffered under was a bilious fever, which tormented me for six weeks together; I had afterwards a relapse, that confined me nearly as long. In the neighbourhood, a report of my death got abroad, and among the country people, that I had been poisoned by means of a letter. I myself thought at one time that my end was approaching; it was, at least, the crisis of

my disorder. For eight days together I had not slept. I lay in a state of complete exhaustion; yet with a consciousness as clear as in health; without hope and without fear, void of all feeling. Suddenly the thought, "Now the passage into eternity is at hand," presented itself vividly to my mind. I listened to the internal voice, if I may so speak, and watched for the departure of the spirit from its earthly garment, the worn-out body. Singular as it may sound, these days and weeks, in defiance of physical suffering, belonged to the part of my life richest in enjoyment. I had not only learned what it is to die, to follow attentively the course of suffering, the slackening of the nerves, but every glance at my wife, at my children, the contemplation of their love for me and for each other, the retrospect of a past free from reproach, the consciousness of social independence, all yielded me unusual satisfaction. I seemed to be at home for the first time in my own house. Hitherto, I had lived more for others, and entangled in never-ending business, I had never belonged to myself. I blessed the sickness, because it had made known to me, how enviable was my lot on earth. The subsequent debility lasted above a year, till my excellent physician and friend Dr. Schmutziger sent me to the Nassau Schlangenbad. As a snake leaves its skin among the thorns, so I cast off my feebleness in the healing Schlangenbad, and came forth a new man, refreshed in mind and heart by intercourse with the estimable persons of both sexes whom I met with at these healing springs.

I returned to Switzerland convalescent; I will say nothing of the many happy days I passed at the baths at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, at Darmstadt, Kirdelberg, &c., nor of the unmerited homage and flattering surprises that I met with during my homeward journey. The precious jewels of recollection may render the possessor happy in silence, but cannot be exposed to public view without a feeling of shame. Yet, when I re-entered tranquil Blumenhalde, I felt as if I had passed from a splendid visionary life into a yet more beautiful reality. Like a true Paladin, I laid laurel and oak-leaf crowns, complimentary verses and diplomas at Nanny's feet.

"In coming from Germany," I wrote my friend Orell, "into Switzerland, we leave the world of literature for that of politics. It is quite another world, and sooth to say not a better, although my small individuality is here alternately fed with incense, and spattered with dirt! I do not merit the honour in either case."

We all now see clearly enough that the Switzerland of 1828, is by no means the Switzerland of 1798, and never again will be. Unfortunately, or rather I should say fortunately, the mass of the nation begin to see more clearly than many of their rulers. And do not take it amiss, if I in secret do somewhat in aid of this. Since the year 1804, when every one seemed frightened into silence, and all that had been gained through fear of the revolution trodden under foot, I, at first, almost singly, strove to uphold the sacred cause of a common nationality, publicity, and freedom of opinion, whatever

might be said against them or against me. Now, I may be silent, when others speak, and speak to more purpose.

One more of my trials, the last and severest, I must mention. In the year 1840, my house was changed into a lazaretto, by a nervous fever which lasted from spring till autumn. Five of my sons lay ill at one time; their mother and tender nurse was the next sufferer. The cheerful, happy sounds of life, were silent all in Blumenhalde. No stranger was admitted for fear of infection. I and my young daughter Celestine alone escaped the cruel malady. Not unfrequently, I trembled at the possibility of a separation from all these dear ones; nor was it always in my power to reason myself into a consolatory unbelief. Yet the thought of God and of eternity strengthened me in heart and hope, and helped me to cheer the beloved sufferers.

But this time the angel of death passed us over, and life bloomed for us all once more unspeakably fairer and brighter than before.

I have here anticipated by the space of ten years; I now return to my relation for that time.

## THE SABBATH OF LIFE.

The year 1830 brought me to the threshold of sixty! I could scarcely make up my mind to be esteemed a man advanced in life; I who had only just learned what life was, to find myself approaching the days to which men say: "Ye please us not;" although they pleased me far better than the earlier ones. To see advancing the period that was to bring with it infirmity and decay, while I felt myself still quite a youth. I even felt tempted to suspect some error in the reckoning! but my register of baptism showed stubbornly the old figures. In former times, the country people of Switzerland were, on attaining their sixtieth year, free from militia service, and used to let their gray beards grow long, in token of their claim to reverence. I had long resolved, that on reaching this epoch I would withdraw from all public employments, retaining only my seat in the legislative assembly, where the old man with his experience is not unsuitably placed. However, when I had subtracted from my account the first ten years of half-conscious childhood, and a third for the time consumed in sleep, I had not, in my opinion, *lived* for more than between twenty and thirty years.

Nanny, still fresh and cheerful in heart and mind as five-and-twenty years before, reminded me smilingly of the 25th of February, the festival of our "silver wedding-day;" and yet small traces of silver were visible in the hair of either. As the poets sing of the four ages of the world, so there should be reckoned four

* The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding, is called, in Germany, the silver the fiftieth, the golden wedding-day.

periods of wedlock rejoicings. The first rich in joys, but not called joyful, should be the golden; the second, the silver; the third, the earthen, for it lies in the neighbourhood of the grave. Our "silver day" was celebrated joyfully, in the circle of our children; and four weeks later, my sixtieth year was similarly greeted. The first occasion was not, indeed, embellished as the real day had been, by a song from Hebel; but the latter was honoured by a present from my native city of Magdeburg, where I had believed myself scarcely known. They sent me the freedom of the city, with an address from their public-spirited and excellent Oberburgermeister, Franke. At first, I was agreeably surprised by the gift, and then melted to tears. It is the fairest wreath which a city can bestow upon her absent sons, for it expresses the wish to receive him once more among the children who have remained with her. Had I ever been a misanthropical Timon, that incident would have made me a philanthropist again. It would be ungrateful not to mention here, that five places,* in four cantons of Switzerland, also honoured me in a similar way, and many scientific† and benevolent societies elected me a member of their respective bodies.

I might well, in the commencement of my old age, call myself a happy man; and, as the father of twelve sons, and one daughter born subsequently, like the twelve sons of the patriarch Jacob, and the fair Dina, compare myself, in jest, to the father of Israel. Grandsons and grand-daughters sported around me, and their loving grand-dame was almost their equal in vivacity. Although I saw some of them go before me to our Father's house, yet the bonds of love were not rent asunder. The survivors did but cling the more fondly to each other, in gazing with fervour after those gone home. It was the custom of my family to think of the departed, as if they were still among us; to relate their little adventures, their *naïve* remarks and traits of nobleness, and note down, in a somewhat peculiar kind of family chronicle, any thing remarkable concerning them, as well as of the living members of the family. I call it peculiar, because it was kept by the children in the form of a newspaper,

* Malans in the Grisons, Aargau in Aarau, Baselland in Lausanne, and Bewmünster in Lucerne. In the latter, according to the constitution, I could not be admitted to the full privileges of the city, not being a Catholic. To these honourable testimonies, I may add that, at a subsequent period, 1837, some Swiss and Scots settled in America, adopted me by the formal gift of land for a house and garden in a street named after me, in a city built by them at the junction of two great railroads. Highland County of Madison, state of Illinois.

† Among the foreign societies who admitted me a member were the Wetteran Society for Physical Science, the Imperial Russian Society of Naturalists of Moscow, the Saxe Gotha Society for the Forest and the Chase, the Historical Society of Breisgau, the Political Economic Society in Erlangen, the Trade Union of Lunaberg, that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the great Cologne Reunion Faschings Volksfeste. In my 24th year the Royal Society of Franfort-on-the-Oder had chosen me a member. I say nothing here of the six or seven Home Societies to which I belonged, although I must acknowledge to my shame that I was too little deserving the honour by the active share I took in their duties.

called "The Blumenhalder;" it helped to amuse us in the winter holiday evenings, and was regularly forwarded to those living at a distance, in order to keep the little domestic occurrences in remembrance. I mention this household pastime, because it operated insensibly as a powerful instrument of education. The absent were drawn more closely to their home, thus vividly brought before them; the young contributors became more heedful of their sayings and doings. Each found chronicled his past career, accompanied by grave or playful remark, and saw how many an incident, trifling in itself, drew after it a train of serious consequences.

Whole libraries have been written on the subject of education, and yet no art in the world is simpler. Like the plant, and the brute, man's nature developes itself to that end for which his gifts and endowments have fitted him. Whoever endeavours to make any thing else of him, than that for which nature has furnished the material, does not *form*, but *deform* his character. The essential business of the educator is to remove all things in the path of self-development that can obstruct or mislead it. Imitation, memory, and, thirdly, imagination, are the first powers active in a child's mind; hence it is that he acquires so easily what is taught him by the example of those around him. Spoiled children are first spoiled by the corruption, or perverseness, or negligence of their parents or teachers.

Children are without sin and without virtue—they are justly called *innocent*. The so-called original sin of man is nothing more nor less than the animal part of man's nature. This, in all tameable creatures, must first be tamed; and then the eye of the educator can be turned to the spiritual being. To keep the insight clear in this, all deceit and untruthfulness must be repressed as the gravest faults of childhood. I never permitted in my house a falsehood, even in jest, to be told a child, nor any idle, superstitious gossip. Servants addicted to lying were immediately dismissed, and all intercourse with other children, whose moral purity was at all ambiguous, strictly prohibited.

To give the boys self-dependence in all future mutations of fortune, they were early accustomed to labour and privation; their clothing was clean but simple—almost poor; they slept at nights on straw beds until they left the paternal roof. From their tenth year, I used to send them on summer rambles, first in couples and then singly; knapsack on shoulder and scantily provided with money. Their earlier journeys were to neighbouring towns among friends; greater distances were afterwards ventured, and lastly they visited the Alps and Glaciers in order to enrich their botanical, entomological, and oryktognostic collection. Left thus for weeks to themselves among strangers, they early learnt of necessity to think and act for themselves.

At the proper time each was free to choose his own calling. If he chose a scientific pursuit he was obliged immediately to enter the shop

of some artificer as an apprentice, afterwards the university as a registered workman in the trade he had selected, and thus secured from "gentlemanly ignorance," they were qualified to fill any situation honourably. After the course of academical studies was completed, they felt the full value of their simple mode of education in their subsequent travels through North and South Germany, Denmark or France, Scotland and England.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the schools in Aarau, I preferred a domestic education for my sons, that they might escape the knowledge of the many errors and vices of youth before they were morally strong enough to shun them of their own accord and without further warning. The steadiness of the domestic arrangements, which never varied winter or summer, rendered orderly activity at first a necessity and then a pleasure to the young people. In many branches of science they received instruction from me. In many I aided them in a course of mutual instruction. In their several pursuits they were assisted by a select library, cabinets of natural history, philosophical apparatus, musical instruments, &c. Besides my other daily business, I devoted from three to five hours to the children, to overlook with them carefully their day's work, and give regular lectures on those subjects which could not be pursued unaided.

But in every thing, in the study of the classics, of the history of nations, of geography or natural philosophy, it was ever my highest object to teach them to distinguish the nobler humanity from the baser, reality from appearance, the everlasting from the transitory. And this was their first religious instruction. They learnt no catechisms or prayers by heart, but to address the invisible God in gratitude or supplication from their own heart. It is such child-like prayers and confessions before the Almighty, and not dead formulas, that lead to the true discipleship of Jesus. They were not required to attend *public* worship till the age of sixteen or eighteen years, when their understandings were sufficiently ripened to comprehend the *proofs* of Christianity and to partake of the Lord's Supper; when from the history of mankind they had acquired a general knowledge of the origin, value, and destiny of all religious systems. A worthy clergyman,* whose no small merit was his deep penetration into the youthful mind, completed what I had begun. Nothing in the Christian world has so greatly contributed to the decline of Christianity, as the reigning practice of imparting the higher ideas of religion to children at an age when their memory only, and not their understanding, is capable of receiving them; and in which a solemn and touching office has been degraded to a merely social custom, mechanically partaken of from habit and decorum.

My grown-up sons are now the joy of their parents, whose prayers and blessings will follow them through life. Active, disinterested, unassuming, and religious, they are serving their native land, art,

* The name is James Frederick Pfleger. My sons and I name him here with gratitude.

science, and humanity. They have chosen the amiable companions of their lives as they had their path of life—freely, and therefore happily. In their own houses the same course was pursued as in their father's, and a future prepared resembling the present. The younger members, still resident under the parental roof, are promising blossoms, whose fruit it is scarcely yet possible to foresee.

And in these pages which belong to you, ye beloved ones! above all, the father's heart still speaks to you, and will still speak even when it has ceased to beat.

## AN EXCURSION TO NORMANDY.

The year 1830, which at its birth had kindly smiled on me, resembled a splendid summer day, glorious at sunrise, sultry at noon, but ending in storm and tempest. Before I proceed further, I will speak of a journey undertaken in the spring, which left behind it some remarkable impressions.

A native of Switzerland, resident on his own plantation in Cuba, had placed his son by a beautiful negress, in a school at Untersen, on the Lake of Thun, and intrusted to me the payment of the necessary expenses. Some years after, when he recalled the son, at the father's desire I took the young man from school and accompanied him to Havre, to secure his passage to the West Indies. On my arrival at Paris, I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of my eldest son whom I had supposed to have been walking the hospitals of Lyons. He was desirous of studying the progress made in France in the art of surgery, under the renowned Dupuytren after he had left the universities of Münich and Berlin, and practised for some years in his native land.

After a morning spent in wandering through the labyrinth of streets, I entered the garden of the Tuileries. The past rose in vivid colours before my eyes; I greeted the same trees, the same bench on which I had sat thirty years before when suffering under the home-sickness for Swiss mountains, and laying plans for the future; and almost fancied myself about to visit my beloved friends Schlaberndorf and Oelsner, whose ashes the grave had long covered. I no longer dreamed of the future, but cast a look back on the wondrous web of my past life. Not of my hand was it the work, but of a mightier, an invisible! I was no longer the painter, the schoolmaster in the mountain village of Glarus. Borne along the torrent of events wherein I had no power but over my own will, hurled without any co-operation on my part into the wide field of action, I was compelled to find within myself a strength of which I had not before felt conscious. The remembrance brought with it a feeling of humble submission to the Eternal Ruler of the world, a trembling fear that I had not done enough. This moment in the Tuileries Garden, strikingly opposed as it was to the former, was to me

solemn as that had been. Rarely have these gardens been witnesses of similar emotions!

But the arts and magnificence of this city of the world, vanished into nothing before the awe-inspiring majesty of the ocean as I beheld it from Havre. Whether I gazed on the mariners in the harbour, hovering as they were in the air, as they clung to the cordage like spiders in their webs; or beheld the distant sails wandering like spirits of the ocean over the shoreless waste of waters; or watched the tide ebbing and flowing with clock-work regularity; or the dance of the waves in phosphoric light in the obscurity of the evening, or howling and rearing their crests towards heaven under the scourge of the lightning, as if they sought to quench those cloud-volcanoes, I was all enthusiasm, rapture, prayer! My countryman and friend, Wanner, one of the most considerable merchants of the city, and Captain Edward Corbière,* were not a little gratified by my constantly increasing delight.

The deep solitudes of the higher Alps, with their flowery meads, amid the pale mountains crowned by eternal snows, their rocks and precipices, can alone be compared in majesty of aspect with the ocean. And there, as here, man, the shepherd of the mountains, the shipman on the ocean, scarcely see them, wander with indifference in search of food amid these wonders, like the seamew or the chamois.

I found it no easy matter to procure a passage for my mulatto charge on board an American ship. Nearer intercourse with him was thought offensive. When I took the boy with me to the table-d'hôte in the evening, an American captain was about to quit the table in disgust, if his wiser wife had not prevented the commission of this folly! The arrogant contempt of these republicans for their coloured fellow-creatures is known to all the world. Europeans justly think this prejudice ridiculous or revolting; yet, with all their supposed freedom from similar prejudices, they find the difference between noble and ignoble blood; the belief in degradation through unequal marriages, as they are called, neither one nor the other. Do they stand one inch higher above the slough of middle-age prejudice than the Americans? In sad and sober earnest our Europeans and Americans, so proud of their mental culture, their art, their science, and their Christianity, seem to me, with their smooth moral pretences, without morality; their systematised human slaughter, their justice-defying state maxims, not much wiser or more Christian than the world of heathen Athens and Rome 2000 or 3000 years ago!

After I had succeeded in shipping off my young West Indian, I passed several days, and every day a festival, in wandering on the sea-shore at Havre, Fecamp, and Dieppe, and did not return to the old every-day world, till I found myself travelling towards the

* He is known, in Germany, by his naval novels.

ancient city of Rouen. In the coupé of the diligence my fellow travellers were a man of talent and address, an ambassador from one of the little German princes to the court of Charles X., with his lady. I found him well acquainted with the character of this court, which did not believe in the nineteenth century, and also with that of the "great nation," which can neither bear slavery nor freedom. He foretold exactly the re-election of every man in the Chamber, who had asserted to the monarch that his distrust towards his people had awakened a similar feeling in them; he even prophesied the speedy outbreak of the wrath then fermenting in their breasts.

I had hitherto been somewhat incredulous of weather prophets and their political brethren. But the July week, with its thunderbolts, taught me respect for the seer-glances of my pleasant diplomatic acquaintance. It is remarkable how much more clearly we see from below than above. Charles X., like his predecessor and namesake Charles IX., surrounded by ambitious or bigoted priests, and the degenerate sons of illustrious fathers, saw France no longer *in* France, but in his *Camarilla;* and the murmurs of his people, heard through the saloons and antichambers of his palace, sounded to his ears like the idle clamour of a seditious mob, which was to be scourged back again into its old subjection. In an evil hour for himself he launched the forked lightning of his "Ordonnances" among the fermenting masses: a flame was thereby kindled that crushed to atoms the throne of the Bourbons.

## RETROSPECT OF RESTORED POLITICAL EVIL.

The stroke was felt throughout the world. For the last fifteen years the self-seeking of lay and clerical *castes*, in other countries as well as in France, had heaped up a quantity of inflammable matter. It is true that when, after the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, Europe had once more breathed freely, a gleam of better fortune had appeared; a moment of joyful hope of an age worthier humanity. Kings formed holy alliances for the welfare of their people; grateful promises were made of recompense to nations for their enormous sacrifice of gold and blood, by more liberal institutions and extended privileges.

But the vows made in days of hard necessity, or in the intoxication of deliverance, received very unexpected diplomatic interpretation; fulfilment was lingering, scanty, or denied altogether. Rulers were alarmed at the newly-awakened feeling of their own importance among nations, and laboured to lull it to sleep again. The warning oracle of fate was not understood even by the most distinguished statesmen. Their policy spoke of social equality of duties, but also of the resurrection of middle-age privileges, and privileged classes; of the Napoleon art of centralisation, with the

advance of material interests. Stealthily the ghosts of former wrong crept from their ancient graves. The aristocracy betook themselves to forging a strong "chain of nobility;" the hierarchy to the erection of new bulwarks of faith, and repeopling the cloisters. Jesuits, recalled to the world by the "Holy Father," settled themselves, unobserved, in every land; miracles, in aid of superstitions, began to be tolerated or paraded. A peasant, Martin Michael, and a Prince of Hohenlohe, emulated each other in the art of healing the sick by prayer, at the distance of hundreds of miles. The pence of St. Philomela became current coin of faith. Book-censors obsequiously lent the stamp of truth to error, or of error to truth. Mysticism became the fashionable tone in philosophy; canting romanticism, that of poetry; the sectarian spirit, rampant among the uneducated masses.

Even in Switzerland, the field of free effort in the cause of reformation became narrowed from year to year. I have already mentioned the failure of the attempt at federal union in 1815, and the establishment of aristocratic forms with a gilding of democracy. Loyola's disciples showed themselves in Valais and Freiburg, first with a semblance of humility, but afterwards with pomp, as the legitimate guardians of the altar and the senatorial chair. The maxims of priestly and family right of dominion arrogated to themselves new validity. Even the former heroes of freedom, of the revolutionary era, seduced by lust of wealth or honours, did penance for former "errors," and became champions of monkhood and the oligarchy: extremes, it is well known, meet easily. When the red cap of Jacobinism has become black, and the black scull-cap of the Jesuit red from age, their likeness is astounding.

Matters fell out in Aargau as they had done elsewhere. Aargau is an insignificant speck on the globe of the earth. It is scarcely worth while to mention what portion of the slime from the stream of "restoration" policy, which had flooded the rest of Europe, settled there; or how I, and some others with courage and clear insight, strove, in vain, against it; as if ants could dam the torrent of the ocean. But still, this little state was my home; I was bound to serve it. I had a seat among its legislators; I may, therefore, be permitted to say a few words about it, though, as a French wit would say, it is like seeking the history of a hurricane in a glass of water. I and a few others laboured hard to form an opposition to the assumptions of the "land-fathers" or "land-*lords*" as they now liked to be called. We fought hard against the encroachments of patronage and nepotism; against unrepublican love of titles and orders; against unequal division of the public burdens, immoderate demands of the Roman Curie, and many other things not worth naming.

"The world seems to me," I once said to Ittner, "as if it were threatened with an eruption of the tenth century. The struggle is vehement; pen and ink will decide it now, not the battle-field; yet,

when ink enough has been shed, blood may follow. Let us, however, in spite of the powers of earth, and what is under the earth, be of good heart in *secula seculorum*."

And I was of good heart. My voice, and that of others, found an echo among the Swiss people, whether I spoke in public, or preached sound reason in the pages of the "Schweizerboten." Hence I was sharply attacked by those who called themselves conservative; that is, by those who would fain "conserve" the best for themselves and the worst for others. As my convictions were as little affected by flattery as by scorn and derision, and I was not inclined to become the slave of the current opinion for the day, the burgomeister and lesser council of Aargau bethought themselves of making some open manifestation of their displeasure. On one occasion, when, in the name of a committee, I was delivering a report on the finances to the senate, and, among other defects of administration, I mentioned the want of economy, the objection was immediately laid hold of as a pretence for the diminution of my moderate salary and that of some others. Though I could not see any ground for this, yet, the thing being in itself praiseworthy, I offered to serve the state henceforth gratuitously, provided the other members of the government would sacrifice one-fourth of their salaries to the public necessities. Probably this generosity seemed to them carried too far; they changed their minds, and left our salaries undiminished.

My grand light-bearer, the "Schweizerboten," was then attacked, subjected to a strict censorship, and even whole pages unmercifully struck out. I left the gaps as they were, and the blank paper was more instructive to the people than when filled with my words, and there was no law to prevent a printer from publishing blank paper. At last the wrathful authorities hit upon a better method of indicating the loss of their favour. An article appeared with permission of the censor from the pen of the distinguished lawyer, Casimer Pfyffer of Lucerne, on the condition of the canton of Schwyz, which excited the curiosity of that government with respect to the author. The lesser council of Aargau was applied to for his name. With obsequious haste, the district court was summoned, to demand the name of me by virtue of its authority. The tribunal, however, did not assemble, having no jurisdiction in the matter as there was no accusation made. The government, without making any appeal, gave authority for the purpose to the court of appeal. And this highest judicial authority in the land, more pliable than the lower tribunal, without cognisance of the former proceedings, without giving me notice; in contradiction to all forms, in defiance of the law on which their own authority rested, and without citing the law in similar cases, condemned me to give up the name of the contributor, or, in default thereof, to payment of costs. Such were then our guardians of justice. Obedient to their sentence, I gave the name, which every one knew perfectly well before, but at the

same time resigned all the employments I held under them. I was ashamed to be their officer.*

Perhaps, it would have pleased them better if I had renounced my seat in the senate, or the "Schweizerboten" renounced his calling. In this manner, my project of freeing myself from the trammels of office when I should reach my sixtieth year, was put in execution a little earlier.

The growing corruption in the greater part of the Swiss republics by such lordly doings, and the fruitlessness of all opposition on the part of honester men, excited general discontent. Such a spirit even began to manifest itself in the legislative assemblies. Before the Parisians dreamed of their July week, there was an evident inclination in Switzerland to set limits to these encroachments. The senators of Tessino, and Waatland of Lucerne and Zürich, were the first who put a hand to a reformation in their government, but they did so timidly and with a strong opposition from their governors.

## A SCENE IN THE COUNCIL HALL.

In the following year, when France in just wrath had dashed in pieces the yoke prepared for them by the old nobility and priesthood, and when the violent shock felt throughout the whole West, had sprung a leak in the Holy Alliance, the call for greater freedom in the commercial and more cultivated cantons in Switzerland became stronger. These cantons in territory and population form the greater part of the union. The smaller shepherd lands in the bosom of the Alps, poor, barely provided, even with those public institutions indispensable to a state, following the simple customs of their forefathers, remained unmoved under the guardianship of their temporal and spiritual lords.

Along the Jura, from the Lake of Constance to the shores of Lake Leman, the watch-word, Constitutional, Reformation resounded. A separation of the highest authorities and control over them; responsibility of public officers, limitation of the time for which public offices should be held, abolition of hereditary privileges, equality before the laws, freedom of the press, of handicraft and commerce were loudly demanded. Respectful memorials to this effect were presented to the heads of the state by small and large assemblies of the people.

This took place in Aargau, where the act of mediation was still remembered, like some deceased friend whose faults are forgotten over his grave. The government paid no attention to either warning or supplication from the citizens. Deluded by their self-love, or the adulation of their subordinates, they persuaded themselves wil-

* This happened in the summer of 1829. I mention it, not out of anger against individuals, but to show the state of Switzerland in this respect at that time.

lingly, that all this was the work of ambitious place-seekers, demagogues, and hot-headed innovators. The year 1830, happened to be the period in which the people, according to the constitution after an interval of twelve years, had the right of choosing the subordinate officers in the great council. This choice was now refused by the people; no attention was paid to repeated summonses for this purpose from the lesser council. This resistance to the will of the people increased the fever. Trees of liberty were planted in token of renunciation of the former law. In the environs of the convents, and the districts along the Reuss, the people were even preparing to resist in arms. The government formerly so fearless, and now so fearful, assembled the council in haste, and proposed an assembly to be chosen by the people, that is, a national convention.

On the reading of this projected decree in the hall of assembly, instead of the usual disturbance, there reigned a painful silence. No one rose to speak for or against it; the members looked at one another or at the printed paper, as if they sought in it to read their own future destiny. To end a pause so awkward and painful, I began at last to speak; I thanked the council for their inclination to comply with the universal wish, but I did not conceal that the leading principle of the proposed law far exceeded my expectations. In fact, it seemed dangerous, in the present excited state of the public mind, to take the work of reformation out of the hands of the legislative body, and put it into those of deputies chosen immediately by the people. But, unfortunately, the proposal of the government was no longer a secret, and opposition to it came now too late. When I had spoken others took courage and spoke in support of what I had said. The government earned applause. A commission was named for a more detailed examination of the project, and numberless copies of it dispersed among the curious multitudes which streamed in from all parts of the territory. The glad tidings flew through town and village, attended by transports of joy from some, and heavy forebodings from others. There ensued, however, no further disturbance of public order.

When the commission delivered their report, with alterations proposed in the project of law laid before them by the senate, I was frightened. The people were persuaded that the project already promulgated in the country, had full validity. To abandon it, would now produce the natural consequence of deceived expectation; greater suspicion of the higher powers, perhaps revolt, resistance, anarchy. I spoke my fears openly, and warned and conjured the council to desist. To my no small astonishment, the majority of the assembled council broke out into the most unrestrained expressions of anger against me. Speaker after speaker rose, not to confute, but to give full swing to his wrath. They overwhelmed me with reproaches, derision, and even dishonouring suspicion. I was called a stirrer up of sedition. Never in my life had I been subjected to so much personal ignominy, and never before had decorum

been so grossly violated in this assembly. I listened to their insults with indifference, then once more calmly defended my views; and as the majority, nevertheless, persisted in giving a legal sanction to their dangerous project, I entered, in the form of a protest, my simple warning of the probable consequences. Between twenty and thirty members joined in my protest.

Since that time I became, through a singular chain of sometimes trifling accidents, entangled as it were in an invisible net, and was powerlessly dragged along the stream of occurrences which I could neither foresee, nor wish for, nor control. A worthy doctor of laws, a member of the assembly (Dr. Bertschinger of Leuzburg), requested me to give him a few minutes' confidential discourse in the gardens surrounding the senate-house. Scarcely had I left the hall when there arose a suspicion that I had purposely withdrawn from any further share in the proceedings. Those who had joined me in the protest left the hall likewise. The number being thus incomplete, they were obliged to adjourn the sitting. This misunderstanding strengthened the very unfounded, and I might say, the very foolish suspicions entertained of me.

Scarcely eight days after there was a general revolt* of the people against the legislative body. The armed populace (the *Landsturm*) marched on Aarau from all parts of the territory, but observed the strictest discipline. Neither person nor property was injured; they demanded only the recall of the offensive resolutions. The senate assembled anew; recalled them in terror, legal order was restored, but not the confidence of the people in the legislative body.

Although I had only foreseen, in common with others, this outbreak, and so far from having any understanding with the leaders, did not even know them, I passed henceforth with the opposite party as the originator and secret spring of the movement. "He knew of it beforehand," it was said, "he threatened us with the storm, and has now let it loose in vengeance." This cry procured me very undesired consideration among the people. I was chosen member of the constitutional council, and by the council itself, vice-president; the leader† of the *Landsturm* was chosen president. This distinction, unwelcome as it was, gave a false seal of truth to the lies propagated concerning me.

Most undeniably I had laboured without intermission for the rights and dignity of the people, in opposition to the sharp-sighted or artful cheat, and struggled to establish nobler social relations with those who would have made them footstools for their own selfish purposes. But what I had done was by means of instruction and enlightenment of the public mind, and in a manner which no law forbade, not by incitement to revolt or by sympathy with it. A people mentally

* December 6, 1830.

† Heinrich Fischer, an innkeeper at Meerenschwand, a plain and very upright republican, not without education, and as the sequel showed, moved by no personal ambition, but urged on by love of his country.

free will of themselves become at last socially free likewise. Corrupt means are sought only by corrupt motives, or blind despair.

Political, like religious fanaticism, knows no toleration. Madness dreams itself wiser than God, and in honour of him seeks to destroy what is by nature a necessity. I bore it in silence, half angry, half laughing, when party rage aimed their shafts at me. In prose and in poetry, in parable and fable, I was held up to detestation as a serpent, a very spirit of evil. From the pulpit the rod of ecclesiastical discipline was applied. Anonymous letters threatened me with assassination; insulting verses were sent me, and a small silken flag with the Swiss revolutionary colours; and one man who in the daily uproar had become fairly crazy, hovered about my dwelling with the intention of setting it on fire.*

I cannot deny that I felt at times irritated by such brutal folly; at times deeply grieved that those who had known me so long, should know me so little; and that I, who in my whole life had never committed one shameful action, should now be deemed capable of all or any. But such indignant feelings were quickly subdued. Nothing is easier than to forgive those who, misled by passion, or deceived by appearances, are mistaken in us. I made no complaints, instituted no inquiry, and trusted firmly that time, whose overflowing stream had covered me with its soil, would in its clearer flow, wash me clean again.

## NEW THORNS.

About the same time I became a mark for the aim of party malice at Basle. The disputes concerning reform had there divided the town from the country and kindled a civil war, which had not been the case in any other canton. The country towns and communes had demanded equality of rights for all citizens of the republic; the capital refused them. In all this I was perfectly innocent, as it may easily be believed, unless my convictions and general truths, which I acknowledged as others did, were to be reckoned as sins. My real crime consisted in having opened the columns of the "Schweizerboten" to some worthy persons, for a modest defence of their persons or their cause, because the public journals and periodicals of Basle, freely scattered over the whole of Switzerland, their accusations and complaints of the encroachments of the people, I held it as a duty not to refuse any aid I could give to freedom of opinion to those who had no other means of defending themselves before their fellow-citizens.† A universal clamour hereupon ensued

* The unhappy man confessed this himself, after he was seized in an attempt to stab Colonel George Hunziker, because he was a liberal—the same Hunziker who with Major Charles Herose had established the manufactory at Aarau, on which he bestowed the princely gift of 100,000 Swiss francs. The madman was placed in the asylum at Königsfeld.

† The "Landschaft" of Basle did not at that time possess, as it now does, newspapers and printing-presses of its own.

as if I had been Basle's bitterest enemy. The love of many of my former friends was changed to hate. Letters addressed to me were opened without ceremony.* I was held up to public ridicule in pasquinades and caricatures. It was said openly in the senate of that city, that I was one of a society in the pay of France for revolutionising Switzerland. Of this society, Paul Usteri, Emanuel Fellenberg, Casimir Pfyffer, and Troxter, were also pointed out as members. I found myself at least in very respectable company.

Yet all this did not prevent the heads of the government from applying to me for aid in warding off some real or imaginary danger to the state. So great and so noble was still their confidence in me. I was called out of bed one night by a senator of Basle, who conjured me to use my influence to hinder the advance of the "Landsturm" from several cantons! I heard him at first with astonishment, and afterwards with laughter! I succeeded with some difficulty in calming him by the repeated assurance that there was no danger of the "Landsturm" making its appearance. I could then very safely prophesy, because, like the conjurors with cards, dream interpreters, and gipsies, I was questioned and received information on all sides. In fact, but a few days before, some young men, enthusiasts in the cause of freedom, had let me know that such a thing was in agitation and asked my advice. I knew none of these persons, the individuals who introduced the others, excepted. The "Landsturm" was to march from the cantons of Thurgau, Appenzell, Zürich, and Aargau. I prudently concealed my abhorrence of a scheme so pregnant with mischief, but endeavoured to deter them from it by the Socratic method of argument; I inquired before I gave my opinion what were their means for the attainment of the object in view; whether the volunteers in this service were as steady as they were numerous; whether exposed to the severities of winter, in rain, snow, and frost, far from their homes, in sickness, scarcity, and other hardships, they would keep together long enough to besiege a fortified town? Whence were to come provisions, tents, ammunition, artillery, &c.? Whether they were led by experienced officers? Whether they had bethought themselves of providing surgeons, medicine-chests, &c., &c.? I received answers that sufficiently betrayed their embarrassment, and after duly weighing these and other considerations, the young men desisted from their thoughtless enterprise.

A few weeks afterwards, I was again honoured by an embassy from Basle.† They desired to know how the revolted Landschaft were to be brought back to their allegiance. A veritable

* I noticed this only by a jest. On the receipt of a letter from Troxter, then professor in the university of Basle, which had been opened and resealed with the seal of the police. I answered its very innocent contents in the pages of the "Sweizerboten," to save the police the trouble of opening and sealing my letter up again.

† The envoys were Colonel Brann, of Basle, and, in place of written credentials, my friend Köchlin, a manufacturer of Lorrach, was sent as his colleague.

problem for the philosophers! Citizens' blood had already flowed; the chasm yawned too widely to be easily or quickly closed again. I thought, however, that although the filling of the chasm must be a work of time, a temporary bridge over it might be erected. I counselled uniformity in the tribunals of justice and in police regulations, and the maintenance of indivisibility of the state property under a common superintendence, with the separate administration for town and country, and an assembly of moderate men on both sides, for the discussion of the affairs of the canton and the federal union. I hoped by these means to obtain at least a truce in aid of a general reconciliation. The proposal seemed not inexpedient; I learnt, however, afterwards, that those who brought it were not much thanked in Basle, whilst some of the most influential men of the Landschaft were not disinclined to the measure. The stubbornness of the city, which afterwards rejected similar mediation from the federal union, and rather chose to continue the civil war, brought about at last a formal division of the canton into two unequal portions.*

## CONSTITUTIONAL ASSEMBLY.

In the mean time the constitutional assembly of Aargau proceeded to discuss the subject for a new fundamental constitutional law, agreed on by the commission. The assembly was somewhat heterogeneous, as may easily be supposed, chosen as it is in a moment of excitement by the people, and under the influence of party interests. Before me sat a most extraordinary mixture of insurgents and angry members of the government; men of all political colours, and every grade of intellectual culture. In the mien of all and every one was to be read the determination to battle stoutly for their own opinion. It was the battle of the artful aristocrat, the vehement radical, the more moderate liberal, of fanatic stupidity, and coarse hatred of the priestly order; narrow-minded clanship, and disinterested magnanimity; a battle fought at once wisely and foolishly, in the lamest fashion, and with wonderful address. My already very moderate expectations of the result of the discussion, sank to a lower and a lower level.

In the very first sitting, a hot dispute arose on the question whether the constitution was to guarantee freedom of conscience, and what was to be understood by freedom of conscience. Whether the Catholic, or evangelical confession should be proclaimed the state religion?

"We dare not open the door to the extravagance of any and every sect," said one; "the state has no power and no right to imprison the holiest convictions which God himself has left free, within the

* To this severe, but necessary resolution of the federation, I was accidentally a party acting as ambassador from Aargau to the Diet in the year 1833—a resolution which I had in vain sought by peaceful means to ward off.

dungeon of a state church."—"And thus make a nation of hypocrites," retorted another. "In matters of religion, too great liberality exists very ill on a Christian community," was heard from a third side. "A state religion is never the religion of Christ, but the enforced religion of the strongest," replied I. "If two differing forms of Christianity, the Catholic and evangelical, are to be admitted, why not other forms? At least deprive fanaticism of the power of ill-treating with impunity those who hold different opinions. Let whoever sins against morality or the law, be amenable to the law; but let none be persecuted for his faith." This last proposition, which was supported by many others, was at last carried by a large majority of voices, but on the following day, after a new storm of words, was again rejected.

In a subsequent sitting, when I presided, a still more singular resolution was proposed; namely, that no person not a "born Swiss," should be capable of state employment. In vain the more far-sighted protested against an exclusion so unconditional, to which it was even endeavoured to give a *retrospective* operation. Between 20,000 and 30,000 inhabitants of Fuckthal, a territory annexed scarcely thirty years before to Switzerland, were as little "born Swiss" as myself, whom the present assembly, notwithstanding, had chosen to preside over them. As a party concerned, I of course kept silence during the discussion; but after I had put the resolution to the vote, proclaimed the exclusion of all not "born Swiss" from public employment, and prorogued the sitting, I announced my own intention of withdrawing from their body. It is true this wore the appearance of personal pique, nevertheless, I seized with joy the opportunity of escaping the hateful strife of party, and of perhaps inducing, by this decided step, the assembly to proceed with fitter caution in so weighty a matter. In fact the resolution was expunged in the following sitting! True to my own declaration, however, I appeared no more in the assembly, in spite of a most flattering and pressing invitation.*

From that time the proceedings took a more dignified course. Through the influence of experienced statesmen and able citizens, the constitution received a form assimilating it to the best in the federation. When offered to the people for acceptance, it was ratified with the applause of a large majority. Elective assemblies then proceeded to fill the public offices with men enjoying public confidence. I was once more called to share the highest authority in the state, as a member of the great council. I had now passed my sixtieth year. Mindful of my former resolution, I refused every other employment; the seat in the senate, and any commission that could be speedily fulfilled I accepted. Even these I meant to renounce in my seventieth year if I were not called on first to re-

* Sixty-seven members voted for the measure unconditionally; fifty-seven rejected it, and forty-one entered a protest against it.

nounce this earthly existence; I dreaded to outlive myself! From this time forward I spoke seldomer in the senate; usually, on important occasions only. There was no longer the deficiency there had been of capable and well-informed subordinates; I also left the management of the "Schweizerboten" to other persons, who, to love of country, liberality of views and courage, united a position in the world which afforded them a clearer perception of the tendencies and wants of the present moment than I could have, from my voluntarily chosen solitude.

I felt at first somewhat strangely in quiet Blumenhalde, when I was no longer daily witness of the frenzy engendered by wrong-headed views of religion, political fanaticism, ambition and revenge. My feelings resembled those of a man when, after a long and stormy voyage, he first treads the firm earth, and scarcely believes his own good fortune; he must collect himself and bethink him how he may deport himself on the unaccustomed ground.

## HOLY SABBATH DAYS.

For the commencement of my old age, a work lay before me which I had longed to do, but had never yet ventured on, for twenty or thirty years. In the year 1814 I had written to my friend Ittner. "I have long indulged the project of picturing my views of nature and the world, more clearly to myself, and perhaps in so doing I shall raise the veil of Isis in some measure. That is, I shall endeavour, so far as it may be permitted a mortal, to throw a comprehensive glance over the divine *whole*, as I have often done in my holier hours; contemplate the chain of being—from the moving atom to that in which all things have motion; from animated to animating being; to find how time and eternity are one, and we are one in the Divine All. I would consider the struggle of powers to the end of production! from the being of the crystal to that of the starry host. But, "if life here below were not so transitory, thought not so swiftly rushing, and the hand that should grasp its pinions and affix them to the paper, not so lame, so lagging!"

Enough! I again commenced the contemplative life, and now an aged man, to ask once more that life question which had excited the eager curiosity of the boy—alternately the godlike enthusiasm or godless doubt of the imaginative youth, and which had driven the man forth into the distracting tumult of the world. By degrees I arranged my plan, and reviewed the multitude of inquiries, observations and experiments necessary in order to obtain the result; to solve the enigma of existence, and this particular form of existence; that the inner world of their father might become known to the children, the esoteric religion of the old man be laid open to his friends. Perhaps thought I that the inward light of my conviction may gleam kindly and soothingly through the night of faith and knowledge of

those to whom the earthly and the unearthly are alike hopeless mysteries. The number of these is not small in an age when we are only beginning to shake off the tough tenacious bandages of civilised barbarism. To heal the secret gnawing wounds of the spirit is a noble spiritual work. For this reason will I labour diligently, difficult as it may—as it must be—to give all possible significance to such representation—to avoid all learned obscurity of speech, but to adhere tenaciously to the verbal signs once chosen, in order to avoid confusion of ideas, and to render myself intelligible to thinkers of every condition.

During this work I flattered myself with the hope that I should not be suspected of a longing for a niche among the philosophers of the day, or of adding to the hundred dead and buried systems a hundred and first. A wish of that kind would in any case come too late to the old man, who would rather need a wreath for his bier than for his brows, and who at best could only hope to furnish stuff for a well meaning journalist. And if philosophers by profession find me not conversant enough with the schools, and theologians too heedless of dogmas and catechisms, I may serve the one as an example of error, the other of heresy to be avoided. I would only entreat them not to condemn me inexorably, but rather to have compassion on me, if the honour of their systems or symbolical books allow it.

Six thousand years of thought on the origin, pursuits, and destiny of the race, has not yet solved the problem, nor will it probably, when another six thousand have also passed away. But I set down only what appears to me as the truth of reason, or its greatly consoling faith. As in the world of sense, there is an endless variety of things, and even the tree puts not forth two leaves perfectly alike; so reigns, and ever shall reign in the spiritual domain an endless variety of views and representations. It is the eternal law of God, to the fulfilment of which not only inequality of intellectual gifts, and inequality of ripeness from experience and practice, but also inequality in the circumstances and positions assigned by nature, tend with irresistible force. He who in the school, the state, or the church, commands similarity of belief and opinions may, with a like frantic folly, command the waves and the hurricane to be still; and he who mocks at or condemns another for cherishing other convictions than his, mocks at and condemns unwittingly, not man, but the work and law of God, and God himself. The deeper I penetrated into the kingdom of the cognisable, the further I found its boundaries recede on every side. In the transitory I met the unchangeable; in time, eternity! Many persons find in advancing age a certain indifference grow upon them even with respect to things that interested them warmly in their youth. I find, on the contrary, the older I grow the deeper is the astonishment with which I contemplate much that I have already contemplated. If one mystery lay revealed before me, a second arose from the discovered land. Let not these words

however excite the anger of those who in age have only retained a sense for their portion in the treasures of the outer world, while the opiate of unquestioning faith in the great invisible, has completely lulled them to rest on that subject.

My "Contemplation of the World and of God," which forms the sequel to this work, was my favourite employment from my sixtieth to my seventieth year. This looking inwards of the mind upon its life and nature afforded me many an elevating and holy hour. At the same time I projected this history of my mental development. It may pass as an introduction to the following part, and the present chapter as preface to the so-disposed reader.

## THE DEAF AND DUMB.

During these ten sabbath years, however, I led any thing but a merely contemplative life. I still belonged to the world as the world to me; and to the best of my ability, I adorned the autumn of my earthly existence. For me there were still family festivals and family joys in abundance; excursions into the Alpine world, or into neighbouring countries; spectacles in plenty on the political stage of our quarrelsome age; or journeyman's business in undertakings of general utility. But not a word of these. Be it only permitted me to gossip of what in my old age had particular attractions for me.

In the course of my many wanderings through the Swiss valleys, I had been painfully interested by the sight of those unhappy beings who, often deprived of speech and hearing, and sometimes disgustingly deformed, are called Cretins. There were some even in Aargau. At my suggestion, the Society for National Improvement caused a census to be taken of them in the year 1816, but the reports delivered were not so correct as might be wished. Twenty years later I returned to the subject, when my son, as an observer of natural phenomena, and physician to the district, turned his attention to it. At his suggestion, and on his plan, a new census was taken by the Council of Health, of which the terrible result was, that in a population of 200,000, there were 960 deaf and dumb of both sexes; of these 440, through confirmed cretinism or by their age, were void of all capacity for mental improvement, while 560 were capable of receiving instruction. For none of these was there a church, a school, or any useful employment; no love on earth but the sorrowing tenderness of parents; no Christ, no glimpse of God, no hope of an eternity! The state had forgotten these unhappy step-children of nature. By the foundation of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Aarau, by awakening the benevolence of the government and the public, I thought it possible that similar institutions might arise throughout the country.

So soon as I had given utterance to the thought, it was adopted

zealously by the before-named society. In the following year an institution for twenty of these unhappy beings was opened at Aarau; and, after proofs had been given of successful treatment of the deaf and dumb, its maintenance was recommended to the country at large. The sum collected, which was intended to yield a capital bearing interest for the future support of the institution, scarcely amounted to 10,000 or 12,000 francs. Here, also, the general and melancholy experience that the wealthier classes contribute far less in proportion to their means, to such generous objects, than the poorer, received new confirmation. Every such institution is a monument of humanity worthy of humanity; but a thousand such are not sufficient for the wants of Europe alone. Will not, at some future time, a redeemer appear for these orphans of nature, who is to announce the means of salvation from their misery, as the immortal Jenner has done from the horrors of the small-pox? Imperial and royal academies to be sure must offer prizes for more important things than for such trifles as the discovery of a means of stemming a poison-spring which brings misery for life on 200,000 persons in Europe alone!*

The information I obtained respecting the effects of cretinism on the mind and corporeal frame, and which has been ratified by the learned Turin naturalist, the Chevalier Vasalli Candi, as the result of his inquiries among the mountains of Savoy, is limited to the following facts: Cretins and persons born deaf and dumb are, throughout the world, more frequently met with in mountain districts than in plains; more in the deeper than in the higher lying valleys (especially when the latter have an elevation of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea); more on the shady side of the valleys where the vapours are more sluggish than on the sunny. Hence, on the northern declivities the rings of bark on the forest trees are more porous; the hides of animals, according to the testimony of Gerber, more spongy; even the flesh and muscles of man looser and more flabby: and, finally, more where the ground is swampy or abounding in water than in neighbourhoods where there is a scarcity of springs. In the former places, the water for drinking is of an unhealthy nature for persons with a scrofulous tendency. Almost all the springs in these pest-ridden districts descend from heights more or less distant, through dark shafts where the water often remains stagnant, or becomes loaded with injurious substances. Such water is not found in the higher lying valleys, partly because, even when it passes under the surface of the soil, the passage is necessarily shorter, and partly because the fall being greater, the course is much more rapid. It is indisputable that the light of the sun

* In the Prussian monarchy, according to the census of 1834, there are 10,162 deaf and dumb; in France (1832) 28,000, and for the whole number of these unfortunates but thirty schools. In Switzerland, where there are eight or ten such institutions, the number of the sufferers is not known.

exercises a chemical influence on waters; river water is in general soft, and spring water hard.

The dwellings and manner of living in such places no doubt contribute to the increase of the natural evil. The houses are damp, badly ventilated, and dirty; when to these things are added the use of spirituous liquors, and food seldom varying in kind; disease will be much oftener found than in abodes open to the sun, where people are more cleanly in their habits, and enjoy a greater variety of food.

## FIRST BREATH OF THE NEW STORM.

Whilst I was thus actively employed in the establishment and arrangements of a school for the deaf and dumb, of which my wife gladly took on herself the domestic management, I saw plainly enough new clouds gathering on the political horizon. They now came from the south. It was now with politics as with meteorology —I paid but secondary attention to either, and more from habit than intention. Because for thirty or forty years I had been accustomed to note down the changes of barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, passage of the clouds, &c., three times a day; I had often good advice to give on such occasions as excursions, country walks, and grand washes. I knew, what it must be owned may very well be known without such daily use of instruments, that good weather is generally followed by bad.

The political skies had just about this time cleared up after the bright July sun of the year 1830 had pierced through the gray cloud-mass. Yet as an experienced meteorologist, I had no faith whatever in the duration of the blue sky; but I never surmised that the vapours of the Pontine marshes were to engender the storm. I believed them dried up long ago. Nevertheless, from Rome proceeded the hierarchal miasma, which not only in Switzerland, but in a great part of Europe, threatened the healthy existence of states, and brought division and strife among their component parts. Amongst the thousand disputes and wars recorded in history, to me were ever most hateful, the strife of ambitious lust of rule, rapacity and arrogance of caste with moral and social freedom, and spiritual advancement; that is, the strife of fleshy lusts against all that is most sacred under heaven. This is the war of which the old world spoke when it recorded the strife of the earth-born giants with the divinities of Olympus, or that of the fallen angels with Jehovah.

From Gregory VII. to Pius VII., the "vice-gerents of Christ" have steadily pursued one object; the temporal or church rule over thrones, and nations of the "eternal city." It is true their aim is not so called; they labour not for "eternal Rome," but for the safety and extension of the "only saving faith." Of late, from the year of the Restoration, the work has been going on in silence from the

Pyrenees to Hungary, from Great Britain to the Alps. But as the most advantageous point whence to direct and guide the future operations of the church militant, Roman statesmanship fixed on Switzerland, placed as it is between France and Germany. Already the disciples of Loyola stood in the van, and obtained a firm footing in Valais and Freyburg, and afterwards in Schweiz, the new seat of the papal nunciate. In Switzerland, a loosely-connected bond of five-and-twenty little republics, with all their jealousies and numerous political parties, nearly half-a-dozen small bishoprics, directly under the influence of the holy father, and some hundreds of convents, promised a fair field for the game. Soon enough the clergy became active in all political movements; in the establishment of the federal union of 1815; in the restoration of aristocratic forms in the different cantons; and, in the second destruction of them in 1830.* In Switzerland, as in Spain, France, Belgium, Rhine, Prussia, Poland, and Hungary, they began, first with caution, and then more boldly to oppose the rights of the church to the rights of the state, and finally audaciously to deny the latter altogether. Pamphlets and journals spoke in favour of ultra-montane authority; then sought to render men known to be unfavourable to their pretensions, suspected their governments, their laws, and finally the whole Protestant population. The first step was to insinuate hatred on account of faith, the next to inflame their zeal for the war of faith, under the pretext that the holy Catholic church was in danger. The dangerous "Catholic union" was established in villages; in the first instance in the immediate neighbourhood of abbeys and convents, and afterwards in more distant places, and several cantons of northern Switzerland, until under the guidance of secret superiors, the whole were brought under one net. Abbeys and laity lavished money in the feuds of the faith. Several federal governments, rendered more watchful by such hostile demonstrations, and becoming more anxious for the unalienable rights of nations, had, in the year 1834, in a conference held at Baden, in Aargau, taken measures for the security and maintenance of the established relations of the state, for the commencement of negotiations with the papal court, the erection of a Swiss bishopric, seminaries for priests, &c. But before such negotiations could be entered upon, the holy father had already lavished his thunderbolts against the Baden Conference. Powerless as was the flash, it yet raised the courage of the papal champions, and silenced the more patriotic and better instructed among the secular clergy. The arrogance of priestly assumption compelled some governments to take more serious measures. However, they contented themselves with the legal punishment when the recalcitrance of individual parish priests became too audacious; or with the intervention of the

* The nuncio succeeded in procuring the acceptance of the twelfth article, which guarantees the existence of the cloisters as well as the cantons.

highest authority in the disposal of conventual wealth, which they had begun to apply to purposes not altogether pious, and, moreover, dangerous to the state. The government of Aargau appointed a commission to draw up a report of the property, alienable and inalienable of the six convents within their territory. I was named a commissioner with two Catholic colleagues for the very ancient Benedictine Abbey of Muri, the Benedictine convent for nuns in Hermetschwyl, and the Cistercian nunnery at Guadenthal.

## VISIT TO THE CONVENTS.

Among the gifts bestowed on me at my birth by kind nature—gifts which if not great or splendid, were at least various—the noble mercantile gift of the multiplication table was not one, and yet in my very various employments, none would have been more useful. I therefore opposed, from a well-grounded distrust of myself, my own nomination to this commission, where the review and valuation of lands, forests, buildings, libraries, church ornaments, cattle, &c., &c., were expected. In this, as in many other instances, my objections were not heeded, and I was obliged to go. I found for my unwilling obedience some little consolation in the prospect of a nearer view of these pious cenobites in their cells, and how, through a painful renunciation of the world, they can devote themselves to science and to God. Although no very strong believer in the poetry of the cloister, which, as a youth, had so fascinated me, I yet hoped to meet here and there some Abelard who had fled from the self-torments and dangerous vanities of the world; or, perhaps, a Héloise, who, as the spouse of God, was slowly sinking in the conflict of bitter-sweet remembrance.

Our abode in the cloister lasted some months. The appearance of three lay commissioners was no very agreeable sight to the reverend fathers, nor could it greatly contribute to allay their pious wrath against the temporal power. However, they concealed with worldly address and courtesy the displeasure we all feel at unwelcome visits, which cannot well be declined. Without the sacred precincts, the government commissioners, nevertheless, had opportunity enough of learning what was thought of them within. One of the monks of Muri preached *naïvely* and openly in the parish church on the sufferings of the church under the oppression of godless rulers. The reverend man was, it is true, duly warned not to pour out the wrath of his heart in holy places; but, perhaps, in less holy ones he was not so strictly limited; and one night opposite the walls of the abbey, Colonel Fetzer, my excellent colleague, was hanged in effigy by some of the subject rabble.

Oddly enough, I had the good fortune to obtain more of the confidence of our spiritual hosts than either of my Catholic colleagues. "Don't be too proud of that," said the clear-sighted and

good-natured Fetzer, laughing; "a priest here in the country expects by virtue of his spiritual calling, a kind of servile reverence from the laity which is never looked for from a mere heretic like you, who have about as much idea of the mysterious invisible elevation of the priesthood, as a Turk or a worshipper of the Fetish. These holy men feel themselves therefore far more at their ease with you, when they discover in you the heathenish virtues of an honest man than with us, especially when they scent in us any trace of the heathenish enlightenment.

The longer I observed the sentiments and actions of the cenobites of both sexes, the more I was compelled to smile at my former enthusiasm. I saw well that the spouses of heaven had renounced the world, but not themselves; nor the whole bundle of appetites, habits, and desires, which render a narrower social circle any thing but agreeable. The more aged, stiffened under the yoke of formalities practised for years, lived a kind of vegetable life in their daily round of conventual ceremonies and vacant devotions: the younger ones, in addition to the comforts of cellar and kitchen, which are not undervalued by the most pious, were far more concerned about the affairs of this world than beseemed the rule of St. Benedict or St. Bernhard.

Of learning I found little in the Abbey of Muri; often scarcely the most ordinary school education; but there was a large library for show if not for use. The estates of the abbey were valued at nearly 3,000,000 of francs, but administered with incredible ignorance and negligence. It was really treasure buried in a tomb; for art and science nothing whatever was done; nothing for general utility or benevolence; nothing for the improvement even of the immediate neighbourhood. On the contrary, we saw here what we saw nowhere else in beautiful Aargau, unmistakable signs of *idle* poverty, rude manners, and stupidly credulous ignorance. Nearly every day I saw at the abbey-gate a crowd of robust men and women, young and old, all alike dirty and ragged, waiting with their various vessels to receive their portion of disgusting soup, made from the most heterogeneous articles—the crumbs from the table of their spiritual lords and their menials.

I still remember, however, with affection and respect, two excellent men among the inhabitants of the abbey, whose philanthropic views and clear judgment well entitled them to both. One was Father Adalbert, who exercised a kind of deputy-governorship in the convent. He often seemed to feel that the conventual life was no longer suited to the views and wants of the time. I reminded him of the services formerly rendered by the Benedictine Abbey, St. Maur. "Why do you not make your Abbey of Muri indispensable to the present interests of the state and social life?" said I to him one day. "Why not, for example, establish a Polytechnic Institute on a sufficiently grand scale for the whole of Catholic Switzerland and the neighbouring countries? Summons the

most celebrated teachers of Germany, France, and Italy at any cost. You are rich enough; you have room enough in the halls and chambers of your palace-like new erections, which are now empty and desolate. The board money of the students, and better management of the land, would defray the greater part of the expense; the noble-hearted Fellenberg supports, for similar purposes, a princely expenditure without becoming poorer in consequence. In this manner Muri, without injury to the rules of the order, would become its greatest ornament and a veritable jewel in Aargau."

We after spoke more in detail. Father Adalbert seemed struck by the idea. He tried to rouse the aged Abbot Ambrosius to similar views; but with a shrug he announced to me his answer in the negative. I scarcely expected any other.

Another ecclesiastic who inspired me with particular respect, was a Cistercian monk of the Abbey of Wettingen, the confessor of the nunnery of Guadenthal. This excellent man, who had an extraordinary predilection for, and scientific knowledge of, agricultural business, had, by his wise economy, saved the impoverished convent from dissolution. Their poverty had, for a time, prevented the reception of novices. However, a young person of Zug had lately announced her intention of entering this convent; and the superior, or "Lady Mother," embarrassed me not a little by requesting my intervention with the government. My representations that it would first be necessary to lay before it a statement of the financial condition of the convent, were not listened to. The "sacred solitude" smitten lady herself desired me to hear her, and I could not refuse.

The novice, a girl in the bloom of youth, made her appearance, blushing and turning pale alternately, at the grate. With downcast eyes, bashfully and stammering, she made known her wishes. I know not what demon put it into my head to indulge in my answer in some of those unmeaning gallantries, which in the ordinary world are addressed without any sin to the youthful part of the sex. "I cannot but regret," said I, "that you have chosen me for so cruel a service; that it must be through my instrumentality that so much loveliness is lost in a gloomy cell. How is it that you long so early for cloistered solitude, whose darker side you can hardly yet see in the true point of view, and wish to bid the world an eternal farewell—a world still so new to you, and in which, perhaps, for your sake, some true heart is hopelessly breaking?"

While I was speaking the young novice turned pale, the muscles of her face were convulsed, her fingers clutched at the grate, and she burst into an agony of tears. I was frightened, and beckoned to the nuns in the back ground to come to her assistance and take the poor girl away. I took care, however, not to listen very seriously afterwards to the entreaties of the pretty world-renouncer. Four years afterwards (in 1837), when I was again a member of the

federal diet at Lucerne, happening one day as I was walking with the Landammann and ambassador from Zug, to remember the novice, I inquired what had become of her. "Oh, the nun?" cried he. "She is married happily, and is a happy mother!"

## RESULT OF THE VISIT.

Had not the subsequent dissolution of the convents of Aargau excited so much, I might almost say feigned, interest, I should scarcely have spoken so largely about them. As it is I shall make some small addition to my account, which if it possess no other interest, will explain how I stood with reference to the cloisters.

Colonel Fetzer and I made our report in full council. This proceeding gave rise to all kinds of evil report of us both; reports which our adversaries, with true Christian love, further blackened, magnified, and spread abroad, according to the fashion of the world. These stories soon reached the ears of the heads of the convents—perhaps they were the first to hear them. The sub-abbot, Father Adalbert, immediately wrote me a long friendly letter on the subject. He complained that we had (according to the report) spoken ill of the heads of the convent, and brought these religious institutions into contempt, and he took much trouble to justify them—his own convent of Muri in particular.* I give my answer which will throw light on many particulars that became subsequently of importance.

"The letter I received yesterday, most reverend father, and the confidence you show in me, rejoice me greatly; as a proof of it, accept this speedy, frank, and familiar reply. To my *knowledge*, Colonel Fetzer never 'spoke ill' of your house; on the contrary, when his personal ill-treatment was spoken of in the senate, he showed both dignity and magnanimity. When, as you relate, similar assertions were made respecting myself, I can only say that my way of thinking has been misunderstood, as it has often been before. Even when I have been personally abused, no one ever heard me retort abuse. Is it likely I should have expressed myself coarsely respecting your sacred edifice, where I have met with some of the worthiest of ecclesiastics, whom I hold in the highest esteem? That I lived at Muri as in a kind of exile, far from my family, friends, and scientific pursuits, employed in a manner disagreeable to me, and in a house of public entertainment, was no fault of your convent. When I spoke in the senate of my abode at Muri, it was in compliance with my duty and with strict truth, that I mentioned the poverty, mendicity, ignorance, and barbarism of so many villages, especially of those in the neighbourhood of the convent. I gave proofs of what I said; I spoke with just indignation of what you

* This worthy man, who was elected abbot on the decease of Abbot Ambrosius, is still living; I am, therefore, not at liberty to publish a letter addressed to me exclusively, without his consent.

yourself in your letter, call 'rude and criminal proceedings;' with indignation of the uproar and wrong-headedness that had been stirred up in the fanatical assemblages of the peasants, and of the utter want of activity displayed by the land-steward, a man whom I personally esteem, but whom I find fault with, because, possessing as he does full powers, he has not had manliness enough to act upon them as he should have done; that he has not is known to others as well as myself—to men worthy of credit, and who can bear witness to the same in the senate.

"I believe on your *word*, my reverend friend, that with *your knowledge*, nothing was done by the convent to excite or favour such disorders. I believe that the fault may lie with other ecclesiastics, secular and regular. But what did the convent, armed as it was with influence and authority, to check them? Did it speak aloud its displeasure? Did it take a decisive stand on the side of law and just authority. A look, a word uttered thoughtlessly within that sacred edifice may cause most serious mischief, as it may likewise prevent it. Do you remember how earnestly I besought your influence with some members of the community that they might not abuse the powers of the pulpit, the confessional, and the domiciliary visiting? You yourself at that time dreaded some fatal imprudence on the part of individual parish priests. I now renew my entreaties with the same fervour. Much may yet be repaired. Follow the advice of a friend; advice wherein reason, religion, and worldly prudence alike concur.

"Now to another point. The contribution of the convent to the state, respecting which you write. I see, on consulting the budget, that it is in contemplation to raise it from 20,000 to 25,000 francs, why, I do not know. After I became acquainted with the economy of the several cloisters of Muri, Hermetschwyl, and Guadenthal, I found that the latter alone was properly administered. At Hermetschwyl, there is no capable person at the head of the household; the nuns cannot act for themselves without the walls.* Muri, as I have already had the honour to observe to you by word of mouth, might be much richer than it is; a well-regulated, central administration, could very greatly increase its revenues. The proof of this is easily obtained. You will, I am sure, agree with me in this respect.†

"Whether any thing can be done in the senate as you wish,

* The Benedictines of Hermetschwyl had lost sight of a part of their possessions, a considerable extent of forest land; no one could tell when or how. I tried in vain to get some information concerning this from the servants of the convent.

† The administration of the finances was divided among several members of the community, who, themselves the sons of persons in humble circumstances, had rarely acquired the necessary administrative knowledge, yet each had the control of some hundred thousand francs; a few sheets of paper contained the general account laid yearly before the abbot, of which no farther heed was taken. A considerable portion of the revenues were under the immediate control of the abbot, who was responsible to no one.

when the budget comes into discussion I do not yet know, but I almost despair of it.* Permit me, however, to offer advice, which is certainly well-meant, and the fruit of my firmest conviction.

"In these present times of movement, the cloister has lost its old firm basis on which it once stood, as on a rock. Those who really have it at heart to protect it from the storm, must seek earnestly to give it a new foundation conformable to the spirit of the age, and which will remain so. This new foundation must be what it was in the remotest antiquity when the cloisters were first established: the ennobling culture of humanity through science and religion. How splendidly the order of St. Benedict once shone in both! The mere mechanical observance of the rules is not sufficient; and least of all in modern Europe. Oh, believe this!

"I am sorry you were so late in writing. Some other subject will probably come under discussion in the senate. It is to meet in February on account of the school law; I *entreat* you to step forward then, and in the name of your convent announce the formation of an industrial school on a grand scale for all Switzerland! Gather around you professors of high reputation in chemistry, natural philosophy, mechanics, history, geography, and in the French and English languages. You might have all these at a yearly expense of 16,000 francs. You have rooms in abundance for both teachers and pupils. Their maintenance would be better provided for by the money paid for board than it is now. Such a resolution would excite an agreeable sensation throughout Switzerland and Germany. Muri would become again, as formerly, an example for others. Catholic Aargau would bless it, for it would bring a blessing on the land. The voices in the senate would then be raised in another key!

"I must conclude; my letter is a long one, I wished to prove to you that your esteem was not a matter of indifference to me. I speak, therefore, from my heart to yours—God grant that you may listen to me! Farewell! Confide in my personal respect for you, and, if you will, in my many years' experience and knowledge of a world, to which you in your cell, are necessarily a stranger in many respects. Greet your reverend abbot in my name, and the reverend fathers, the preceptor and clerk of the kitchen. Always with respect and friendship, your most humble servant, &c., &c."

These were my last words to or for the cloister. No answer was ever vouchsafed me.

## PIOUS REVOLT.

Whilst respect or the policy of the governments in several Catholic democracies, and the habit of mildness or carelessness in the pa-

* In fact, when the budget came under consideration, and it was proposed to raise the contributions of the convents to meet the exigencies of the state, I succeeded with my colleague, Colonel Fetzer, in bringing the senate to a more moderate demand.

trician cantons, overlooked or favoured the encroachments of the ultramontane clergy; at last, even the slightest attempt at setting bounds to such encroachments, excited the wrath of the papal vanguard. The trial of ecclesiastics for abuse in their office before lay-tribunals, or the introduction of a better system in the management of the church property, was called religious persecution. To the leaders of the Catholic union, the time seemed ripe to attempt the overturn of the temporal authority, and try the earthly strength of the spiritual power.

The chain of the Catholic union throughout the cantons of Lucerne, Aargau, Solothurn, and Berne, was shaken for action. Pulpit and confessional, pamphlets, newspapers, and public meetings fanned to the utmost the flame of religious fury. It broke out at last into downright rebellion; first in Pruntrut, in Berne, and soon after in the neighbourhood of the Abbey of Muri in Aargau. However, a rapidly executed military occupation restored order in both places in a few days. This was in the year 1835.

This unexpected conclusion of fanatical disturbance, and the magnanimous clemency of the government neither discouraged the seducers nor the seduced; nor yet shamed them. The benignant spirit of the gospel had lost its power over those who called themselves its ministers. They only prepared with the more secresy and diligence for the execution of a better concerted plan at a more favourable opportunity.

Such a one offered itself after a short truce of five years, when the cantons of Solothurn, Aargau, and Lucerne, taught by ten years' experience, set about the reformation of their constitutional laws. The interests of the Papal clergy might then be established by the voice of the people in the revision of the constitution, through legal channels. In furtherance of this object appeared projects, supplications, and memorials, praying for the abolition of temporal jurisdiction in church matters; for the destruction of Plazel Regiums, of the government; instead of these, they desired the establishment of independent jurisdiction by the Nuncio, and of convents independent of the state; the surrender of all public instruction to the priesthood; in short, the erection of a church government for the protection of the holy religion, with democratic privileges for the people.*

The nearer the decisive day approached in each of the beforenamed little republics, the bolder and more varied in character became the efforts of spiritual and secular party leaders for the attainment of their object; more frequent became the meetings within and without the cloisters, and public assemblies of the people, led

* These and other demands were really granted subsequently by the canton of Lucerne. As, however, the sovereign right of the people consisted chiefly in the choice of their representatives and rulers, and this choice was mainly guided by the direction of the clergy, both legislative and executive power were thus under the influence of the priesthood.

by speakers flaming with religious zeal; lavish was the expenditure of money, zealous the enlisting of recruits for the "Catholic union;" the duty of passive obedience towards the only "true church," and readiness to sacrifice life and property in her cause was more and more strongly enforced. "The question is simply," it was said, "whether you will remain a Roman Catholic, or as Lutheran, Reformed, or any other heretic, be given over to eternal damnation? The saints of heaven will lend their aid; those who sink in such a cause will earn the crown of martyrdom. No one could hesitate to risk all *for* all; to hazard a religious or civil war, or the total ruin of the federal union."

Nevertheless, this atrocious attempt to establish the omnipotence of the church on the ruins of social order failed. A great majority of the people of Solothurn declared for a reformation of the fundamental law, which, together with the privileges of the state should guarantee those of the church as *they stood*. The majority of the people of Aargau, Catholic as well as Protestant, came to a similar conclusion. The opposing minority consisted for the most part of the population in the neighbourhood of the abbeys and convents along the Reuss and the Limmat. Here was blown the trumpet of revolt; a revolt against the sovereign will of the majority. In vain some wiser heads in the midst of their fanatical country people, warned them from crime; in vain Catholic Frickthal rejected the proposal to take a part in the sedition of the conventual neighbourhoods. Nothing could terrify them from proceeding to extremities. The peasants flew to arms; money, wine, brandy, no one knew from where, heightened their zeal; the "Landsturm" moved against Aargau. Some of the heads of the Catholic union, a few advocates and a Capuchin appeared as leaders. Secret conferences took place in the convent, whilst the recluses themselves kept on their guard, and with worldly cunning avoided showing any outward sympathy in these proceedings.

The government dispatched commissioners, partly to enforce obedience to the laws, partly to arrest the ringleaders, and partly to persuade the cloistered ecclesiastics to avert the threatened storm by their powerful intercession. The latter, however, refused to interfere. As "men consecrated to God, they were strangers to all worldly business." The government commissioners, and those public officers who remained true to their duty, were scandalously misused by the populace, and dragged to prison. The "Landsturm" moved on. In apparent neutrality, but still not without fear, monks and nuns within their sacred walls awaited the tumult; but their lay brothers and servants were seen everywhere in the van of the populace. At the moment of the most pressing danger, the government assembled a battalion of veteran militia, which under the command of Colonel Frei Herose marched night and day through the severest winter weather to Villemergen, a village which had already obtained an unhappy celebrity as the field of battle in the earlier religious

wars of Switzerland. Here was placed the advanced post of the "Landsturm." It was carried after a short but sharp fight, and the revolt suppressed in two days.* The leaders were the first to fly, and left their poor deluded country people to do penance for their sins.

Sorrow and indignation reigned throughout the country. At the very first raising of the shield the heaviest suspicion rested on the convents of secret participation. Two revolts in the period of five years; always for the same object; always with apparent neutrality on the part of the Religious, who yet refused all intervention for the suppression of the disturbances, and many other circumstances, annihilated every doubt of their criminality. The very first impulse to revolt had been given by the monk-priests and their friends among the secular clergy by means of their servants and retainers.

How should the ignorant peasant oppose the claims of the church to those of the state of which they knew nothing? Many among the noisy multitude acted from real pious conviction, many from love of tumult and disorder, where there was no want of spirituous liquors or of the hope of booty; and many joined them through fear of the danger threatening their families in case of refusal. Most certainly the inhabitants of the cloister were deeply implicated in the criminal enterprise. Not individual monks and nuns, but the whole corporation of them stood in avowed hostility to the state. Their union amongst themselves, and with other convents, with the nuncio and the papal chair, rendered them the most distinguished promoters of the claims of Rome in opposition to the temporal authorities. Their existence became incompatible with peaceful social development. To warrant their continuance, by the confederation, was to warrant their continued hostility and disturbance of the state. They had desired and begun the war, and were now to bear the consequences of their own evil doings.

The senate resolved on the dissolution of the rebellious convents, and, after deduction of the expenses of the war, which should not be borne by the deluded people, and sufficient pensions for the dispersed monks and nuns, the revenues were to be applied to the maintenance of the churches, schools, and benevolent institutions of all the *Catholic* communities throughout the land.

This resolution gave rise, as it is well known, to much discussion, not only in Switzerland but also in neighbouring countries, and to some diplomatic disturbance. This is not the place to speak of the affair more in detail: perhaps I have been already too diffuse. Yet I thought I ought not to be altogether silent. I had learned too much of the spirit that reigns in the cells of a convent, and of its influence over a people strong in faith, but void of cultivation. I not only voted for the abolition, which was proposed by a virtuous

* January 11, 1841.

man and a Catholic,* but spoke in its defence in the legislative assembly.

This was the last time I spoke in that assembly. Mindful of the vow which I had made in my sixtieth year, to renounce all public business on entering my seventieth, I now proceeded to its fulfilment. And although several electoral circles did me the honour to choose me again as their representative, and refused to believe in my age, accusing me of a love of my ease, I have kept my vow.

## THE OLD MAN.

The first spring day of the year 1841, adorned with the delicate snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), my favourite among Flora's children, introduced me to my seventy-first year. On this day I really felt as if I stood on a mountain top, at whose foot rushed audibly the ocean of eternity, while behind me lay this earthly life, green, wild, and beautiful, with its wastes and its blooming gardens, its days of sunshine and of storm.

Formerly when I read of the joylessness of great age, I felt a silent shudder steal over me. I am now astonished that it offers so much of grace and enjoyment. Every period of man's life has its own charms, of which it is hard to decide which are the preferable. Cicero's elder Cato was perfectly right when he said, "He who has not won for himself the power of being happy, will find every age full of heaviness. But to him who has drawn from within, that highest good, nothing is really evil, not even old age, which all desire to attain and so many complain of when it is attained." Even less wise than Cato was the singer of Israel when he sighs, "The days of our years, are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of our strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labour, and sorrow." I know well that many join in this lamentation whose only world is the outward world with its pleasure, golden treasures, and clouds of incense; or who, as Madame de Genlis says, have reached their seventieth year in the thorough conviction that they were only created to dress, to eat breakfast, dinner, and supper, play piquet, and sleep.

Undeniably I see that the plant-like life of my limbs now fresh and active as ever must soon fade; that with the slackening nerve the vigour of the outward and inward senses must likewise vanish, I shall then no longer, as I do now, act, jest, and sacrifice to the Muses. And what then? The more the world around me fades and darkens, the less I feel its loss, the brighter dawns the morning of another life.

Thus I enter cheerfully with God, in whom we live and move, the

* The seminary director, Augustine Weller. I am happy so to name an excellent man whom I esteem.

winter of life, beyond which no other spring for me lies beyond on this earthly planet. Death, thinly veiled, by a few months or years, smiles upon me. Yet will I rejoice in the present, surrounded by those dear to me; my Nanny, whose youthful beauty has passed into the beauty of the soul; my children, of whom not one has proved unworthy of my love and care. The evening of my earthly existence is still bright, the world still floats in rosy light, and lovelier than in the dawn of life.

Others may look back with longing on the lost paradise of their childhood. I never knew that paradise. I wandered an orphan, unloved and abandoned; yet neither unloved nor forgotten of God. I thank his guidance that has taught me to make the paradise in my own breast. To the youth the external world looked fairer. It was not so; but it looked fairer through the prism of youthful feelings and fancies; in that magic radiance which envelopes all with a sevenfold glory; now crippling giant forms, now stretching dwarfs to giant size; as whim or accident holds the magic glass: but even the youth was conscious of the fair deceit. He became a man. Life lay brighter before him; but the light was not in life but in himself; he could discriminate more accurately the substance from the shadow. From that time forward, he wrought without rest or stay for the dominion of the godlike on earth, to the best of his ability that he might one day deserve his rest. What he did might be little, but the will was great. He took the sweet and bitter of life as destiny bestowed it, and thankful for both without grieving too deeply for the transitory; accustomed to live always in the consciousness and love of the Eternal.

And now my holiday is come, and it is welcome! I regret not that I have lived. Others may in the autumn of their days, look over and count their harvests, I cannot. I scattered the seed, where the wind carried it, I know not. The will for good was mine; its prospering was in the hands of God. Some unproductive seed I have also sown, yet I accuse not myself nor Heaven. Others may rejoice in their, more or less, hardly-won riches, or honours, or renown. I envy not their joy and pity theis labour. Fortune's favour had no golden treasure for me; but content with that which diligence has won, and frugality has kept, I enjoy the noble independence for which I have always striven, and out of which I have been able to succour others yet poorer. Rank? I desired only that of a better humanity! Once only, in my youth, I sought a post of honour; but never again in my whole course of life; I have declined as many as I have accepted; and these I accepted only when the better qualified were wanting. Renown? An author's celebrity? Mere soap bubbles; I had a loftier aim than these.

## CONCLUSION.

This last chapter should properly be entitled supplement or history of this history. The whole was finished a year ago, lay sealed, and under lock and key, its fate to be determined by those of my family who should survive me. A circumstance not worth naming made it a sort of necessity, that the author of "Hours of Devotion" should reveal a name concealed for thirty years. It became first publicly known in Magdeburg, and thence in other places. And thus there was nothing to be done but to break the seal of this "Self-contemplation" with my own hand, perhaps it will be acceptable to many families, to become more intimately acquainted with their house friend. May they then *know* him, even at the risk of his being, perhaps, somewhat less precious, when they discover that he is a mere man and no saint.

And I—let no man take it amiss—have a secret malicious joy in listening, as if from the grave, to how loving and unloving acquaintance will sit on judgment on me. I shall not judge them again.

When I read over again what I had written before that interval, I remarked what every one else will probably remark, that I had rather composed a Mosaic of individual occurrences than a connected view of my course of life. But as my theme was "Man and Destiny," I held it expedient only to set down those outward things which operated most strongly on the mind; or *vice versa*, what from the inner man had become word and deed.

And thus I end my picture of fate, and perhaps I shall end it best with the words I wrote to a friend, who at the conclusion of many of his letters was accustomed to remind me of such a picture as regularly as Cato reminded the Roman senate of Carthage.

"I had no intention of fulfilling your Caeterum censeo, &c., earlier than after my own death; but as one seal is already broken, I will break the other, and get myself excommunicated or canonised, as it may happen, or what were best of all, speedily forgotten. The picture is really completed. I have tried to copy myself as faithfully as possible; I know not whether I am content with the resemblance. Opinions alter; it is a tedious thing to sit pencil in hand before a looking-glass. At last we cease to see ourselves plainly—I have often been on the point of destroying my whole work. It cost me some self-conquest to continue it; but it must be done. Sometimes I read of an evening some passages to my wife and children as it is no longer to be a secret; I wish them to know their father both closely and in the distance, before they lay his ashes in the grave.

"I should like to have some cold-blooded, honourable enemy who would count up the errors or faults committed in the relation or in life. Beyond all doubt I am, like every child of Adam, a sinner; but I am neither an intentional nor, I hope, a great one now. I am

ashamed of such errors as were too insignificant to be named. Those, however, which, in political or theological disputes I have been reproached with, I hold for none. In this respect I belong to the class of stiff-necked sinners. Willingly would I have been better than I am; nevertheless, I am glad to be no worse. One sin of omission I must confess—I have *done* too little good on earth.

"Whilst I was busied in this self-contemplation, two things caused me no small astonishment. It seemed to me at times as if what I was relating of the past had never really happened. So long accustomed to the stilness of the present, I can hardly believe that so many coloured, unquiet a dream of life has been really mine! And yet that I have, journals and letters, and living witnesses can testify. It has also astonished me from my youth upwards, that I should have enjoyed the love and good will of so many excellent and distinguished persons, who, although they must be conscious of their greater worth, have yet remained my friends. I confess to you that this circumstance might have led me into the temptation of becoming somewhat proud, if I had not been at the same time humbled by feeling that by the side of such men and women I looked small enough. And now enough of the outpourings of a garrulous old man's heart!

"Farewell, and '*don't be angry with me!*' as the Swiss says in bidding you farewell."

THE END.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

